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EDITED BY

THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

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THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE LONGEST HOUR IN MY LIFE:

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAP. I.

"TIME," says *Rosalind*, in that delicious sylvan comedy called, "As You Like It"—"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons."

And thence she prettily and wittily proceeds to enumerate the parties with whom he gallops, trots, ambles, or comes to a stand-still. And nothing can be truer than her theory.

Old Chronos has indeed infinite rates of performance—from railway to snail-way. As the butcher's boy said of his horse, "He can go all sorts of paces—as fast as you like, or as slow as you don't."

But hark! what says a clear, bell-like voice from the Horse-Guards, that "time is time, and one o'clock is one o'clock all the town over."

True, old Regulator! The remark is as correct as striking, time is time, and the horological divisions are or should be synchronous from Knightsbridge to Whitechapel. But the old Mower is, like ourselves, a compound being—body and spirit. Hence he hath, as the Watch-makers say, "a duplex movement;" namely, Mechanical and Metaphysical;—the first, governed absolutely by the march of the sun, and the swing of a pendulum; the second, determined by moral contingencies: the one capricious, as the *ad libitum*; the other exact as the *tempo obligato* of the musician. Thus the manifold bells of London—sounding like the ancient chorus, a solemn accompaniment to the grand drama of Human Life—thus hundreds of iron tongues, simultaneously proclaim the current hour to the vast metropolis, yet with what different speed has time travelled from chime to chime with its millions of inhabitants—with the Bride and the Widow, the Marchioness in the

ball-room, and the Milliner in her garret, the Lounger at his club, and the Criminal in the condemned cell!

Of these "divers paces with divers persons," there is a memorable illustration in "Old Mortality," where Morton and the stern Covenanters, with opposite feelings, watch on the same dial-plate the progress of the hand towards the fatal black point, at which the hour and a life were together to expire.

The Novelist has painted the victim "awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straw-breadths." The walls "seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ."

Here then was one of those persons whom Time gallops withal, whereas to the bloodthirsty Fanatics he crept on so leisurely, that Impatience could not refrain from giving the laggard a thrust forward on his course.

In our Courts of Law, Civil and Criminal, the divers paces of Time are continually exemplified, and have been verified on oath by scores of respectable witnesses.

For example: there was once a murder committed at Tottenham; and on the trial of the assassin, it became a point of judicial importance to determine the exact interval between two distant pistol-shots.

"Five minutes!" deposed Miss White, who had passed the evening in question *tête-à-tête* with her affianced sweetheart.

"Fifteen," swore Mrs. Black, who had spent the same hours in vainly expecting a husband addicted to the alehouse.

"Bless my soul and body!" exclaimed the Judge, naturally astonished at such a wide discrepancy; "the clocks in that part of the country must be sadly in want of regulation!"

But his lordship himself was in error. The material wheels, springs, pendulums, and weights, worked truly enough, it was the moral machinery that was accountable for the variation. The rectification, however, was at hand.

The suburban village of Tottenham swarms, as is well known, with resident Members of the Society of Friends—a sect remarkable for punctuality, and the preciseness and uniformity of their habits—whose lives flow as equably as the sand of the hour-glass—whose pulses beat with the regularity of the pendulum. Accordingly, five Quakers who had heard the shots, were examined as witnesses; and, on their several affirmations, gave the interval between the two reports with little more variation than so many Admiralty Chronometers. As thus:

	Min.	Sec
Obadiah	9	59
Jacob	9	58
Ephraim	9	59
Joseph	9	59
Samuel	9	58

Being actually the *juste milieu*, or a drab average, between the extreme statements of Black and White.

The Longest Hour in my Life.

CHAP. II.

BUT to my personal experiences.

Like my fellow-mortals in fair *Rosalind's* catalogue, I have found Time to resemble both the Hare and the Tortoise, sometimes as fleet as the quadruped, at others as slow as the reptile in his race. Many bright and brief days recur to my memory when he flew past with the speed of a Flying Childers; many dark and long ones, when he stepped as heavily and deliberately as the black horse before a hearse. All his divers paces are familiar to me—he has galloped, trotted, ambled, walked with me, and on one memorable occasion, seemed almost to stand stock-still. Never, 'oh never can I forget the day-long seconds which made up those monthlike minutes, which composed that interminable Hour—the longest in my whole life!

“And pray, sir, how and when was that?”

For the when, madam, to be particular, it was from half-past nine to half-past ten o'clock, A.M., on the First of May, new style, Anno Domini, 1822. For the how, you shall hear.

At the date just mentioned my residence was in the Adelphi, and having a strong partiality for the study of Natural History from living specimens, it suited both my convenience and my taste to drop in frequently at the menagerie at Exeter Change.

These visits were generally paid at an early hour, before town or country consins called to see the lions, and indeed it frequently happened that I found myself quite alone with the wild beasts. An annual guinea entitled me to go as often as agreeable, which happened so frequently, that the animals soon knew me by sight, whilst with some of them, for instance the elephant,* I obtained quite a friendly footing. Even Nero looked kindly on me, and the rest of the creatures did not eye me with the glances half shy and half savage which they threw at less familiar visitors.

But there was one notable exception. The royal Bengal tiger could not or would not recognise me, but persisted in growling and scowling at me as a stranger, whom of course he longed to take in. Nevertheless there was a fascination in his terrible beauty, and quite in his enmity, that often held me in front of his cage, enjoying the very impotence of his malice, and recalling various tragical tales of human victims mangled or devoured by such striped monsters as the one before me; and, as if the cunning brute penetrated my thoughts, he would rehearse as it were all the man-eating manœuvres of the species: now creeping stealthily round his den, as if skulking through his native jungles, then crouching for the fatal spring, and anon bounding against the bars of his cage, with a short, angry roar, expressive of the most fiendish malignity. By the by, madam, did you ever hear of the doctrine of Instinctive Antipathies?

“Yes, sir, and Mr. Lamb or Mr. Hazlitt quotes an instance of two

* This same elephant once nearly killed an Irishman, for an insult offered to his trunk. The act was rash in the extreme, “but it was impossible,” the Hibernian said, “to resist a nose that you could pull with both hands.”

strangers, who on meeting each other in the street immediately began to fight."

Well, madam, there seemed to be some such original antipathy between me and the tiger. At any rate he took a peculiar pleasure in my presence in ostentatiously parading his means of offence. Sometimes, stretching out one huge inuscular leg between the bars, he unsheathed and exhibited his tremendous claws, after which, with a devilish ogre-like grin, he displayed his formidable teeth, and then by a deliberate yawn indulged me with a look into that horrible red gulf, down which he would fain have bolted me in gobbets. The yawning jaws were invariably closed with a ferocious snap, and the brutal performance was wound up with a howl so unutterably hollow and awful, so cannibalish, that even at its hundredth repetition it still curdled my very blood, and thrilled every nerve in my body.

"Lord! what a dreadful creature!"

Very, ma'am. And yet that Carnivorous Monster, capable of appalling the heart of the bravest man, failed once to strike terror into one of the weakest of the species—a delicate little girl, of about six years old, and rather small for her age. She had been gazing at the Tiger very earnestly for some minutes, and what do you think she said?

"Pray what, sir?"

"Oh, Mr. Cross, if ever that beautiful great pussy has young ones, do save me a kitten!"

CHAP. III.

APROPOS of Time and his divers paces, he notoriously goes very slowly—as Sterne vouches—with a solitary Captive, and of all solitary captives methinks he must go slowest with a caged wild beast. The human prisoner, gifted with a mind, can beguile the weary hours with dreams of the past or future—if of an intellectual turn, and educated, he can amuse himself with philosophical speculations, or mathematical calculations. He may even indulge in poetical composition. But a beast, a stupid, ignorant beast, has no such mental resources. If he struck a lyre it would be to immortal smash. Neither would it be of any avail to supply him with materials for those various handicrafts by the exercise of which the Philadelphian Solitaries described by Dickens contrived to lose and neglect the creeping foot of time in their confinement. A lion, if furnished with the whole stock of a marine-store shop, would never "manufacture a sort of Dutch clock from disregarded odds and ends," with a vinegar-bottle for the pendulum: neither would a tiger appear "in a white paper hat of his own making," though expressly provided with stationery for the purpose, from her Majesty's own office. It follows that wild animals in confinement must experience great weariness—in fact they obviously do suffer from *ennui* in no common degree.

"How, sir? A vulgar, ill-bred wild beast, afflicted with the peculiar complaint of a woman of *ton*—of a lady of quality!"

Precisely, madam. There is a case on record of a Lioness with all the symptoms of the complaint, and of her adoption of that fashionable antidote, a lapdog.

"A lapdog! What, a dear little King Charles's spaniel?"

No, but a little terrier, which the Lioness in a natural state of health would have devoured on his first introduction, whereas being troubled with the vapours, she could not dispense with a plaything that happened to amuse her.

"A Lioness with the vapours and a lapdog—ridiculous!"

Madam I am in earnest, severely serious! But just do me the honour to step with me, in fancy, to the Zoological Gardens. There—look at that Lioness. How indolently she stretches herself—how listlessly she rolls her head and half closes her languid eyes! Then what distressing yawns, as if for a change she would turn herself inside out!

"Rather like *ennui*, I confess."

No doubt of it. Now look at yonder moping Lion, too apathetic even to glance at us. Look at his head between his knees, and his tail, that formidable tail, furnished at the end, as naturalists tell us, with a kind of prickle, so that he can spur as well as lash himself into a hasty fit, lying as idle and still as a torpid snake. Did you ever see an attitude more expressive of lassitude, and yet he hath but taken a few turns round his den, and given one roar since sunrise. All he cares is to blink, and gape, and doze, through the long hours till supper-time. Yonder again is a female Puma, with head drooping and closed eyes, uttering at intervals an inward groan, as palpable a sufferer from world-weariness as Mariana at the Moated Grange. The panthers, leopards, ounces, jaguars, and the smaller cats, from constitutional irritability, are somewhat more active, or rather restless; but it is only another mode of expressing the same thing. One and all are labouring under *tedium vitæ* so intensely that it is a wonder they have never discovered self-murder! In fact Chuny, the elephant who was shot for attempting to break out of his prison, is said, after receiving many musket-balls, to have knelt down at the command of his keeper, and to have presented his head with suicidal docility to the marksmen.

"Their lives, poor things, must indeed be very monotonous!"

Miserably so, madam, and their hours like ages! No amusement, no employment to shorten them! One can fancy Time himself looking in at the Beasts through the iron lattices, and tauntingly whispering, "Ah, ah! with all your murderous paws, and claws, and jaws, you cannot kill ME!"

"One may, indeed; but now, if you please, sir, we will go. My own spirits begin to flag, and a sort of lassitude comes over me. I presume from example and the influence of the place."

Beyond question, madam. There was a case in point. My friend H., the well-known artist, once had occasion to take the portrait of a Lion in the Tower Menagerie; but he went so frequently, and required such long sittings, that, knowing the usual facility of his pencil, I became curious to learn the cause.

"Why, the truth is," said H., "if I could only have kept my spirits up and my eyes open, the thing would have been done in a tithe of the time; but what with the dejection and drowsiness of the beasts, and their continual gaping, I was so infected with their dulness that after the first ten minutes I invariably began to blink and yawn too, and soon fell asleep."

CHAP. IV.

"HUZZA!"

My dear sir—

"Huzza! huzza!"

My dear sirs—

"Huzza! huzza! huzza!"

Gentlemen—Ladies—Boys—Girls—good people—*do* allow me to ask the reason of such vociferous cheering?

"The Baron for ever!"

Eh?

"The Doctor for ever!"

Whom?

"The thing with a hard name for ever!"

What Baron?—what Doctor?—what thing with a hard name?

"What thing? Why, Som-nam-bam-boozle-fusilism, to be sure. The animal sent the painter to sleep, didn't he?"

Yes.

"And ain't that Animal Magnetism?"

Yes, yes—certainly, yes—as clear a case of Mesmerism *as ever I met with!*

CHAP. V.

ON the morning of the first of May, 1822, between nine and ten o'clock, I entered the menagerie of Exeter Change, and walked directly as usual, into the great room appropriated to the larger animals. There was no person visible, keeper or visiter, about the place—like Alexander Selkirk, "I was Lord of the Fowl and the Brute." I had the lions all to myself. As I stepped through the door my eyes mechanically turned towards the den of my old enemy, the royal Bengal tiger, fully expecting to receive from him the customary salutes of a spiteful grin and a growl. But the husky voice was silent, the grim face was nowhere to be seen. The cage was empty!

My feeling on the discovery was a mixed one of relief and disappointment. Methought I breathed more freely from the removal of that vague apprehension which had always clung to me, like a presentiment of injury sooner or later from the savage beast. A few minutes, nevertheless, spent in walking about the room, convinced me that his departure had left a void never properly to be filled up. Another royal tiger, larger even, and as ferocious, might take his place—but it was unlikely that the new tenant would ever select me for that marked and personal animosity which had almost led me at times to believe that we inherited some ancient feud from our respective progenitors. An enemy as well as a friend of old standing, though not lamented, must be *missed*. It must be a loss, if not to affection, to memory and association, to be deprived of even the ill-will, the frown, or sneer of an old familiar face, and the brute was, at any rate, "a good hater." There was something piquant if not flattering, in being selected for his exclusive malignity. But he was gone, and the menagerie had henceforward lost, for me, a portion of its interest. But stop—there is a gentle reader in an ungentle hurry to expostulate.

"What!—sorry for a nasty, vicious, wild beast, as owed you a grudge for nothing at all, and only wanted an opportunity to spit his spite?"

Exactly so, madam. The case is far from uncommon. Nay, I once knew a foreign gentleman in a very similar predicament. From his German reading, helped by an appropriate style of feeding, the stomach of his imagination had become so stuffed and overloaded with Zamiels, Brocken Witches, Hobgoblins, Vampires, Were Wolves, Incubi, and other devilries, that for years he never passed a night without what we call bad dreams. Well, I had not seen him for some months, when at last he called upon me, looking so woe-begone and out of spirits, as to make me inquire rather anxiously about his health. He shook his head dejectedly, sighed deeply, laid his hand on his chest, as if about to complain of it, and in a broken voice and broken English, informed me of his case.

"O, my goot fellow, I am miserable quite. Dere is something all wrong in me—something very bad—I have not had de Night-Mare for tree weeks."

"Well, after that, sir, I can swallow the tiger. So pray go on."

After the first surprise was over my curiosity became excited, and began to speculate on the causes of the creature's absence. Was he dead? Had he been destroyed for his ferocity, or parted with to make room for a milder specimen of the species? Had he gone to perform in the legitimate drama—or taken French leave? I was looking round for somebody to answer these queries, when all at once I descried an object that made me feel like a man suddenly blasted with a thunder-bolt.

"Mercy on us! You don't mean to say that it was the tiger?"

I do. Huddled up in a dark corner of the room he had been overlooked by me on my entrance, and cunningly suppressing his usual snarl of recognition, the treacherous beast had proceeded to intercept my retreat. At my first glimpse of him he was skulking along, close to the wall, in the direction of the door. Had I possessed the full power of motion, he must have arrived there first—but terror rivetted me to the spot. There I stood, all my faculties frozen up, dizzy, motionless and dumb. Could I have cried out, my last breath of life would certainly have escaped from me in one long, shrill scream. But it was pent up in my bosom, where my heart, after one mighty bound upwards, was fluttering like a scared bird. There was a feeling of deadly choking at my throat, of mortal sickness at my stomach. My tongue in an instant had become stiff and parched—my jaw locked—my eyes fixed in their sockets, and from the rush of blood seemed looking through a reddish mist, whilst within my head a whizzing noise struck up that rendered me utterly incapable of thought or comprehension. Such, as far as I can recollect, was my condition, and which, from the symptoms, I should say, was very similar to a combined attack of apoplexy and paralysis.

This state, however, did not last. At first, every limb and joint had suddenly stiffened, rigid as cast iron; my very flesh, with the blood in its veins, had congealed into marble; but after a few seconds, he muscles as abruptly relaxed, the joints gave way, the blood thawed and seemed escaping from the vessels, the substance of my body

seemed losing its solidity, and with an inexpressible sense of its imbecility, I felt as if my whole frame would fall in a shapeless mass on the floor.

"Gracious goodness—how dreadful!"

The tiger, in the interim, having gained the door, had crouched down—cat-like—his back curved inwards, his face between his fore-paws, and with his glaring eyeballs steadily fixed on mine, was creeping on his belly by half-inches towards me, his tail meanwhile working from side to side behind him, and as it were *sculling* him on.

In another moment this movement ceased, the tail straightened itself out, except the tip, which turned up, and became nervously agitated, a warning as certain as the like signal from an enraged rattlesnake.

There was no time to be lost. A providential inspiration, a direct whisper, as it were, from heaven, reminded me of the empty cage, and suggested, with lightning rapidity, that the same massive bars which had formerly kept the Man Eater within, might now keep him out. In another instant I was within the den, had pulled to the door, and shot the heavy bolt. The Tiger foiled by the suddenness of this unexpected manœuvre, immediately rose from his couchant position, and after violently lashing each flank with his tail, gave vent to his dissatisfaction in a prolonged inward grumble, that sounded like distant thunder. But he did not long deliberate on his course: to my infinite horror, I saw him approach the den, where rearing on his hind legs, in the attitude the heralds call rampant, he gave a tremendous roar, which made my blood curdle, and then resting his fore-paws on the front of the cage, with his huge, hideous face pressed against the bars, he stared at me a long, long, long stare, with two red fiery eyes, that alternately gloomed and sparkled like burning coals.

"And didn't the Tiger, sir, poke his great claws, sir, into the cage, sir, and pick you out, sir, bit by bit, sir, between the bar?"

Patience, my dear little fellow, patience. Since the Creation, perhaps, a Man and a Wild Beast, literally changing places, were never before placed in such an anomalous position: and in these days of dulness, and a dearth of dramatic novelties, having furnished so very original and striking a situation, the Reader ought to be allowed a little time to enjoy it.

CHAP. VI.

HA! ha! ha!

"Zounds!—psshaw!—phoo!—pish!" ejaculates a Courteous Reader, "it's all a hoax, the author is laughing at us."

Not at all. The cachinnatory syllables were intended, to signify the peal of dreary laughter with which the hyena hailed my incarceration. It was perhaps only a coincidence—and yet the beast might comprehend and enjoy the sudden turning of the tables, the Man became a Prisoner, and the Brute his Gaoler.

It might tickle his savage fancy to behold a creature of the species before which the animals of his own instinctively quailed and skulked off—it might gratify a splenetic hatred, born of fear, to see a member of that aristocratic order reduced by a Revolution, beyond the French one, into a doomed captive in such a Bastile!

"Excuse me, sir, but do you really believe that a brute beast ever reasons so curiously?"

It is difficult to say, madam, for they never utter, much less publish, their speculations. That some do reason and even moralize—

"Moralize! what, a brute beast—for instance, a great bear—a moralist like Dr. Johnson?"

Yes, madam;—or Hervey, of the *Meditations*: The hyena is notoriously a frequenter of graves—a prowler amongst the Tombs. He is, also, the only beast that laughs—at least above his breath. And putting these two circumstances together, who knows but that the Ghoul acquired his Sardonic grin, and his cynical ha! ha! ha! from a too intimate acquaintance with the dusty, mouldy, rubbishing, unsavoury relics of the pride, power, pomps and vanities of the so-called Lord of the Creation?

"Who indeed, sir? What man can see into the heart of a brute beast?"

Why, if any one, ma'am, it's the man who puts his head into the lion's mouth.

CHAP. VII.

It was now my turn to know and understand how Time "travels in divers paces with divers persons." To feel how the precious stuff that life is made of might be drawn out, like fine gold, into inconceivable lengths. To learn the extreme duration of minutes and seconds, and possible "last moments" of existence—the practicability of living ages, as in dreams, between one vital pulsation and another!

Oh those interminable and invaluable intervals between breath and breath!

How shall I describe—by what gigantic scale can I give a notion of the enormous expansion of the ordinary fractions of time, when marked on a Dial of the World's circumference by the Shadow of death?

Methinks while that horrible face, and those red, fiery eyes were gazing at me, Pyramids might have been built—Babylons founded—Empires established—Royal Dynasties have risen, ruled, and fallen—yea, even that other Planets might have fulfilled their appointed cycles from Creation to Destruction, during those nominal minutes which by their immense span seemed actually to be preparing me for Eternity.

CHAP. VIII.

In the mean time the tiger kept his old position in front of the cage, without making any attempt to get at me. He could have no fear of my getting out to eat *him*, and as to his devouring *me*, having recently breakfasted on shin of beef he seemed in no hurry for a second meal, knowing perfectly well, that whenever he might feel inclined to lunch, he had me ready for it, as it were, in his safe.

Thus the beast continued with intolerable perseverance to stare in upon me, who, crouched up at the further corner of the den, had only to await his pleasure or displeasure. Once or twice, indeed, I tried to call out for help, but the sound died in my throat, and when at length

I succeeded, the tiger, whether to drown my voice, or from sympathy, set up such a roar at the same time, and this he did so repeatedly, that convinced of the futility of the experiment, I abandoned myself in silence to my fate. Its crisis was approaching. If he had no hunger for food the savage had an appetite for revenge, and soon showed himself disposed, cat-like, to sport with his victim, and torment him a little by exciting his terror. I have said cat-like, but there seemed something more supernaturally ingenious in the cruelty of his proceedings. He certainly made faces at me, twisting his grim features with the most frightful contortions—especially his mouth,—drawing back his lips so as to show his teeth—then smacking them, or licking them with his tongue—of the roughness of which he occasionally gave me a hint by rasping it against the iron bars. But the climax of his malice was to come. Strange as it may seem, he absolutely winked at me, not a mere feline blink at excess of light, but a significant, knowing wink, and then inflating his cheeks, puffed into my face a long, hot breath, smelling, most ominously, of *raw flesh*!

“The horrid wretch! why he seemed to know what he was about like a Christian!”

Yes, madam—or, at any rate like an inhuman human being. But, before long, he evidently grew tired of such mere pastime. His tail—that index of mischief—resumed its activity, swinging and flourishing in the air, with a thump every now and then on his flank, as if he were beating time with it to some Tiger’s March in his own head. At last it dropped, and at the same instant thrusting one paw between the bars he tried by an experimental semicircular sweep, whether any part of me was within his reach. He took nothing, however, by his motion, but his talons so nearly brushed my knees, that a change of posture became imperative. The den was too low to allow of my standing up, so that the only way was to lie down on my side, with my back against that of the cage—of course making myself as much like a *bas-relief* as possible.

Fortunately, my coat was closely buttoned up to the throat, for the hitch of a claw in a lappel would have been fatal: as it was, the paw of the brute, in some of its sweeps, came within two inches of my person. Foiled in this fishing for me, he then struck the bars, serialim, but they were too massive, and too well imbedded in their sockets, to break, or bend, or give way. Nevertheless, I felt far from safe. There was such a diabolical sagacity in the Beast’s proceedings that it would hardly have been wonderful if he had deliberately undone the bolt and fastenings of his late front-door and walked in to me.

“Oh, how dreadful if he had! And what a position for you, sir! Such a shocking picture—a human fellow-creature in a cage with a great savage tiger, a-tearing at him through the bars—I declare it reminds me of the Cat at our Canary!”

CHAP. IX.

I WOULD not marry the Young Lady who made that last comparison for Ten Thousand Pounds!

CHAP. X.

CONFOUND the Keepers !

Not one of them, Upper or Under, even looked into the room. For any help to me, they might as well have been keeping sheep, or turn-pikes, or little farms, or the King's peace—or keeping the Keep at Windsor, or editing the Keepsake!—or helping the London Sweeps and Jack-in-the-Green to keep May Day !

Oh ! what a pang, sharp as tiger's tooth could inflict, shot through my heart as I remembered that date with all its cheerful and fragrant associations—sights, and scents, and sounds so cruelly different to the object before my eyes, the odour in my nostrils, the noise in my ears !

How I wished myself under the hawthorns, or even on them—how I yearned to be on a village-green, with or without a Maypole ; but why do I speak of such sweet localities ?

Mayday as it was, and sweep as I was not, I would willingly have been up the foulest flue in London, cleansing it gratis. Fates that had formerly seemed black and hard, now looked white and mild in comparison with my own. The gloomiest things, the darkest misfortunes, even unto negro-slavery shone out, like the holiday sootkins—*with washed faces.*

My own case was getting desperate. The Tiger enraged by his failures, was furious, and kept up an incessant fretful grumble—sometimes deepening into a growl, or rising almost into a shriek—while again and again he tried the bars, or swept for me with his claws. Lunch-time it was plain had come, and an appetite along with it, as appeared by his efforts to get at me, as well as his frequently opening and shutting his jaws, and licking his lips, in fact making a sort of Barmecidal feast on me beforehand.

The effect of this mock mastication on my nerves was inexpressibly terrible—as the awful rehearsal of a real tragedy. Besides from a correspondence of imagination, I seemed actually to feel in my flesh and bones every bite he simulated, and the consequent agonies. Oh, horrible—horrible—horrible !

“ Horrible, indeed ! I wonder you did not faint ! ”

Madam, I *dared* not. All my vigilance was too necessary to preserve me from those dangerous snatches, so often made suddenly as if to catch me off my guard. It was far more likely that the brain overstrained by such intense excitement, would give way, and drive me by some frantic impulse—a maniac—into those foamy jaws.

Still bolt, and bar, and reason, retained its place. But alas ! if even the mind remained firm, the physical energies might fail. So long as I could maintain my position, as still and as stiff as a corpse, my life was comparatively safe : but the necessary effort was almost beyond the power of human nature, and certainly could not be long protracted—the joints and sinews must relax, and then—

Merciful Heaven !—the crisis just alluded to was fast approaching, for the overtaxed muscles were gradually give, give, giving—when suddenly there was a peculiar cry from some animal in the inner room. The Tiger answered it with a yell, and, as if reminded of some hated

object—at least as obnoxious to him as myself—instantly dropped from the cage, and made one step towards the spot. But he stopped short—turning his face again to the cage, to which he would probably have returned but for a repetition of the same cry. The Tiger answered it as before with a yell of defiance, and bounded off through the door, into the next chamber, whence growls, roars, and shrieks of brutal rage soon announced that some desperate combat had commenced.

The uproar alarming the Keepers, they rushed in, when springing from the cage with equal alacrity, I rushed out; and while the men were securing the Tiger, secured myself by running home to my house in the Adelphi, at a rate never attained before or since.

Nor did Time, who “travels in divers paces with divers persons” ever go at so extraordinary a rate—for *slowness*—as he had done with me. On consulting my watch, the *Age* which I had passed in the Tiger's Den must have been some sixty minutes!

And so ended, Courteous Reader, the Longest Hour in my Life!

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SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

MORTUARY AFFECTATIONS.

So many people dramatize their deaths, especially if there be any thing public or premature in the mode or time of its occurrence, that it would almost warrant the assertion that a natural and unaffected exit is as rare from the stage of life as from the stage of a theatre. When we read of Cardinal Wolsey, that nothing in his life became him like the leaving it, we are only to conclude that he was acting a part for the first time. A public death is never a natural one in any sense, as has been repeatedly exemplified in the case of criminals, some of whom assume for the nonce the demeanour of suddenly converted saints, while others affect the defiance and impenitence of irreclaimable dare-devils. Few, indeed, meet their fate in a manner consistent with their previous character and career, or perhaps in conformity with their real feelings at the moment.

Even in selecting modes of suicide there is sometimes a touch of conceit—a hankering after posthumous celebrity. Why did Empe-
docles throw himself into the crater of Mount Vesuvius—why did ancient desperadoes select the Leucadian rock—why do our modern love-lorn damsels choose the Monument for their last leap? Neither of these would seem to be very attractive modes of self-destruction. Others are not inattentive to personal comfort at a moment when one would expect them to be utterly indifferent to such trifles; for it is a remarkable fact that persons rarely drown themselves in very cold weather, while in a very hot season the number of river suicides often rises with the thermometer.

Every one knows that Cæsar fell like a brave soldier, sinking down

in a becoming manner at the foot of the statue of Liberty; but it is not so generally known that he also fell like the author of the "Commentaries," for he defended himself with his stylus, or steel pen, and stabbed Casca in the arm before he yielded to his fate. This was indeed dying in character; but then he was taken by surprise. Had time been allowed him he would doubtless have got up a mortuary affectation.

POPE THE FIRST REFORMERS.

WHEN the Popes, at the revival of letters, encouraged education and learning, they unintentionally laid the foundation-stone of the Reformation, for the rays of knowledge which they thus scattered, like the torches of the Furies, revealed the ugliness of the enlighteners. To use the words of Bolingbroke, "the magicians themselves broke the charm by which they had bound mankind for so many ages, and the adventures of that knight errant who, thinking himself happy in the arms of a celestial nymph, found himself the miserable slave of an infernal hag, was in some sort renewed." It is well to see schools planted, for their founders are only sowing so many dragons' teeth, which will rise up as armed men against ecclesiastical tyranny and abuse.

HOW QUOTATIONS SHOULD BE INTRODUCED.

"I do not profess myself a scholar; and for a gentleman I hold quotations a little pedantical. He should use them rather as brought in by memory, *raptim*, and occasional, than by study, search, or strict collection, especially in essay, which of all writing is the nearest to a running discourse. I have so used them as you may see I do not steal but borrow. There is no cheating like the felony of wit: he which thieves that, robbes the owner, and cozens those that hear him."—*Owen Feltham's Resolves*.

The late Chief Justice Kenyon was sometimes betrayed by his forgetfulness into a curious infelicity of allusion, quotation, and translation. He once complained of some malpractice in the following terms:

"I was in hopes that an amendment would have been produced by the last notice of the court, but I am sorry to say it is *semper eadem*—worse and worse."

It is recorded of the same judge, probably by some wag of a barrister who did not very accurately catch his words, that on the trial of a bookseller for publishing Payne's "Age of Reason," he exclaimed, "This impious and audacious writer has dared to attack the truths of our blessed religion—truths not only recognised by sages and philosophers, both ancient and modern, but even by the Roman Emperors, one of whom was so deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity that he deservedly received the name of Julian the Apostle."

A curious instance of inept and unapt quotation is afforded by a tombstone in the neighbourhood of London, erected to the memory of a pious and irreproachable young lady, who died, quite suddenly, in her twentieth year; after informing the reader of which facts, the inscription concludes with the words, "Frailty! thy name is woman!"

LOCOMOTIVE RESULTS OF A BAD CHARACTER.

"WHAT a traveller you have become!" exclaimed an Englishman on meeting an acquaintance at Constantinople.

"To tell you the truth," was the frank reply, "I am obliged to run about the world to keep ahead of my character; the moment it overtakes me I am ruined; but I don't care who knows me so long as I travel *incognito*."

Boswell records an unhappy man, who having totally lost his character committed suicide, a crime which Dr. Johnson reprobated very severely.

"Why, sir," urged Boswell, "the man had become infamous for life;—what would you have had him do?"

"Do, sir? I would have him go to some country where he was not known, and not to the devil, where he was known."

PROGRESSION OF MANKIND.

GOETHE, speaking of the perfectibility of the human understanding says, "It is always advancing, but in a spiral line. Like a pointer coursing a field, it returns on its steps, and going backwards and forwards before it advances, finally discovers its game."

Some have doubted the progression of our race because men are born with the same capacity now as in the earliest stages of the world. True, abstractedly, but not relatively; for each individual succeeds to the accumulated mental wealth of his predecessors, which, to a man of genius, gives the same marvellous power of expansion that capital and machinery supply to a manufacturer. Libraries, those savings-banks of thought, are the stored-up treasures of past ages, placed at the command of the present; so that although our individual capacity be the same as that of our forefathers, our collected means are immeasurably greater. Our eyes may not be better than theirs, but we see the further for being mounted on their shoulders.

Not to believe in the certain advancement of our race, however slow may be the ratio, is the most melancholy of all disbeliefs. It implies a distrust of the Creator's beneficence; for to multiply the number of human births, without ennobling the destiny of man, is only to prepare a more sumptuous banquet for death—perhaps also for the devil. "Never attempt to villanize mankind," says Cudworth. If the wheel of thought, and consequently of action and condition, rolled round like that of fortune—if there were to be no such thing as human progression, mankind would be doomed to the fate of Sisyphus without his crime.

TO BE DAZZLED IS TO BE DARKENED, NOT ENLIGHTENED.

If we gaze too intently at the material sun we seem to be surrounded, when we remove our eyes, with black spots and a misty dimness. So it is with the enthusiast who contemplates too long and too closely the brightness of the spiritual sun. "Blind with excess of light," when he looks out upon the world, it appears a mass of moral plague-spots, a sink of benighted iniquity, and he denounces mankind at large as wallowers in reeking abominations, sinful worshippers of dumb idols in a dark cave. Does it never occur to these libellers of their species, these diabolizers of man, that they cannot vilify and make a monster

of the creature without impugning the Creator? Can that be called a rational zeal for the glory of God which exhibits itself in an irrational contempt for God's image? As the surest foundation for a proper respect towards others is self-respect, so the best security for loving and being beloved by Heaven is to love and be beloved by the inhabitants of earth.

Man would be much less likely to forget himself, would find himself much less debased by the alloy of humanity, if he always kept in mind and endeavoured to act consistently with his divine origin; and we shall have a better chance of improving its nature if we seek to elevate the human standard to the Deity, than when we endeavour to degrade it to the devil.

We are apt to be proud of our earthly ancestors; how much more noble and exalting would be our pride if it sprung from an ever-present sense of our descent from a heavenly father! When Anaxagoras was asked to what country he belonged he pointed to the skies. Warburton has a fine image as to the divine light that is enshrined within every mortal frame—"The solar light is not less real in the rainbow, where its rays become untwisted, and each differing thread distinctly seen, than while they remain united and incorporated with the sun. Just so the divine nature is one simple, undivided perfection in the Godhead himself; but when refracted and divaricated in passing through the human mind, it becomes power—justice—mercy—which are separated and adequately represented to the mind."

There is a time when we may gaze at the spiritual sun without fear of being dazzled. In the hour of our affliction, when we contemplate it through a shower of tears, its rays form a rainbow that unites heaven to earth, and reconciles us to the present by filling us with the hope of an hereafter.

New Moon.

A CUSTOM-HOUSE BREEZE.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE day—no matter for the month or year,

A Calais packet, just come over,

And safely moor'd within the pier,

Began to land her passengers at Dover;

All glad to end a voyage long and rough,

And during which,

Through roll and pitch,

The Ocean-King had sickophants enough!

From the Bee
New Moon

Away, as fast as they could walk or run,
 Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,
 With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels,
 Away the passengers all went, but one,
 A female, who from some mysterious check,
 Still linger'd on the steamer's deck,
 As if she did not care for land a tittle,
 For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual—
 Or nervously afraid to put
 Her foot
 Into an isle described as tight and little.

In vain commissioner and touter,
 Porter and waiter throng'd about her;
 Boring, as such officials only bore—
 In spite of rope and barrow, knot, and truck,
 Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,
 She couldn't, no, she wouldn't go on shore.

“But, ma'am,” the steward interfered,
 “The wessel must be cleared.
 You musn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't!
 It's quite agin the orders so to do—
 And all the passengers is gone but you.”
 Says she, “I cannot go ashore and won't!”
 “You ought to!”
 “But I can't!”
 “Your must!”
 “I shan't!”

At last, attracted by the racket,
 “Twixt gown and jacket,
 The captain came himself, and cap in hand,
 Begg'd very civilly to understand
 Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.

“Why then,” the lady whispered with a shiver,
 That made the accents quiver,
 “I've got some foreign silks about me pinn'd,
 In short so many things, all contraband,
 To tell the truth, I am afraid to land,
 In such a *searching* wind!”

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

No. XVI.

TAME SWANS.

I go to soft Elysian shades
 And bowers of kind repose ;
 Where never any storm invades,
 Nor tempest ever blows.

There in cool streams and shady woods
 I'll sport the time away,
 Or swimming down the crystal floods,
 Among young lalcyons play.

SONG OF THE DYING SWAN.

THOMAS BROWN, doctor of physic, in the third book of his "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," chapter xxvii., "compendiously treating of sundry tenents concerning other animals, which examined, prove either false or dubious," thus writeth :

"And first from great antiquity, and before the melody of the syrens, the musical note of swans hath been commended, and that they sing most sweetly before their death. Thus we read in Plato, that from the opinion of *Metempsychosis*, or transmigration of the souls of men into the bodies of beasts most suitable unto their human condition, after his death, Orpheus the musician became a swan. Thus was it the bird of Apollo, the god of musick by the Greeks, and the hieroglyphick of musick among the Ægyptians, from whom the Greeks derived the conception, hath been the affirmation of many Latines, and hath not wanted assertors almost from every nation."

After much learned discussion wherein, *inter alia*, he refutes the story "delivered" by Aldrovandi "concerning the musick of the swans on the river of Thames near London," and shows that "the formation of the *weazon*" in those birds is not peculiar to them "but common also unto the Platea or Shovelard, a bird of no musical throat," he alludes further to the confession of the Italian, that the tracheal apparatus in the swans may be contrived to contain "a larger stock of ayr, whereby being to feed on weeds at the bottom, they might the longer space detain their heads under water."

But a still further objection occurs to the philosophical doctor in "the known and open disadvantage" of a flat bill, "for no latirostrous animal (whereof nevertheless there are no slender numbers) were ever commended for their note, or accounted among those animals which have been instructed to speak." And he sums up his argument thus :

"When, therefore, we consider the dissention of authors, the falsity of relations, the indisposition of the organs, and the immusical note of all we ever beheld or heard of, if generally taken and comprehending all swans, or of all places, we cannot assent thereto. Surely he that is

bit with a *tarantula*, shall never be cured by this musick ; and with the same hopes we expect to hear the harmony of the spheres."

The latter certainly may be expected to regale our ears at about the period when our much confiding friend, Mr. Simbledon Hopeful, receives his first dividend from the grand joint-stock company for pickling pine-apples.

It is curious that ornithologists should term the swan of the poets *The Mute Swan*, and it is by no means clear that the ancients did not confound the more canorous and less graceful species, the Hooper, with the tame or mute swan, the bird now under consideration. Hoopers may be seen to this day on "Cayster's flowery side," and we know that they "sang their last and died" in the great holocaust when the sun's son was run away with ; but the mute swan, *Cygnus olor*, does not appear to have been ever noticed there. That the last named species *was* the musical swan of the ancients there can be no doubt. A cameo representing Leda and the swan, figured in the "Gemma" of Leonardus Augustinus from the Orsini collection, would extinguish any doubt on that point. The Hooper carries its neck nearly upright as it floats and walks, looking stiff and awkward when compared with the elegant bending carriage of *Cygnus olor*. When, therefore, Aristotle is quoted as saying that swans are canorous, especially at the end of life, and that they pass over the seas singing, it is almost evident that there is a confusion of the attributes of the two species. However this may be, it is pretty clear that τὸ κύκνειον ᾄδειν passed into a proverb for a dying speech, and that often none of the most decorous. A Deipnosophist in Athenæus tells a story from Chrysippus of a poor devil led forth to death, who prayed the executioner to stay his hand a little while, for that he had a great longing to die like the swans, singing. The *carnifex*, who from experience knew what odd fancies are apt to come into the minds of men when "small back is gripping them," granted his prayer ; when the condemned poured forth such a torrent of invective upon all and sundry as, if done into choice English, would not have disgraced the most celebrated of our Tyburn heroes ;—no, not Abershaw himself,

When the king, and the law, and the thief had his own.

To talk of the music of the mute swan, seems to be rather Milesian, if not something more ; and, indeed, to apply that term to the notes uttered by any of the swans, is to use a licence more than poetical, albeit, as we have admitted in our last chapter, the clangour of some of them sounds not unpleasantly, when softened by distance. Oppian makes them the birds of dawning, pouring forth their song upon the sea-shore before sunrise, when

Lucifer had chas'd

• The stars away, and fled himself at last.

But whether they sang early in the morning, or at the latest possible period of life, the *mute swans* are not condemned to the silent system that the name would imply. They may be heard in spring and summer murmuring rather than singing with a soft, low voice, plaintive withal, while complacently accompanying their young. Colonel Hawker has even printed a few bars of their gentle melody, the notes

being two, C, and the minor third (E flat), and the gallant writer declares that the musician kept working his head, as if delighted with his own performance.

The wind instrument of this swan is thus constructed.

The keel of the breast-bone is single, there being no cavity: the windpipe comes down between the forks of the merry-thought, and then curves upwards, and passes backwards to the bone of divarication, whence its short tubes proceed to the lungs.

In this country the mute swan has long been considered of sufficient importance to demand the special care of the legislature, and stealing or spoiling its eggs was punishable by statute.*

By the old law, when a marked swan was stolen in an open and common river, the purloined bird, if it could be obtained, and if not, another swan, was hung up by the bill, and the thief was compelled to hand over to the party robbed as much wheat as would cover all the swan, the operation being effected by pouring the grain on its head till it was entirely hidden. But stealing marked and pinioned swans, or even unmarked birds, if kept in a moat, pond, or private river, and domesticated, is felony. The taking of swans not so marked or kept is a misdemeanor only.

In England the swan is a royal bird, and by a statute of our fourth Edward, no person other than the son of the king could have a swan-mark, or "game of swans," unless he possessed a freehold of the clear yearly value of five marks, 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* of our present money. The privilege of keeping a game of swans, *deductus cygnorum*, or, as it more rarely runs in the old law-Latin *volutus cygnorum*, is manifested by the grant of a *Cygninota* or swan-mark, which is a freehold of inheritance, and may be granted over. Leland in his *κύκνειον ᾠσμα* or swan-song, shows forth the royalty of the bird and figures a *Cyanea pompu*, wherein a crowned swan rows his state, surrounded by nine cygnets.

There appears to be a doubt whether the swan is a bird royal in Scotland; but although the proprietors of the

Land of the mountain and the flood .

possess the right of fowling over their own grounds, swans, it seems, unless specially granted, are reserved to the crown.

Nor was the *cygninota* the only privilege accorded by royalty: there was also the delegation of the prerogative right of seizing, within certain limits, all white swans not marked. In the palmy days of the Roman Catholic church such a privilege was vested in the princely Abbot of Abboisbury, whose district extended over the estuary formed by Portland Island and the Chesil Bank, the stern barrier to the fury of the waves rolling in from the Atlantic, and the scene of many a shipwreck. When that church tottered to its fall this royal right was granted to the ancestor of the Earl of Ilchester, in whom it is at present vested, and although somewhat shorn of its ancient extent, is still the largest swannery of this description in the kingdom. A noble spectacle, even now, is presented there; for the swans are not crippled in the pinion, and the sight of some eighty of these splendid birds, many of them on

* II. Hen. vii. c. 17. * I. Jac. c. 27.
c 2

the wing together, will not be readily forgotten by those who have witnessed it.

There was, in old times, an officer called the royal swanherd, *magister deductus cygnorum*, and that not with reference to the Thames alone. Persons who executed this office of "master of the king's swans" in the counties of Huntingdon, Cambridge, Northampton and Lincoln, as well as that of "supervisor and appraiser" of all swans in any mere or water in Huntingdonshire, may be traced in the parliament rolls. There was a swannery of some extent at Clarendon in Wiltshire, as an appendage to that royal palace or manor; and there was also one in the Isle of Purbeck.

Nor was the Isis unadorned, formerly, by these noble birds, for in the sixteenth century, Oxford, *Isidis vadum*, Saxonice *Ousford*, and *Ousenford*, boasted of a game of swans. "Her husband Thame" bore and still bears upon his bosom the greatest numbers, although they are sadly reduced. The Queen and the city companies of the Dyers and Vintners are, at present, the largest swan-owners on the Thames. When numbered in 1841 there were two hundred and thirty-two belonging to the crown, one hundred and five the property of the Dyers, and one hundred of the Vintners. In the good old times the Vintners alone reckoned five hundred as their share.

But the swan-mark?

This is cut upon the upper mandible, and consists of certain figures denoting the ownership. Queen Victoria's mark—and it was that of the three last kings—is composed of five open, rather long ovals, pointed at each extremity. Two of these are placed with the ends in a longitudinal direction on each side of the "berry," and a little below it: the other three go across the bill transversely, a little lower down. Mr. Yarrell in his interesting "British Birds," figures many of these *cygninote*. Two cuts or nicks in the form of a V placed longitudinally on the bill, the open part of the letter being towards the berry, form the Vintners' mark, and from their swans with two nicks have been hatched—we speak with all due reverence for Mr. Kempe's doubts—the double necked swans whose portraits grace our sign-boards.

It is to review or repair these marks, and cut them upon the bills of the young birds, that the markers of the royal swans, and of those belonging to the companies above-mentioned, on the first Monday in every August go a "swan-upping," or "swan-hopping," according to the popular and corrupted term, when the "swan-uppers" catch the swans, and take them up for inspection and notation.

"What a great trust it is," says Howel, in his *Londinopolis*, "for the Lord Mayor to have the conservation of the noble river of Thames, from Stanes Bridge till she disgorgeth herself into the sea? How stately is he attended when he goes to take a view of the river, or a swan-hopping? and lately, what a noble addition was it for the Lord Mayor to have a park of deer of his own so near the city, to find him sport and furnish him with venison? What an honour is it for the Lord Mayor to be accounted the first man of England upon the death of the sovereign prince. As when King James was invited to come and take the crown of England, Robert Lee, Lord Mayor of London, was the first man who subscribed, and then the officers of the crown, with the chief noblemen after him. The Recorder of London;

also, is *Primus Consiliarius Angliæ*, and is privileged to plead within the barre. The Lord Mayors of London have been called sometime to sit at the council-table, as Sir John Allen was in Henry the Eighth's time, with others (which Allen gave that rich collar of gold which the Lord Mayors use to wear) and the aldermen, his brethren, were used to be called barons."

And again :

"Now touching the magnificence, gravity, and state of the chief magistrate : neither the *Pretor* of Rome, or the *Prefect* of Milan ; neither the *Proctors* of St. Mark, in Venice, or their *Podestas* in other cities ; neither the *Protest* of Paris, the *Markgrave* of Antwerp, can compare with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London : if one go to the variety of their robes, sometimes, scarlet, richly fur'd, sometimes purple, sometimes violet and puke. What a goodly spectacle it is to behold the Lord Mayor, and the Companies attending him in so many dainty barges, when he goes to be sworn in Westminster-Hall ; and what brave shews there are attending him by land at his return ? What a plentiful sumptuous dinner, consisting of so many huge tables, is provided for him ? What a variety of domestick officers wait upon him perpetually, whereof, with the Remembrancer, there are five of them esquires by their places ? What a comely sight it is to see the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, going in their robes upon festivals to the cathedral church of St. Paul's, though they who stand so well affected to the present government, say, that he goeth in now at the *wrong end* of the church : what a goodly sight it is when he goeth upon Easter holidayes to the *Spittle*, with the sword and cap of maintenance going before him ? How his robes are fitted for the season, as from Michaelmas to Whitsontide, he weares violet fur'd ; from Whitsontide to Michaelmas, scarlet lined ; and for distinction among the aldermen, they who have bin Lord Mayors, have their cloaks lined with changeable Taffata ; but those that have not, with green Taffata ! What great places of trust are committed to the Lord Mayor, as the keeping of the Great Bridge in repair, which hath such large revenues belonging unto it, with a particular stately seal, which of old had the effigies of Thomas of Becket (a Londoner born) upon it, with this inscription in the name of the city—

Me quæ te peperit, ne cesses, Thoma, tueri.

But the seal was altered in Henry the Eighth's reign :—"with much more to the same tune, sufficient to soften the heart of any thing less adamantine than the safety-valveless forty-lord power that lately came thundering down on Gog and Magog like "Hell-in-Harness." The corporation worshipful, sooth to speak, have wrought hard and long for that crushing onslaught ; and, when their merciless accuser, as he poured forth his vials of wrath, pointed to the dial, the years, if not the days, of civic abuses, were numbered ; not without some danger to navigation barges, jobs, guilt-coaches, men in armour, and, alas ! the outlading of turtle.

This, however, is a digression, pardonable under existing circumstances, we trust ; reverting, therefore, to the legislative protection thrown round the swan, it may be asked how came the bird to be held in such high estimation by our ancestors ? It is pleasant to look upon,

certainly—"beautiful exceedingly," no doubt—and there was the old *prestige* in its favour; but still this will hardly account for its being hedged in by penal statutes so closely, that it was only accessible by royal grant or prescription: no; the truth must be told; the cause lay deeper,—in that omnipotent assimilating agent, the stomach.

Now the possession of a stomach *per se*, is not distinctive—nay, the lowest *Infusoria* are endowed with a polygastric power, to which the most accomplished alderman has not the slightest pretension: the life of these *Polygastria*, indeed, is one perpetual feast. But it is the cultivated and discriminating stomach that distinguishes civilized man; and one of his first legislative cares has always been to protect his tit-bits. Nor is it matter of wonder that the "flaming minister" who laid his offerings before the gastric shrine, should have been considered, even in early times, a personage of some consequence. Accordingly we find him a character of high repute among the polite Athenians, although it must be admitted that the cook seems to have been a slave of no high grade among the stern Romans.

The *Larderarius*, however, of the Normans was often a clergyman, and instances are on record of his leaving the larder to assume the mitre. The *Grans Queux* were officers of dignity in the palaces of princes, and so it was in the golden days of the monasteries, where they were always monks, and indeed in old times there is reason for believing that the execution of the office by ecclesiastics was not confined to those establishments. In the affray at Oxford in the year 1238, between the retinue of the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Otto, and the students, the cardinal's *magister coquorum* and own brother lost his life. Poisoning was then at its height in Europe generally, and this accounts for the appointment of persons of rank to the culinary department. Matthew Paris gives it as a reason for the tenure of the office by so near a relation of the Cardinal—"Ne procuraretur aliquid venenorum quod nimis timebat legatus." Every thing relating to diet was considered of great consequence by our ancestors, and there is extant in Leland an order for a physician to watch the young prince's wet-nurse at every meal, as inspector of her meat and drink.

Our readers may not be unwilling to learn what an Oxford row in the thirteenth century was like. A grand row it was, as may be supposed, when it had for its initiative elements an Irishman, a Welshman, and an Italian. The clerical scholars sent to the abbey where the Legate was lodged a present of viands and liquors for his use, before dinner. After dinner they waited on him themselves for the purpose of saluting him with all honour and reverence. Unfortunately a Transalpine porter, more impudent than beseeemed his station, holding the gate ajar and shouting, "more Romano," cried somewhat petulantly, "what d'ye want?" The scholars replied that they wanted to see the Legate that they might salute him; for they thought, it seems, that they were to receive honour for honour. The porter, however, treating them with a most provoking *haut en bas*, not without abuse, flatly refused to admit them. Upon which the scholars made some such a rush as their successors made in better temper at the theatre when the hero of a hundred fights was installed, and got in pell-mell. They were met by a body of the Romans, who pummelled them with their fists, and belaboured them with sticks, not without repayment by the storming

party, and when the fray was at its height, and they were abusing each other in university Latin, and choice *lingua franca*, plying their staves by way of accompaniment, a poor Irishman, who stood by the kitchen door, more mindful of his hungry stomach than the row, begged for a morsel of something good for God's sake. When the proud master cook heard his prayer, which he probably did not understand, he became so wrathful, what with the noise of the combat and the heat of his post, that he dipped a ladle into the boiler where the fat meats were simmering, and threw its contents into the petitioner's face.

A fiery scholar from the principality saw the indignity. Up rose his Welsh blood; he exclaimed, "*Proh pudor!*" *Anglicè* "What a shame!" and bending his bow which he had brought to aid his fellow-students, drew it with such hearty will that he sent a shaft right through the body of the *chef*, who fell dead. The Legate, on hearing the shout that accompanied his brother's fall, gat him up into the church-tower in his canonicals and also in a parlous fear, and there locked himself in. At nightfall, and when the tumult had somewhat subsided, he threw off his sacred vestments, mounted his best horse, forded the river not without peril, and fled to King Henry for shelter and redress, leaving the enraged scholars seeking for him with expressions that left little doubt what *his* fate would have been had he fallen into their hands. They paid dearly for this outbreak: the most active were brought to London, imprisoned, and most catawampously anathematized; or as Matthew Paris has it, "*anathemate innodati*."

But to return to our swans. From a very early date the bird has held a high place at high feasts. It graced the board at the nuptial dinner when Iphicrates married the King of Thrace's daughter; and, to come at once to our own country, greatly did it shine forth at the ancient British festivals, when

O'er capon, heron-shaw, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the bear's head garnished brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave;
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.

At the "intronazation" of George Nevell, Archbishop of York (to whom no less a person than Lord Willoughby was carver) in Edward IV.'s reign, four hundred swans, were among the "goodly provision" made for the same; there were the same number of "heron-shawes," and two hundred and four cranes, the same number of bitterns, and no less than a thousand "egrittes," fit company for the hundred and four oxen, six "wytde bulles," and thousand "muttons," to say nothing of two thousand "pygges," ditto geese, ditto chickens, four thousand pigeons, ditto "conyes," fifteen hundred hot pasties of venison, four thousand cold ditto, "stagges, buck, and roes, 500 and mo.," and twelve "porposes and seals" among a profusion of game (including two hundred "Fessautes"), fish, and a wilderness of sweets.

Grand were the doings, albeit upon a somewhat less scale, at the marriage of Sir Gervas Clifton, of Clifton, in the county of Nottingham, with Mary Nevile, third daughter of Sir John Nevile, of Chevet, or Chete, in the county of York. The last-named worthy knight seems to have been a careful economist, notwithstanding his open-handed

liberality and true old English hospitality; for he appears to have personally superintended the keeping of his household book on such occasions, if he did not enter the items of the account with his own hand, both on this happy occasion, and when Roger, eldest son, and afterwards heir of Sir Thomas Rockley, of Rockley, in the parish of Worsborough, Knight, married Elizabeth Nevile, Sir John's eldest daughter. Every item, even to the bride's most indispensable garment in the last case, is stated with its price; and if our space would allow a transcript of the whole, it would afford a curious picture of the costume and manners of the period when

Bluff King Hal the stocking threw.

Sir John's account of the expence of the dinner at "The marriage of my son-in-law, Gervas Clifton, and my daughter, Mary Nevile, the 17th day of January, in the 21st year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King Henry the VIIIth," includes "Swans, every swan 2s., 12s. Three Hogsheads of Wine, 1 white, 1 red, and 1 claret, charged at 5l. 5s., moistened the two oxen, two brawns, six calves, seven lambs, six 'withers' (wethers), every wither, 2s. 4d., ten pigs, "every one, 5d., forty-six capons, and whole flights of wild fowl, etc. etc. etc., that loaded the board at this marriage-feast; to say nothing of the produce of eight quarters of barley-malt, "every quarter, 14s."

But the bride's dress?

We care not to be particular, madam, and therefore will only state that she wore—"A Millen (Milan) Bonnit, dressed with Agletts," which cost eleven shillings, a large sum in those days, when the price of an ox was only 1l. 15s. The "Wedding-ring of gold" is charged 12s. 4d.

At the marriage "of my son-in-law, Roger Rockley, and my daughter, Elizabeth Nevile, the 14th of January" in the seventeenth year of the same King, we find in the "First course at dinner."

"Imprimis, Brawn with musterd, served alone with Malmsey.

"Item, Frumety to pottage,

"Item, a Roe roasted for standert—(a large or standing-dish.)

"Item, Peacocks, 2 of a dish.

"Item, Swans, 2 of a dish," etc. etc. etc.

Among the pieces of resistance in the second course was "a young Lamb whole roasted," and "For Night" there was

"First a Play, and straight after the Play a Mask, and when the Mask was done then the Banckett, which was 110 dishes, and all of meat; and then all the Gentlemen and Ladys danced: and this continued from the Sunday to the Saturday afternoon."

The Bride Elizabeth wore "a Bonnit of Black Velvet" which cost fifteen shillings, and "a Frontlet for the same Bonnit" which cost twelve shillings.

"For Frydays and Saturdays" there was a splendid display of Fish but no fleshmeats; and the following were

"Waiters at the said Marriage.

Storrs, Carver.

Mr. Henry Nevile, Server.

Mr. Thomas Drax, Cupbearer.

Mr. George Pashlew, for the Sewer-board end.
 John Merys, } Marshalls.
 John Mitchell, }
 Robert Smallpage, for the Cupboard.
 William Page, for the Celler.
 William Barker, for the Ewer.
 Robert Sike, the younger, and
 John Hiperon, for Butterye."

"To wait in the Parlour.

Richard Thornton.
 Edmund North.
 Robert Sike, the elder.
 William Longley.
 Robert Live.
 William Cook.
 Sir John Burton, stêward.
 My brother Stapleton's servant.
 My son Rockley's servant to serve in the state."

The same worthy knight's charges when Sheriff of Yorkshire, in the 19th year of the same king at the Lent Assizes, and in the 20th year of his reign at Lammas Assizes, bear testimony to the hospitality exercised by that officer in those days. Among the other provisions, we find a charge at the former of these assizes, for five hogsheads of wine, three claret, one white, and one red; the cost of which was 10*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*; but, though there are quantities of fish, no flesh appears in the account.

At the Lammas Assizes, neither flesh nor fowl was spared; nine quarters of wheat, twelve quarters of malt, five oxen, twenty-four wethers, six calves, sixty capons of Grease charged at 25*s.*, as many other capons as cost 3*l.* 14*s.* 0*d.*, twenty-four pigs, three hogsheads of wine, and twenty-two swans, carry us a very little way down the ample bill of fare.

It will naturally be inquired how the swan was presented on these great occasions?

There is reason for concluding, that the Royal Bird was generally roasted, of which more anon; but there were other ways of serving it up. For instance, among the receipts of the master cooks of Richard II., is the following, which we shall attempt to reduce to the English of the present time.

"CHAUDRON FOR SWANS.

"Take the liver and the offal (that is, the giblets) of the swans, put it to seethe in good broth, take it up, take out the bones, and 'hewe' the flesh small. Make a mixture of crust of bread and of the blood of the swan sodden, and put thereto powder of cloves and pepper, wine and salt, and seethe it, cast the flesh thereto 'hewed,' and 'mess it forth' with the swan."

When served with this sauce, the dish was called "swann with chaudron."

The bird also not unfrequently came to table "baked in a pye;" but its most usual appearance was as a roast.

The Norwich method is to take three pounds of beef beaten fine in a mortar, adding salt, pepper, mace, and that grand cookery gift, an onion, and stuff the swan (which must not be skinned) with it. The bird must be tied up tight to keep in the juices, and a stiff meal paste should be laid on the breast, the other parts being covered with whited-brown paper: about a quarter of an hour before the swan "is enough," as the cooks say, the paste must be taken off and the breast browned.

It has been said, somewhat oracularly, that port wine should *never* come into a kitchen. If the word had been *seldom*, it would have been more germane to the matter; for there are occasions, trust us, reader, when it cannot well be dispensed with, and the gravy for the swan is one of them: half a pint of that wine added to good, strong, beef-gravy, should be poured *through* the swan, which should be presented with hot currant jelly.

A well-fatted cygnet thus cooked and taken at the proper moment—that is not kept beyond November, after which time the bird falls off both in flesh, fat, and flavour, however well provided with barley—is a very delicious dish, and we have heard it compared, not inaptly, to that of something between goose and hare.

The foregoing receipt, in printed verse, which will be found in Mr. Yarrell's "*British Birds*," is usually sent with each Norwich bird.

The swan seems never to have appeared except on the tables of the great. Thus the Gild of the Holy Trinity at Luton, in Bedfordshire, appear from old records ranging from 19 Henry VIII., to the beginning of Edward VI., to have lived well at their anniversary feasts; but we cannot find that they ascended beyond "Geys," eighty-two of which geese, at a charge of 1*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.*, were among the multitudinous dishes placed before the Gild at the feast in the nineteenth year of Henry VIII.

The swanherds call a male swan a Cob, and the female a Pen. A fine old male will sometimes reach, when stretched out, five feet in length, and will weigh some thirty pounds. The nail at the termination of the bill, its edges on each side, its base, the naked skin or lore up to the eye, the opening of the nostrils, and the tubercle or berry, are black. The rest of the bill is of a ruddy orange colour. The iris of the eye is brown; the whole of the plumage is of the purest white; and the legs and toes, with their webs, are black.

The female is not so large as the male, and her tubercle is less, her neck is not so thick, and she swims lower in the water than her mate.

In a wild state, this species is found in Russia and Siberia, and almost throughout Europe. In Germany, the cygnets that have not been pinioned, migrate in autumn. Lithuania, Poland, Eastern Prussia, Holland, France, Provence, and Italy, are all recorded as its *habitat* in an unreclaimed condition: and so are the countries between the Black and Caspian Seas. In winter they have been seen in the Bay of Smyrna.

The swan's nest is a great mass of rushes, reeds, flags, and other coarse water-side plants, pitched on the ground near the water's edge, in some ait, for choice; and on this stack of herbage the Pen deposits some

six or seven eggs of a greenish white, rather dull withal, and about four inches in length by two. Six weeks must pass before the young cygnet breaks through its prison-walls into light and life; and during the whole time of incubation, the male is most assiduous in his attendance, keeping guard, and ready to do battle against all comers; yet thinking no scorn to take the mother's place occasionally on the eggs.

About July, the colour of the cygnets is dark lead-gray, approaching to sooty gray above, the neck and under parts of the body not so dark, the bill lead-colour, and the line at the margin of the base black. At the end of October, when they almost equal their parents in size, the bill changes to light slate-gray, with a tinge of green. The sooty grayish-brown prevails uniformly over the head, neck, and all the upper surface; while the lower surface of the body is uniformly of a lighter hue. The gray colour vanishes almost entirely after the second autumn; and when the cygnet has seen two years, the white robe is donned; in the third year the swan celebrates his nuptials.

In their half-domesticated state, the young family keep with their parents during the first winter; but, on the return of spring, the latter show their cygnets the cold shoulder; and, if they will not take the hint, fairly drive them away, and compel them to seek their own food, which consists of the tender parts of aquatic plants and roots, water insects, and now and then—but only now and then—small fishes.

Aristotle noticed the pugnacity of the swan, saying, that it will even fight the eagle—not that the swan will begin the quarrel, but he will not brook the attack of the Prince of the Birds of Prey. In rivers they have their own districts; and, if one swan trespasses on the domains of another, woe to the weaker vessel. We have attempted to describe a bloodless encounter of this kind in the fiftieth volume of this work:* but swan-fights do not always terminate so harmlessly.

It is on record, that black swans have more than once fallen victims to the prowess of their white neighbours. On one occasion, in the Regent's Park, two white swans set upon a black one, and one of the whites seizing the black's neck in his bill, shook him so violently and fatally, that he died almost on the spot; whilst the conquerors rowed proudly up and down with arched wings and feathers erect in all the pride of victory.

A friend, who was an early riser, had long noticed four swans on the Serpentine river. When taking his morning walk in June, 1840, he missed one of them, and saw blood upon the wing of one of the survivors. Upon inquiry, he found that the other three had attacked the fourth, and killed him. The body of the murdered swan was wheeled as if it had been beaten with sticks.

Long life, when it is not interrupted by violence, is the swan's portion. Willughby speaks of him as "a very long-lived fowl, so that it is thought to attain the age of three hundred years:" "which" (saith Aldrovandus) "to me seems not likely. For my part, I could easily be induced to believe it: for that I have been assured by credible persons, that a *goose* will live a hundred years or more. But that a swan is much longer lived than a goose, if it were not manifest in experience,

yet are there many convincing arguments to prove, viz.: that in the same kind it is bigger: that it hath harder, firmer, and more solid flesh: that it sits longer on its eggs before it hatches them. For, that I may invert Plinie's words, those creatures live longest that are longest born in the womb. Now incubation answers to gestation."

Whatever weight there may be in Willughby's argument, there can be no doubt that a swan will live a very long time. Mr. Yarrell says, that marked swans have been known to live fifty years; but there was one not very long ago, in the neighbourhood of Shepperton, though not upon the Thames, over whose head more than double that length of years was supposed to have passed.

The *Morning Post* of the 9th of July, 1840, had the following notice:

"DEATH OF A CELEBRATED CHARACTER.

"The beginning of last week an exceedingly well-known character departed this life, namely, OLD JACK, the gigantic and venerable swan, with which the public have been so long acquainted on the canal in the enclosure of St. James's Park, at the advanced age of seventy years. Old Jack was hatched some time about the year 1770, on the piece of water attached to old Buckingham House, and for many years basked in the sunshine of royal favour, Queen Charlotte being extremely partial to him, and frequently condescending to feed him herself. When the pleasure-gardens in St. James's Park were laid out, Jack was removed there, and his immense size, sociable disposition, and undaunted courage, have often excited the admiration of the public. Jack's strength and courage were, indeed, astonishing. Frequently has he seized an unlucky dog who chanced to approach to the edge of his watery domain by the neck and drowned him; and, on one occasion, when a boy, about twelve years of age, had been teasing him, Jack caught him by the leg of his trousers, and dragged him into the water up to his knees. Jack, however, never acted on the offensive, and, if not annoyed, was exceedingly tractable. But the march of modern improvement affected poor Jack as much as it has done thousands of more pretending bipeds. The Ornithological Society was formed, and a host of feathered foreigners found their way on to the canal, with whom Jack had many fierce and furious encounters, and invariably came off successful. But a legion of Polish geese at length arrived, who commenced hostilities with Jack. Despising every thing like even warfare, they attacked him in a body, and pecked him so severely, that he drooped for a few days and then died. The body of poor old Jack is to be stuffed for one of the scientific museums."

Those who live near the banks of the Thames well know the instinctive prescience with which swans will, before a flood, raise their nests so as to save their eggs from being chilled by the water; and we will conclude this chapter, already we fear too long, with an account of one of these wonderful preparations, clearly showing that to the incubating swan,

Coming events cast their shadows before,
for which Mr. Yarrell was indebted to the kindness of Lord Braybrooke.

The scene of this true tale was a small stream at Bishop's Stortford. A female swan had seen some eighteen summers, had reared many broods, and was become familiar to the neighbours, who valued her highly. Once, while she was sitting on four or five eggs, she was observed to be very busy, collecting weeds, grasses, and other materials to raise her nest. "A farming man was ordered to take down half a load of haulm, with which she most industriously raised her nest and her eggs two feet and a half; that very night there came down a tremendous fall of rain, which flooded all the malt-shops, and did great damage. *Man* made no preparation, the *bird* did. Instinct prevailed over reason: her eggs were above, and only just above the water."*

MORAL COSMETICS.

YE, who would save your features florid,
 Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
 From age's devastation horrid,
 Adopt this plan—
 'Twill make in climates, cold or torrid,
 A hale old man :

Avoid, in youth, luxurious diet ;
 Restrain the passions' lawless riot ;
 Devoted to domestic quiet,
 Be wisely gay ;
 So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
 Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,
 But find your richest, dearest treasure,
 In books, friends, music, polish'd leisure ;
 The mind, not sense,
 Make the sole scale by which ye measure
 Your opulence.

This is the solace—this the science,
 Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
 That disappoints not man's reliance,
 Whate'er his state ;
 But challenges, with calm defiance,
 Time, fortune, fate.

H. S.

* British Birds. A very interesting account of similar foresight in the Beaver will be found in the *New Sporting Magazine* for July, 1840. The Elbe, upon a particular occasion, had been higher than it had risen within the memory of man; but the event had been expected because the beavers had been observed to build such unusually high dams, a sure sign of spring floods in that river.

MUSIC FOR THE BILLION!

A LECTURE DELIVERED

BY POLYPHEMUS POLYPIPE, PROFESSOR OF THE
PANDÆANS.*

THE CHORUS SINGER!

THE chorus singer is of a class that deserves a separate mention—not less from his or her importance in a numerical consideration, than from their peculiarities as a tribe. Chorus singers resemble *asparagus*—only valuable in bundles! Divide them, consider them individually, and the old Roman fable of the *fasciculus* becomes applicable. It is plain, therefore, that “divide et impera” must not be the motto of the chorus-master. In their case, “union is strength.”

In Germany, the choristers are all excellent musicians. In France and in England, the musical knowledge of the majority is a little doubtful; and therefore not a few learn their parts by routine, or like parrots. If in the midst of an opera their memory should chance to fail them, they have the old resource of opening their mouths and dumb-singing. In coming on the stage, they are taught to pack themselves gracefully in circles, semi-circles, or curved lines tending towards the centre; to express immense surprise, intense joy, shriek becomingly, smother and buffet the little Keeley of the piece; in fact, do an infinity of horrible and funny things with a degree of grace and vraisemblance of nature, which only chorus singers know how to do. The munificent remuneration which they receive for all this, obliges most of them, out of the theatre, to resort to any means as accessories of existence. Many, after having all the week sung of the pleasures of love and wine, and chorused the liberality of Robert the Devil, on the Sunday fly to a very opposite extreme, and chaunt praises of a rather different nature. Many, too, return home after a rehearsal, to the occupation which they follow, independent of their theatrical duties, joining, perhaps, the patching up of their defective memories with the patching of decayed clothes. A hard-working race are the chorus singers!

Of the lady choristers, however, there may be said to be two classes—choristers *in fact*, and choristers *nominally*. The choristers *de facto* comprise about fifteen or twenty respectable matrons, from thirty-five to fifty years of age, whom you may perceive located or taking up a position upon the flank, or else heading the column of *coryphées*. These are the sappers of the battalion. Their business is to bear the whole brunt of the action; they are the “fighting men;” they alone *really* sing.

As for the pretty, mincing, black-eyed and blue-eyed *damosels*, tricked out in the freshest-coloured silk tights, and most jaunty Swiss, Italian, or Spanish costume that the theatrical wardrobe can supply, and who are safe to draw full stage-boxes, and to send home the two

front-rows of the pit dreaming of goddesses, Swiss paysannes, bright-eyed *peris*, and every thing else that is joliment joli,—the said front-rows and stage-boxes all taking, as a flattering unction to their individual souls, sundry *willades* and smirks, which the *jolis minois* have thrown out as baits; these, these are the “choristers nominal.” They are there for effect only! It is not imperatively necessary that they should sing a note, so long as they keep up a respectable pretence by opening their mouths from time to time: in fact, the best way of carrying on the semblance of having something to do, is to commence a sort of musical conversation, either with one of the sisterhood close at hand, or with the stage-box near which she may be standing.

The chorister nominal receives but a small salary per week—often nothing at all. But zeal and good will are ever rewarded, even in this world. With the little or nothing that they gain, they find the means of appearing, both at the theatre and in the streets, always elegant—nay, superbly-dressed, having splendid apartments, a page “with a confluent eruption of silver-buttons” all over him, a Clarence, and every thing else besides.

It is well, perhaps, for the theatre, that there exists a sort of *corps de reserve*, composed of the venerable matrons whom I have styled the choristers *de facto*: since, were it not for them, an opera might often be rendered *inoperative* by the absence of no small number of its choral corps, especially during the very fine weather. When the *beaux jours du printemps* are just coming in, it is astonishing what a taste your pretty chorister has for pic-nicking, junketing, gipsying; what a pure love she has for the beauties of nature and the picturesque. She delights to quit the pasteboard groves of the scene-painter, for the more real and perfume-breathing, health-inspiring, green lanes of Twickenham, Richmond, &c. For a party of pleasure she willingly braves the certainty of the Saturday morning’s fine;—such is the trust she reposes in Providence that *somebody* will make it “all right in the end.” Thus it not unfrequently happens that not a few of the fair priestesses in “Norma,” instead of chorusing their devotion before a canvass shrine, are cooing out their souls before the altar of a more earthly affection, to the accompaniment of champagne and a pretty fellow, while the poor *grogardes* of the corps are pursuing their mill-track existence, faithful to their post and their trust.

Other singers in a theatre may be divided into those who are, and those who are not, *prima donna* or *primo donni*. The only difference between these classes is, that the first are good singers, the second “good haters”—good haters enough to please all the Johnsons that ever wrote dictionaries. No place could be found better adapted to preach a sermon against envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness than a theatre. There *Adelgisa* hates *Norma*, *Clotilda* hates *Adelgisa*, and the whole chorus vow a collective hatred to *Clotilda*. Such a Jacob’s ladder of all the bad passions could be found nowhere else.

Formerly the bowels of the earth were ransacked in search of mines of silver and of gold; now, however, a deep G, dug *ab imo pectore*, will go further towards enriching the fortunate possessor: the low G, or the high A, being nowadays the veritable Potosi and Peru. Doubtless Rothschild, if he had to begin his career anew, would start as a tenor rather than a capitalist. Contemplate, for a moment, the glory

and triumphs which, joined to the golden abundance showered or offered on all sides, attend the course of the great singer—male or female—and can we wonder that he or she should be envied and sought after, praised and maligned, loved and hated. The entire world is his country and his treasury, and he draws checks upon it until he himself is checked by the appearance of one greater and mightier than he.

From time immemorial, the public has shown itself curious about the private life of great *artistes*. The “many-headed monster” never rests satisfied until it has acquired information touching every trifling particular of the sayings and doings of the spoiled child of the hour:—his or her style of dress, and mode of living, whether the star of the ascendant rides on horseback or keeps a carriage, is fat or lean, handsome or plain, witty or stupid, his or her salary, and whether that salary is all spent, or part put by. People, too, get most extraordinary notions into their heads about their cherished idol, let that idol be an author, singer, statesman, or any thing else. A man’s works or his singing become popular, the man himself becomes the rage, every one wants to have a look at him, every body asks every body if either body has seen him, and what he is like. Every thing relating to him is canvassed, and the strangest notions are current about his simplest acts. An introduction is eagerly sought, and when all is attained, when they have seen him, and spoken to him, and heard him speak, they are disappointed. He is not *exactly* the sort of man they had pictured to themselves, and like the countryman who had “seen a chap at Bartlemy Fair more like a king” than the real one, they too have seen a man in their own prolific fancy, much more like the individual before them than what he in reality turns out to be. Here is part of a conversation I overheard the other night at Lady Caroline F.’s *soirée dansante*. It applies to an author, the *enfant gâté* of the day, but will equally well apply to the crack singer or crack any one else. It is an average specimen of the slipslop and real ignorance generally existing upon the subject.

“Here is Mr. Z., he will be able to tell us all about him.”

“We were speaking of Q. Do you know him?”

“I have that honour.”

“Is he not a very curious kind of person,—quite an original?”

“His writings, I believe, have the latter merit.”

“Is it really true that he is so fond of horses?”

“Not more so, perhaps, than most others.”

“And that he is constantly surrounded by an immense number of dogs?”

“He keeps, I think, but two.”

“They say he is very extravagant in clothes. How does he dress?”

“Like every body else.”

“I have heard, too, that he beats his wife.”

“He is not yet married.”

“But he is going to be?”

“He may probably be so some day or other.”

“It is reported that he cannot write except under the influence of ardent spirits.”

“He never touches them.”

“And that he never writes but at night.”

"He may do so sometimes."

"Doesn't he resort to cosmetics and low living to give his countenance that pallid hue which he imagines so well becomes him?"

"On the contrary, he is not generally pale, but of a fresh and healthy complexion."

"And he prides himself too, does he not, on his hair being nearly half a yard long?"

"The reverse is the fact. His hair is shorter than the existing fashion would warrant."

"And he smokes opium!"

"I have never seen him smoke any thing—[aside]—except a fool."

"Another report is that he affects a slovenliness in his dress, as being Johnsonian."

"Indeed, he is *recherché*, though perfectly simple, in his style of dress,—if the two terms can be admitted without contradiction."

"But many say that he is haughty and altogether disagreeable in his manners."

"That is calumny."

After all, the poor author, actor, or musician, has the unpleasant conviction forced upon his mind that he is only on a par with the last new piece of printed gingham, fresh from the store of a Manchester manufacturer,—much admired and *quite the fashion*;—but that with the springing into existence of a new author and a new pattern, both the old author and the old pattern will be forgotten and forsaken. Let him cease to keep himself before the public, and he quickly discovers the applicability of the adage, "out of sight out of mind." A witty and celebrated novel-writer died a short time ago, and the exclamation of a young lady who read of his death in the newspaper was,

"Dear me, what a pity. We shan't have any more nice novels!"

There's posthumous fame for you.

To so great and absurd an extent does the public go in its speculations upon the character, manners, and habits of those whom it is praising, be-slaving, and be-fête-ing, that it almost pleases itself with imagining a separate and distinct sort of existence for those who are before it in a public capacity, and can hardly be brought to believe that such persons are even *nourished* in the ordinary way, and by the vulgar channels. A grave medical physiologist (a Frenchman of course), wishes to infer that a mysterious link exists between "alimentation" or the nourishment of the body, and *talent*. He seeks, in exemplification, to induce a belief that if Napoleon was a great man, it was because he fed almost exclusively upon *brown and succulent meats*! Thus Marengo was attributable to a leg of mutton, Wagram to a sirloin of beef, Austerlitz to a rumpsteak!! (We gave him the "cold shoulder" though at Waterloo.) It does not appear, however, that any victories have been ascribed to the "succulence" of a calf's head; at all events, it is plainly proved that poor Nap had less military genius than mutton in him.

As to Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Grisi, Persiani, Adelaide Kemble, &c. &c. I have every reason to believe that they live in no way different to the rest of the world; unless, perhaps, they live a little better. It is true that I have heard of a report, which at one time obtained very general credence, that Lablache was nourished by an isin-

glass made out of the parchment of an infinity of bass drums : but I can assure the assembly there is no foundation whatever for such a supposition. Rubini, Tamburini, and the others, may execute astonishingly rapid passages, but I can affirm, from the best authority, that the rapidity of those passages is not the result of their having swallowed a railway at any period of their lives, but simply the consequence of their voices having originally been put in a good *train* ; since which, by keeping their musical steam up, they have “ gone a-head ” in the end.

THE ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTALIST

is, generally speaking, a hard-working, hard-living member of the profession. *Musicè vivre*—“ as jolly as a fiddler ”—might have been a very trite and true phrase among the Romans ; but the “ good old times ” have gone by, and *musicè vivre* must now be translated as referring to any thing but the jollity of a fiddler’s life. To do justice to these men as a body, it must be owned that the orchestral instrumentalists of the present day are, in the main, a well-conducted, moral, orderly set of beings. Occasionally, perhaps, a wind instrument or two may take it in his head to have a “ blow out,” but instances of this kind are of rare occurrence.

Of all the instruments, the *cymbals* ought decidedly to be the best paid. You would imagine, doubtless, that it requires but little talent to knock together a couple of bits of curiously shaped metal ; you may be right. But then look at the amount of *modesty* required in a person condescending to confine his talents to so trifling a *manière de briller*, and *modesty* is a scarce article in the profession, consequently valuable in proportion to its scarcity.

I have often had occasion to remark, that the choice of instrument is an almost unailing index of the character of the performer. Thus, the bassoon is invariably a sententious sort of personage, impressed with the conviction of the importance of himself in society, and of the weight and force which his own instrument carries with it in the musical *mélée*.

The double bass is a man of nerve as firm and taut as his own strings, a radical in politics, and a professed hater of oppression and tyranny. When the young lady in the sky-blue satin tunic, on the stage, cries out, in a recitative of virtuous indignation, “ Tyrant, forbear ! ” mark with what verve of correspondent horror and thrilling sympathy with suffering, the double bass draws his bow across the strings, as if he were drawing a knife across the tyrant’s throat, and bringing out as virtuously indignant, a “ Boom, boom,” as must suffice to make the monster shake in his shoes, abjure his naughty courses for the rest of the piece, and become a very moral gentleman by the time of the *dénouement*.

There is very little doubt but that the clariopet is a far-sighted philosophic being, who can not only, like the ordinary run of men, see the length of his nose, but whose professional habits induce the acquirement of looking considerably further. His views may be confined, and many may maliciously affirm that they are not *upright*, but what of that, they are *downright* straightforward views.

The flute—I am sorry to say it—but the flute is *not* a moral man,

not so purely moral a man as I could wish. Those eyes of his—it's those eyes that do all the mischief, and the flute is an instrument particularly adapted for the play of œillades. There is a strong prejudice in society in favour of the flute; as an old lady once said, "It is such a genteel instrument."

It is sought after by all, as being always *bookable* for any accompaniment, and always good at a solo, so that the player becomes the *enfant gâté* of every amateur party within the bills of mortality.

As to the *piccolo*, he is the very *gamin* of instruments!

The *violins* are a race of beings in whom there can be said to be no very distinctive feature. Of average moral propensities, and average talents for whatever is not connected with their profession, they live and die *mere violins*. I can never divest myself of the idea that what old Sam Weller says of "pikes" is applicable to violins; that is, that if the lower classes, when disgusted with the world, take to keeping a turnpike, the class above them, under similar circumstances take, naturally, to learning the fiddle. All fiddles seem to have devoted themselves to seclusion, to have become severely monastic in their habits, and painfully thoughtful in their demeanour. If there be any truth in the transmigration of souls, depend upon it, that fiddles are, in their present state, working out a penance for some sins committed in a former body.

What shall we say of the cornet-à-piston? A terrible man is the cornet-à-piston! He wears mustaches does the cornet-à-piston! and his hair is very carefully dressed, either in luxuriant curls or *à la jeune France*—he sports a tuft, too! A dangerous man is the cornet-à-piston!

Of the double drums, the triangle, the hautboy, the French horn, I cannot trust myself to speak; they enter and they leave an orchestra—they live and they die without creating a sensation or a remark; when their place knoweth them no more, it is filled up by other double drums, hautboys, and French horns, fated to blow, thump, and puff their weary way through life, until Death comes to blow, thump, or puff them out, and the mass of mankind misseeth them not.

THE PUBLIC-DINNER VOCALIST

is in many instances a semi-professional, semi-amateur. He has not talent enough for an actual professor, and has rather too much to sink into the ranks of the mere amateur. Generally speaking he wears a white cravat and a red face. He teaches music and humility; the first, avowedly—the second, by implication. Frequently (at the dinners where he sings) thrown into the society of his betters, he conceives it to be a part of his calling to be respectful to a painful extreme, to bow with a degree of excruciating politeness when taking wine, and to acknowledge with a most barefaced modesty, the deep sense he entertains of the honour he has received by the plaudits conferred on his "humble efforts." Constantly mixing thus with a vast circle of persons, he occasionally picks up an odd guinea by teaching some gentleman a particular song which may have struck his fancy; or here and there gets admitted into a family to teach music to the younger branches. In this way, your public-dinner vocalist makes no bad life of it!

When the London season is over, he mounts a coach, or boards a steamer, or ensconces himself in the second class of a railway-train, and bowls away to Margate, Ramsgate, Harrogate, Cheltenham, and sundry other localities—rising into the *magnus Apollo* of every promenade concert-room, and shining not less from the brilliancy of his shirt-studs and paste rings, than from the halo of his professional capabilities. More fortunate than the nightingale, after having chaunted all the summer—the winter does not find him deprived of his powers of charming, and he returns to town with a renovated purse and constitution to sit once again at great men's feasts, and go through the same round of painful politeness and respectful humility.

AMATEURS !!

Gentlemen, I tremble at pronouncing the word ! Thomas, give me that quart-pot ; I must take a long pull at it. That awful trisyllable has put me all over in a state of never-felt-in-such-a-way-ishness.—I am a little better.

It is said that Nero was the inventor of amateur concerts ! He might have burnt Rome to a mere ash, he might have fiddled, or even have played a double bass—or worse, a cornet-à-piston—over the smouldering remains of the “ nurse of heroes, the delight of gods, the mistress of the world, the seat of empires,” and the mass of the creation would have looked upon him as a very lamb of innocence and purity. *But he invented amateur concerts !* Let every sentient being abominate his memory.

With more than two-thirds of your amateurs, music is a matter either of fashion, pretension, vanity, or calculation. How many a young lady hopes, by shining at an amateur concert to sing herself into a good marriage and a handsome establishment. Why shouldn't she ? Some have had “ greatness thrust upon them,” and who knows but that after anxiously warbling in solo loneliness, she may at last arrive at the very top of the gamut of her wishes—the duet matrimonial. Good King Dagobert of France—he who used to wear his bree—I beg pardon, his oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems, inside out, fell desperately in love with a young girl whom he heard sing, and shared his throne with her ; though, to do so, he was obliged to repudiate a worthy wife, who, of course, thereafter, was forced to *sing small* in the presence of her more fortunate rival. Young ladies need not despair ; they may find young gentlemen of the present day, who, *malgré* the circumstance, of their wearing that particular part of dress, to which allusion has been made, in the way in which their tailors intended it to be worn, are nevertheless to be won by a well-levelled battery of crotchets and quavers. N.B. Try “ Robert, toi que j'aime.”

Go to any of these amateur affairs, where are assembled what the newspapers call the *élite* of the musical world of fashion—the *dilettanti* of sweet sounds—and mark the air of distraction, *impassibilité*, and *ennui* which pervades the whole conclave ; save those who are, or are to be, the performers therein, and whose minds are engrossed with a due idea of their own consequence, and a most charitable hatred of all who shall dare to outshine them. Oh, what a discord of harmony ! Mark, too, the creak of entering and departing boots, the buzz of chit-chat about the fears of a poodle having got the

measles, or that *duck*—that *bijou*—of a feline tab, which some Herod of a nephew has ruthlessly sent to its “long account (an account made up of infinite offensive miaulings with not a bit of balance in the cat’s favour); mark these things, and more—all expressive of the utter *nonchalance* of your ardent admirers of music, your people who go into fits of ecstasy when *talking* of the “divine art”—mark, I say, these interruptions to perhaps some sublime composition of some inspired master. Pish! Fashion fills two-thirds of the room, and vanity appropriates to itself the remainder.

Did you ever live next door—in one of the lath-and-plaster, brown-paper-party-walled houses so universal nowadays—to a furious amateur? One who has got a melancholy double bass, or violincello, which is forced urgently to express the torture to which it is put, half the night through, by its Castle-of-Otranto sort of groans?—*If all the amateurs who are sent to the devil by their next door neighbours, really go there, I pity his Satanic Majesty!*

Alas! alas! How many a young man or woman, formed by nature to be the ornament and delight of society, takes to evil courses and learns the violin, or flute, or suffers a distempered hallucination to guide him or her into a belief that he or she can sing. Woe! woe! Can they not see—will nobody tell them—that they are turning the very milky way of love that was flowing towards them with a spring tide, through the breasts of their fellow-creatures, *into gall*? Will they not perceive that they are carrying desolation where they should have spread joy, peace, and universal philanthropy: and that their inhuman practices are “as vinegar to the teeth, and smoke to the eyes?” Why will they become the Herods of us innocents!

Your “evening parties *with a little music*,” are the very *ne plus ultra* of abomination and of impossible-to-sit-out-iveness. Oh, that horrible gentleman who does the funny songs (and it is a *do*, Heaven knows) who looks up to the ceiling and makes such faces! Has he no mamma that will send her maid and the lantern for him when she wakes up and finds he’s “out?” Then, that young lady who sings “*Son vergine vezzosa*,” with a voice like a jelly on a rickety table—for it is a perfect ad libitum of vibration and quake. That duet, too:—listen, now they are neck and neck;—no, the young lady’ll beat him hollow, she’s two bars, at least, a-head of him; he flogs up though, bravely; huzza, he’s before her—now she, now he—neck and neck again—capital, ma’am, you’re safe to win; go it, go it—we’re just coming round the corner—we’re at agony point—here’s where the play must be made if ever—gracious powers, how they do rattle over the bars, it’s a perfect hurdle race—now, miss—now, sir—flog and spur for your very lives—that’s it—no, he’ll do you now, miss—ha! bravo, bravo, bravissimo, that was well put in—my stars, what a leap—three bars at a spring—capital, excellent, my young Diana of Ephesus; you’ve whopped him, you’ve won—and *he had to sing those last three bars all by himself!*

Young gentlemen and young ladies! That you may not hereafter sin unwittingly, that you may not disturb, henceforth, the world’s propriety by pretending to that (for which Nature gave you no claim, I will refer you to the work of Dr. Gall, on phrenology. Turn over to page—(but your edition may not be the same as mine)—however, turn

to the part relating to the bumps indicative of the harmonic vocation. Read it! I beseech of you, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest! Take special note of the following passage:

"I am often told that I shall find, in certain persons, particularly in certain ladies, the organ of music strongly developed—and I find only a *faculty for execution*. Such artists betray themselves by the manner even of their playing, which is the work of the fingers and not of the mind. In our researches concerning the organ of music, we must take care that we do not confound with *real musicians*, persons who, by mere practice and routine, have acquired a great facility for performing on any instrument."

Rien de plus commun que le mot,
Rien de plus rare que la chose.

The doctor then proceeds to describe the bumps. Now, young gentlemen and young ladies, *feel your heads!* If, after carefully perusing this part of the learned phrenologist's work, and after discovering in your individual organization the absence, on your occiput, of any protuberances announcing any thing in the shape of a musical influence—you should persist; be assured that a day of punishment will arrive, and that a respectable jury of your fellow-countrymen will, and *must*, feel it to be their painful duty to find you—"Guilty of music, with malice prepense."

COMPOSERS!

Voltaire is reported to have said to Grétry, with an air of astonishment, "*Vous êtes musicien, et vous avez de l'esprit!*" Voltaire should have known better. He should have known that musical composition is, not only not incompatible with, but requires an enlarged mind, an exquisite sensibility, and a knowledge as varied as it is extensive.

All that I can attempt in this mention of the principal composers, ancient and modern, will be a slight sketch of their individual and characteristic peculiarities and eccentricities.

Gluck, to rouse his imagination, used to place himself in the middle of a meadow, under the heat of a burning sun, with his piano before him, and two bottles of champagne by his side. In this way he wrote his two "*Iphigenias*," his "*Orpheus*," and "*Paris*."

Sarti, on the contrary, chose a large, empty room, for the field of his labours, dimly lighted by a single lamp hung from the ceiling. His musical spirit was summoned to his aid only in the middle of the night, and in the midst of the most profound silence. Thus he produced the "*Medonte*," and the well known beautiful air, "*La dolce campagna*."

Cimarosa loved noise, and preferred, when he composed, to be surrounded by his friends. After this manner did he write "*Les Horaces*," and the "*Matrimonio Segreto*."

Paësiello could not tear himself from his bed. From between the sheets were produced "*Nina*," the "*Barber of Seville*," the "*Molinara*," and others.

It is said that the reading of a passage in some holy Latin classic was necessary to inspire Zingarelli to the composition in less than four hours of an entire act of "*Byrrhus*," or of "*Romeo and Juliet*."

Anfossi, a Neapolitan composer of great promise, who died young, could not write a note until surrounded by roast capons, hams, sausages, &c. &c. (Heaven help us, our English composers are puzzled where to get the hams and capons !)

It is related of Haydn, that for the sake of inspiration, he used to dress himself with as much care and elegance as if he were about to be presented at court; and that then, after putting on the ring given him by the King of Prussia, he was in a state to write. He often used to declare that if he sat down without this ring, not a single musical idea would come into his head.

Grétry states, in his *Memoirs*, that his own medium of inspiration was the sipping of tea or lemonade.

Rossini cannot bear to hear his own music. His facility of composition is surprising; the greater part of his masterpieces having been written in the midst of all the pleasures of society, and while surrounded and apparently engrossed by every gaiety. His "*Gazza Ladra*" was written in twelve days. "*Guillaume Tell*" took him but three months, and was written in the midst of the noise of constant visitors thronging his room, and in whose conversation he from time to time bore his part; his attention, the meanwhile, never distracted from his labour, until some one hummed one of his own airs, or an organ stopped under his window.

Now, let us turn to Meyerbeer, the man of mournful melody, of sombre, plaintive notes. Behold him, alone, shut up in that *granary*, hidden from all eyes. He hears the wind moan, the rain falling in torrents, the storm bursting over the devoted heads of those who may be exposed to it—to him it is a source of inspiration. He is imitating, on his piano, the disorder of the elements, the wailing of the blast, the crash and roar of the thunder.

Auber is supposed to have gained the initiative ideas of some of his best compositions while galloping on horseback: his *destrier* may thus be said to be, without mythological fable, the true Pegasus. The celebrated chorus in the "*Muette de Portici*" was written after noting the bizarre combination of conflicting harmonies produced by the *poissardes*, *marchands de legumes*, and others in the *Marché des Innocents*.

A strange freak is told of Adolphe Adam, the author of the "*Châlet*," the "*Postillon de Lonjumeau*," "*Giselle*," &c. It is said that after having dined, he will lie down on his bed, and, summer or winter, smother himself with the clothes, then have one of his two enormous cats placed at his head, the other at his feet, and in that half stifled position court the goddess of harmony, and woo her to inspire him with those pretty airs which the public of Paris have so applauded, and which have gained for him a very respectable rank in the list of modern composers.

Of our English composers, little in the way of eccentricity can be said of them. They are, and have been for the most part, quiet, gentlemanly men, living, eating, drinking, and sleeping, like those around them, and neither seeking nor assuming any peculiar medium of inspiration.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE PROFESSION.

People tell us we are making great strides in music. So we are :— just the sort of stride that a man makes in crossing a gutter too broad for his stretch, and into which he of course splashes. We are overdoing the thing. Nowadays every father is not content with informing his neighbour of the pleasing fact that his two-year-old child can articulate pa-pa ; but that his little mirror of infantine precocity can play a symphony of Beethoven. All children are prodigies in the present age. They are all Infant Thalias or Infant Sapphos. Every young gentleman and every young lady is a prodigy of an amateur. All the middle-aged people are connoisseurs, and, as to the old folks, who are always the *laudatores temporis acti*, they are all judges—a set of Daniels come to judgment, whom nothing pleases but what is like themselves—very old and very grunty.

As to the poor profession, it is crammed—crammed to suffocation. Formerly when a lad was too stupid to enter either of the learned callings, he used to be sent into the navy—for which the navy, I presume, felt proportionably grateful ; but now, the blockhead of the family is made to learn music, and is started off to the Royal Academy. This is really making music a sort of national common sewer, to carry off the slush and lees of the population.

The profession is like a Dutch herring-barrel, in which we are all packed with our tails most unamicably turned towards each other's heads to mark the little amity and unity there exists among us ; and so crowded are we, and so jammed and jostled against one another that the Black Hole at Calcutta must have been baby-work to our sufferings.

The result of all this is, that every imaginable “dodge” is resorted to for the purpose of attracting popularity, and to acquire a mere subsistence. “New effects,” are tried,—to be laid aside when it is found that they produce “no effects,” at the banker's.

Difficult harmonic combinations are sought after, only to prove that the most difficult *harmonic combination* is the combining harmoniously the cries of one's children for bread, with the means of satisfying those cries. *New* instruments are invented to give greater scope for the existence of *old* professors ; but were all the instruments that were ever puffed through, or scraped, or twanged, to be revived, the supply of instrumentalists (in political economy phrase) would increase beyond the demand, and we should be, as the sergeant says, “as we was, before we were as we was.”

Emigration might do something. But, alas ! where are we to emigrate to ? Shall we put our fiddles in their bags, our flutes in our pockets, or sling our harps over our shoulders, and go fiddle to the Chippewas, or Cut-awa's, or Fake-awa's ?

We are a done race, are we poor “musicianers.” “The day of our destiny's over, and the star of our fate has declined.” We have nothing for it but to go weep like stricken deer, while nobody seems to care a pin, so long as their withers are unwrung.

Something must be done. Some plan must be struck out that shall arrest the dozing attention of the public, and relieve our pressing

MONOMANIACS AND MONOMANIA.

Pudor, inquit, te malus angit,
Insanis qui inter vereare insanus haberi.

HORAT.

To define true madness, what is 't but to be nothing else but mad.

HAMLET.

WE are on the eve of a great change in our criminal jurisprudence, as respects the treatment of the insane; and if the clamour is to be trusted, with which its wisecrasher the public demands the punishment of such unfortunates as its own neglect suffers to go at large, when they ought to be under the guardianship of keepers, some very sanguinary code is about to be promulgated. It is not for us to question the general policy of hanging all those nobodies, sane or insane, who may stand in the way of society, and with whom society knows not what else to do. The rope is an heroic remedy, that saves a vast deal of thinking; and it has from the remotest times been the panacea of English state-doctors. The scaffold, too, is the great national pulpit, from which morality has long been taught by example; and the debtor's door, from the time of old Fortescue, has been universally deemed the best stoical college for the dissemination, among the youth of the metropolis, of spirit, courage, and a contempt of death. If, moreover, it is nothing but sound political economy to buy in the cheapest markets, Jack Ketch works on much lower terms than the Hanwell Asylum. It may indeed seem, if not the very height of injustice, at least to be a strange inconsistency in the nation, to punish capitally the insane, when it thinks hanging too good for all who presume to be wiser than their neighbours; and when it actually visits with all sorts of vituperation and hard usage, the wretch who gets ahead of his age, and refuses to howl with the wolves, and jabber with the monkeys of the human species. But with this we have nothing to do—that is to say, nothing officially: for if we were to take upon ourselves the character of missionaries, and interfere with the venerable prejudices of society, by reading great moral lessons, should we not disturb the tranquillity of our subscribers, and would not a diminished sale convict us of the error of our ways, in a form at once the most startling and the most disagreeable? Besides, are there not the two houses of Parliament, the anti-corn-law league, the church (Puseyite and Calvinistic), mechanic's and polytechnic institutions without number, the stage, and the daily journals, all rivalling each other in the great work of "insensating" the people? and are we not going to have national schools in every parish, for the purpose of teaching the operatives, on the most comprehensive plan, to starve in peace, and to obey without a murmur all and sundry that are placed in authority over them—*quand même*, as the French say, which we would not undertake to translate?

There is small need then for the *New Monthly* to scatter firebrand truths; and less hope of its still, small voice, making itself heard, amid the din of these multifarious best possible teachers. If hanging is to become the fashion of the day, we, as journalists, have nothing to do

And loudly did the cuckoo call,
 As he his way was winging :
 And yet I heard above them all
 That pretty lassie singing.

3.

Adown the vale a zephyr flew,
 As if he would adore her ;
 The hawthorn-bush above that grew,
 Dropp'd show'rs of spangles o'er her :
 She rais'd her head and shook her locks,
 Her laughing eyes did glisten—
 Then sang again, till the very flocks
 Stood quietly to listen.

4.

“ Here are nodding cowslips meet
 For my little brother,
 Primroses and violets sweet
 For my own dear mother.
 Seated on my father's knee
 I shall hear his praises,
 While he fondly makes for me
 A necklace of these daisies.”

5.

I've Pasta heard and Bartleman,
 Persiani and Rubini ;
 Sontag, Grisi, Malibran,
 Lablache and Tamburini :
 But though their voices rich and clear
 Set all the town a-ringing,
 Far sweeter fell upon mine ear
 That little lassie's singing.

MONOMANIACS AND MONOMANIA.

Pudor, inquit, te malus angit,
Insanis qui inter vereare insanus haberi.

HORAT.

To define true madness, what is 't but to be nothing else but mad.

HAMLET.

WE are on the eve of a great change in our criminal jurisprudence, as respects the treatment of the insane; and if the clamour is to be trusted, with which its wisecrasher the public demands the punishment of such unfortunates as its own neglect suffers to go at large, when they ought to be under the guardianship of keepers, some very sanguinary code is about to be promulgated. It is not for us to question the general policy of hanging all those nobodies, sane or insane, who may stand in the way of society, and with whom society knows not what else to do. The rope is an heroic remedy, that saves a vast deal of thinking; and it has from the remotest times been the panacea of English state-doctors. The scaffold, too, is the great national pulpit, from which morality has long been taught by example; and the debtor's door, from the time of old Fortescue, has been universally deemed the best stoical college for the dissemination, among the youth of the metropolis, of spirit, courage, and a contempt of death. If, moreover, it is nothing but sound political economy to buy in the cheapest markets, Jack Ketch works on much lower terms than the Hanwell Asylum. It may indeed seem, if not the very height of injustice, at least to be a strange inconsistency in the nation, to punish capitally the insane, when it thinks hanging too good for all who presume to be wiser than their neighbours; and when it actually visits with all sorts of vituperation and hard usage, the wretch who gets ahead of his age, and refuses to howl with the wolves, and jabber with the monkeys of the human species. But with this we have nothing to do—that is to say, nothing officially: for if we were to take upon ourselves the character of missionaries, and interfere with the venerable prejudices of society, by reading great moral lessons, should we not disturb the tranquillity of our subscribers, and would not a diminished sale convict us of the error of our ways, in a form at once the most startling and the most disagreeable? Besides, are there not the two houses of Parliament, the anti-corn-law league, the church (Puseyite and Calvinistic), mechanic's and polytechnic institutions without number, the stage, and the daily journals, all rivalling each other in the great work of "insensating" the people? and are we not going to have national schools in every parish, for the purpose of teaching the operatives, on the most comprehensive plan, to starve in peace, and to obey without a murmur all and sundry that are placed in authority over them—*quand même*, as the French say, which we would not undertake to translate?

There is small need then for the *New Monthly* to scatter firebrand truths; and less hope of its still, small voice, making itself heard, amid the din of these multifarious best possible teachers. If hanging is to become the fashion of the day, we, as journalists, have nothing to do

with the law but to obey it; always taking the best care we can for ourselves, of whatever poor modicum of wits the gods may have bestowed on us; so that, though all the pasties in the world should fall* we may not be hanged for lunacy,—whatever other link in the chain of patibulary causation we may unluckily stumble over.

There is, however, one consideration involved in the settlement of the treatment of lunatics, which we are, as we conceive, justified in noticing, because it touches at once the self-interest and the vanity of all mankind; we allude to the way in which every individual may be liable to be affected with it. There is nothing which predisposes men to listen patiently to a long yarn so thoroughly, as talking to them about themselves and their own affairs; and surely it is no uninteresting question to ask our readers, how they would like to be hanged (*in propria persona videlicet*) merely for travelling out of the record of their wits, and for being driven to certain peccadilloes by the pressure of disease, which other persons commit under the instigation of the devil. It is not merely that in the stoical sense, *πᾶς ἀφ' ὧν μάλιστα*, that every error of judgment is to be deemed a madness, nor that “we all know what we are, but know not what we may be.” Monomania has become every man's business, since it has been discovered to be more epidemic than the influenza, and that it would not be too much to change the old maxim of *quot homines tot sententiæ*, into *quot homines tot hallucinationes*. Before, therefore, society proceeds to legislate for the cure of the insane, would it not be wise to have a new census of the people taken *ad hoc*, and to determine the numbers and categories of those to whom our legislation must apply? This taking of stock is the more necessary, since we must by this time be tolerably well convinced, that the legal mode of proceeding by definition leads but into a labyrinth of error. Without going to the expense of a jury *de lunatico inquirendo*, it will not be difficult to discover, that the biggest wig in court only the more methodically misses the matter, when he brings the whole battery of his wits to play on a subject of which he is entirely ignorant. On this account we prefer Polonius to Lord Hale; and have placed his definition at the head of the paper, as the safer guide to a sound conclusion.

We are wrong, however, in saying that the big wigs, in common with their neighbours, are ignorant merely of the subject, when, in truth, they are prejudiced: for though they may not have studied it in a lunatic asylum, they have most of them, more or less, frequented the theatre, and are familiar with the stage-representations of the infirmity. This false experience has helped them to a few positive notions, which prevent them from believing in any form of insanity, that does not stamp and rave like King Lear, or let down its long hair, like the *prima donna* in almost every modern opera, since madness has become an *obligato* posthouse on the lyric road, to matrimony or a coffin. De Bognis, it has been said, studied his mad scenes in the *Agnese* from personal observation in a madhouse; but even he was obliged to follow the text of the poet; and poets are “plaguy bad judges” of matters of fact, as well as of philosophy. Under no circumstances, therefore,

* Si fructus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

can we recommend the theatre as a good school for the elucidation of legal insanity.

All such ignorance and prejudice notwithstanding, we may still with great safety take it for granted, that in cases of stark staring insanity, when the patient is, as the French say, *fou à lier*, (that is, fit for a straight-waistcoat,) there will not be any insuperable difficulty in detecting the disease; but if a man is only "matl nor-nor-west," and when the wind is southerly, knows a hawk from a hand-saw (or Hershaw, if you like that feading better), there will be found a true *dignus vindice nodus*, requiring as much common sense as can be conveniently mustered, to save the verdict from the danger of error. It is, then, with that variety of insanity, called monomania, that the lookers on will be most embarrassed; and for that reason we have thought good to present our readers with some *tableaux vivants* of the phenomenon.

Monomania is a somewhat novel term introduced into the medical vocabulary, not to represent (as a leading journalist has stated) what was formerly called melancholy, but to designate a condition, hitherto but imperfectly observed by the general public; we must begin then with some account of the word, before approaching the thing it shadows forth. Monomania does not signify, as many will suppose, the money mania; nor as the smatterer in Greek may imagine, either monk madness, or solitary madness. Neither is it precisely (according to the prevalent notion) a madness concerning one train of ideas, though that may be in some cases a symptom of the malady. Monomania is properly a marked affection of some one desire, appetite, or instinct, which removes it from the ordinary control exercised over such impulses by those who are, in common speech, termed sane.

A monomaniac is not necessarily a lunatic on one subject; for he will reason indifferently ill upon any theme that gets mixed with his exaggerated feeling; and (what is still more important) he may be a tolerably well-conditioned madman, without obviously talking bad logic on any subject whatever. This brings us at once to the point from which we are desirous of starting; namely, that there are a vast many maniacs—both monomaniacs and polymaniacs—who pass muster in society for soundness, and who are indeed "much too wise to walk into a well." It is probably with reference to these lunatics, that the phrase holds good of *semel insanivimus omnes*; which is a very modest statement of the fact. For the most of us are the victims of more than one monomania in the course of our lives; and there are not wanting unfortunates, great generals, grave divines, sound lawyers, able mathematicians, or what not, whose existence has been one long succession of various monomanias, without a single moment of what may fairly be called a lucid interval.*

It is a great point obtained, this determining that the maniacal state consists not in the relative powers of reasoning, but in the perturbation of some one or more appetites, or natural impulses, and it is strange that it has remained so long undiscovered. If, on the other hand,

* A case is on record of a physician who gained a great fortune by practice, who was for years a monomaniac, and whose will was set aside for its obvious insanity.

we look abroad, no one phenomenon will be found of more frequent occurrence, than the extreme regularity observable in the conduct of some of the very worst reasoners. The most valuable members of society who constitute the great productive masses of the nation, are notoriously either the least able, or the least willing, to think for themselves; and they are *tout hérissés* with prejudices, which the smallest exercise of a sound reason would give to the winds. Hence the necessity of numerous categories of traders, who get an abundant and honourable living, by thinking for all those who will ~~not~~ think for themselves—journalists, members of parliament, divines, doctors, statesmen, and other professional teachers and mystifiers, *ad majorem dei gloriam*, and for the comfort and easement of all mankind. The very existence of these classes proves to demonstration our thesis—that defect of reason does not constitute insanity; and as if to make the matter still clearer, while the dog-trotting plodders of the world are, as we have intimated, the most staid, regulated, and orderly of their species, their teachers, spiritual and temporal pastors and masters (or to sum them all up in one word, the geniuses), are beyond question, the wildest, most eccentric, and crackbrained specimens of humanity, to be met with on a summer's day. The alliance between great wit and madness is no discovery of yesterday; for from the thousand wives and concubines of the wisest of mankind, down to the last frolic of Lord B——, monomania has been the badge of all the tribe. Socrates had his *dæmon*, Pascal his yawning gulf, and Napoleon his destiny; not to speak of certain "modern instances," too *modern* for further specification.

If the middle man of statistics be he, in whom all faculties and attributes exist in that *juste milieu*, which is assumed as the model of perfection, that middle man is confessedly mere ideality, an hypothetic being, whose type has never yet been seen in the flesh, among the *masses* of clay. The idea, therefore, of a perfectly sane man, *a parte rei*, is a manifest absurdity, not to say an incompatibility *in rerum natura*. For if an ass placed between two—two only—bundles of hay, perfectly equal in all asinine respects, would be reduced to a standstill, and incapable of turning either to the left or to the right, how utterly impossible would it be for that "piece of work," man, to take a single step, if his many impulses, instincts, desires, caprices, quibbles, and vagabondizing propensities were not incapable of being reduced to a state of equilibration.

It is, therefore, no paradox to assert that the perfection of man lies in his imperfection; and that a *petit brin* of folly (more or less) is absolutely necessary to keep the individual in a healthy state of motion.

This view of the case utterly crushes, and for ever scatters, the long received prejudice, that every man who can logically construct a proposition, or who can snuff a candle with his fingers without burning them, is to be trusted with the management of his own affairs. For our parts, we have long ago arrived at a conviction, that of all lunatics, your grave, reasoning madmen are the most dangerous; and this not merely because they are the least suspected, but because their follies are the most desperate. We are told, on classic authority, that there is nothing so absurd as to have escaped the approbation of some of the philosophers (reasoners); and if authority were wanting for the

assertion, the German dialecticians will suffice to show that the utmost stretch of ratiocinative wisdom, is to arrive, by opposite courses, at the same *non plus*.

There was much pith, then, in that saying of a reputed madman, that the great difference between his colleagues in the asylum, and those at large in the world, was that the latter were too numerous to include between four walls. This consideration will refute one argument in support of the too prevalent eagerness to get rid of increasing madmen by the halter,—namely, that of its necessity to obviate the danger they occasion to the public peace. All the lunatics that ever were shut up, could not, if left at large, have done a tithe of the mischief, inflicted by a single logical fallacy, when placed in the mouth of any given lunatic in authority: nay, the Macedonian madman alone committed more homicides, than all the acknowledged monomaniacs from Cain to M'Naughten.

If we look somewhat more closely at the matter, we shall even find reason to believe, that it is the imputed sane who lead the acknowledged maniacs into their moonstruck mischiefs. The deluded wretch whose hallucination prompts him to strike at the life of a minister, does not invent the public distresses which give a specific direction to his insane impulse; and if any high church monomaniac should go up and down, frightening the isle from its propriety, the Newmans and the Puseys cannot be considered otherwise than as the *causæ causantes* of the poor man's delirations. So, too, the unlucky psalm-singing cobbler, who tucks himself up in his own strap, for want of sufficient orthography to distinguish between sole and soul, might with justice lay his felony *de se* at the door of some more dangerous madman, whose hallucinations are mistaken for inspiration, and who is paid, instead of being confined, for his mental unsoundness.

Horace, please to observe, has in plain terms set forth our definition of monomania.

Quisquis

* Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quisquis luxuriâ, tristive superstitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet.

He tells you nothing about being able to count five on your fingers, of knowing right from wrong, or of being aware of the penal consequences of actions. No, he places the disease on its proper ground, something amiss in the natural affections, passions, &c. &c. We may, therefore, fairly follow him in his catalogue of monomaniacs; and few, we think, will hesitate in agreeing with him, that the creditor is entitled to a high place in the list. If the man who fritters away a fine fortune in paying tradesmen's bills, has a crack in the upper story, surely he who encourages him in the delusion, by trusting the first comer with goods *d l'indiscrétion*, is a plain maniac.

On this account, tailors are thought to have their organ of caution in a very imperfect state of development, or in other words, to labour under an extraordinary monomania of credulity. Yet is their madness not without method; as a simple inspection of their accounts will amply prove; nor can it be said of them, as of so many other creditors, that in what they do, they act without measure. But if the man is no better than a lunatic who parts with his goods on a remote and improbable chance of seeing the money, what can be thought of that class of cre-

ditors, who, without any hope of repayment, let any one into their books with a handle to his name; and who hesitate not to injure their wives and children by making a Lord John their debtor, or by trusting a Lady Betty for the satisfaction of seeing a coronetted carriage obstructing the pavement opposite their shop-door? This is certainly the most hopeless form of the monomania of aristocracy (one of the most prevalent lunacies of Englishmen), and all Searle-street will not suffice for its recovery. Yet they are in no trifling degree affected with the same disease, who waste their substance in good dinners, to feed the pride, the impertinence, and the poverty of titled dullness, and who throw away the cheer which would purchase the society of a respectable Jack Pudding, upon an apoplectic yellow admiral, or a prosing grand cross, with nothing brilliant about him but his Guelphic star. Less unreasonable was a man once well known in the theatrical world, who spent a fortune in playhouse speculations, for the sole pleasure of calling Sheridan, brother manager. Yet if he were not a monomaniac beyond the reach of all Anticyra, there never was such an one to be seen, on the face of the earth.

Then for the *ambitione mala* clause of Professor Horace, few will doubt that Napoleon was somewhat monomaniacal. But what must we think of Louis Philippe, who, for the pleasure of being King of the French, stands a shot from his loyal subjects, whenever they are disposed for a day's sport, when he might have remained a schoolmaster if he had preferred it? His case is only to be equalled by that of a certain baronet, who having a good estate and a good name, might have enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* in his manor-house, yet chooses to make himself a target for all parties to shoot the arrows of vituperation against; who is contented to listen to endless debates, and to be kept awake o' nights, Penelope like, to unweave the web he wove on the previous day,—and all for what?—for the honour and glory of misleading a set of fools and knaves, who will never cease to abuse him, so long as he presumes, without their leave, to think he has a soul of his own, and to make an unbidden plunge into sense and truth. But this is the commonplace of our subject. There are other monomaniacs, less generally suspected, who have taken it into their heads that John Bull loves the fine arts, and who carry on a branch of the floor-cloth manufacture on an extensive scale, in the hope of finding purchasers, and all this with the *mentis gratissimus error*, that they are so many Raphaels and Domenichinos.

This quotation reminds us of Horace's unfortunate gentleman, who was placed under a course of Hellebore, merely for sitting in an empty theatre, and listening, as he imagined, to intensely soul-moving tragedies, or to melodramas of the deepest domestic interest. If the doctors were justified in so treating him, what should be done with certain persons who look with ecstasy on a theatre crammed with orders, and who see a rapid fortune, and the triumph of the legitimate, (or as the case may be, illegitimate) drama, in a concern in which the moneytakers and treasurers are the only sinecurists. The *vestigia nulla retrorsum* is lost upon these lunatics; one ruined speculator succeeds to another; and still (as of old, the temple of virtue led into the temple of honour) the theatre is but the vestibule to the King's Bench and the insolvent court.

There is a form of monomania to which our continental neighbours are especially prone, and which, having no better name at our disposal,

we may call the Coventry monomania. It consists, as the appellation plainly indicates, of an inordinate affection for bits of ribbon. The great object of life with these unhappy lunatics is to intrigue themselves into the possession of one of these morsels; and, having done so, to conceive themselves to be immeasurably superior to their unribboned fellow-creatures,—strutting up and down and displaying the acquisition in the eyes of all the world, just as a peacock does before his female relations when his tail is in full feather. It would be very difficult for a sound mind to enter into the morbid delusion which causes the patient to associate this “decoration” (as he calls it) with the fancied possession of every virtue under the sun. We have known one poor creature for instance, who sacrificed not only his party, but the principles to which he had all his life been pledging himself in the face of the world, for a piece of blue silk, for which his wife’s waiting-maid would hardly say “thank ye:” so that while the world were looking on in wonder, and called the man no better than a rogue in grain, he insisted upon taking precedence of honest persons, on the strength of the acquisition, and was as happy as if he had done the greatest feat imaginable. This gentleman’s case is by no means singular. Every body must have known individuals who have thrust their foolish noses into the “eminent deadly breach,” led by an hallucination that the ground there must be strewn with ribbons: and the unfortunates think themselves as great as kings, and as lucky as a false die, if they contrive to get a morsel of their favourite colour in exchange for an arm or a leg. It is not too much to declare that this Coventry lunacy has caused more bloodshed than the homicidal and suicidal monomania both together; each raised respectively to the tenth power, and multiplied by a very high figure.

The monomania of acquisitiveness is one, so all but universal, that by its very frequency it escapes observation. This is a form of insanity more justly entitled to be called “the English disease,” than the spleen which has so long enjoyed that appellation. It is chiefly known and acknowledged as a positive monomania, when it takes the form of clandestinely appropriating things which the patient could well afford to purchase. Such monomaniacs are the shoplifting ladies of quality, who take insane fancies for pieces of lace, objects of jewellery, and the like. There are some who cannot resist stationery, who covet their neighbour’s gilt-edged paper, and hanker after half-used sticks of sealingwax. We ourselves remember a fellow of a college who had a fancy for this kind of conveyancing; and who was detected with a broken tombstone concealed under the ample folds of his gown. Many too exhibit this monomania in an almost fanatic affection for other men’s knockers, bell-pulls, and other odds and ends of metal, of which they have collected enough to set up a decent marine store-shop. The monomania for marked dice and cards is occasionally before the public, in persons whom poverty by no means betrays into the offence; and not unfrequent are the aristocratic Hotspurs, who if they do not fetch up drowning honour by the locks, go to still more desperate lengths, to turn it up at short whist.

These aristocratic dealers in sleight of hand will, perhaps, be very generally pitied as monomaniacs; but is the gambler or the speculator on ‘change, who with every thing the heart can desire at command, encounters starvation in an insane attempt to raise enough to a sum of more, one

whit better entitled to go alone? We say nothing for the monomania of stealing umbrellas, or the still more offensive insanity of borrowing odd volumes without an idea of restoring or reading them. These, indeed, are dreadful infirmities, and they are well worthy of the Chancellor's interference; but what could be done with the offenders? All the Newgates in Christendom would not hold them, if arrested.

Another highly epidemic monomania is the insane impulse to print books. We speak not of those who write, *invita Minerva*, for the Minerva press, with the sole intention of getting an honest living. Writing for the booksellers is lighter work, and better pay, than labouring for a dressmaker. After every allowance for the deleterious effects of gin and water, the annual consumption of scribblers does not even approach that of milliners and mantua-makers. To write for bread, may be a heavy discouragement, but it would be a palpable injustice to say that a man must be mad to do so, even if the option of a vacant crossing to sweep was open to his preference. Since the passing of the factory and climbing boy's acts, the press has become almost the only employment available to the non-capitalist; and he must be worse than a bookseller, who should offer his hack lower wages than the ordinary pay of the agricultural labourer. The monomaniac, then, is not he who

Writes with desperate charcoal on the darkened wall,

but the lady of fashion who dirties her beautiful boudoir, and inks her pretty fingers, exchanging their aurora-like roseate hue for the dark livery of dreary night, for the sake of being read by nobody, and laughed at by all,—she who is compelled to coax publishers with invitations to her fine parties, nay, advances sums deducted from her pin money, to engage them to publish! The monomaniac is the lord, the baronet, or the member of parliament, who mistakes his privilege for talent, seeking the bubble reputation e'en in the critic's mouth, who has no fear of the *Quarterly* before his eyes, nor dreads the *judex damnatur* of the more northern luminary. It is painful to think even of the worse than herculean labours which fandangies and exquisites will cheerfully undergo when afflicted with this insanity; encountering here the plague, there the plundering Arab, here being devoured by custom-house officers, and there by bugs and mosquitoes, to furnish forth the materials for two volumes octavo, and all for the *digito monstrari et dicere hic est* of dinner-giving Amphitryons, and to force an entrance into the salons of the female leaders of fashion. Another rather prevalent form of this monomania is marked by an insane impulse of sundry ladies to be thought composers of music. These ladies (God knows how they get the waltz, or the cavatina) load the music desks of every pianoforte with their gratuitous distributions, and are ready to go on their knees to any public singer, male or female, who will be dupe enough to stand a sound hissing, in the attempt to sing the unsingable.

On the monomania of religious conversion, and that of bazaar charity, we must be silent. We have no ambition to bring all Bedlam on our backs, and we are ourselves quite free from the monomania of seeking martyrdom. But the injurious mania of medical interference is open game; for the name of the unfortunates affected with it is not sufficiently legion, to prevent our speaking our minds of the lady homœopathists, water-curers, salt and brandy *proneuses*, and counter-irritation preachers, who will not let their friends die quietly on their

beds, but thrust this quack, or that exceedingly clever practitioner,—only an apothecary, but who knows more than all the physicians and surgeons in London—down the throats of every acquaintance, friend or foe, gentle or simple.

On the suicidal monomania we have little occasion to enlarge, seeing that juries are sufficiently enlightened on that subject in all cases in which “any body who belongs to any thing,” has taken upon himself the part of Atropos, and done violence to his own highly respectable person. Still it may be as well to hint for their further enlightenment, that when poor devils make a present of themselves to the fishes, or purposely mistake oxalic acid for Glauber’s salts, it is not their having a more obvious cause for dissatisfaction that will justify a verdict of *felo de se*. Whatever reason there may seem for coupling fine clothes with folly, or for presuming that empty stomachs make sharp wits, it does not extend to an inference that the well-to-do are more prone to the suicidal monomania than their humbler neighbours; and though it is a just observation that an estated gentleman has more reason to be in love with life than a “poor devil;” yet *non constat* but the “great unprovided” are generally as fond of existence as their better fed fellow-creatures, and as little likely to part with it lightly, when not impelled by mental disease.

There is indeed one form of suicidal monomania about which it is not so easy to decide, and that is when people rush out of life under the sham plea of satisfaction for injuries inflicted or imagined. *A priori*, one must conclude that no one with a grain of sense in his head would indulge in a luxury which sets every dictate of reason, and every natural feeling at defiance; but if observation decides otherwise, if to censure such practices as insane might be deemed *scandalum magnatum*, justice requires, that while the duellist escapes having a stake run through his body (and being buried for his indulgence in anger, in a *cross road*) the poorer suicide should be wholly exempted from those penalties.

Seeing, then, that so large a portion of mankind are beyond contradiction monomaniacs, we have good reason to question the prudence of that over-eagerness to inflict the last penalty of the law upon those who from public neglect, or the indifference of relations, have been left at large, when they ought to have been protected from their own delusions. But, perhaps, it will be said that these criminals are in a state of disease, while the monomaniacs we have described are medically sound, so that no inference can be drawn against the one on account of the other’s offences. To this we might reply that it is a barefaced *petitio principii*, and utterly unproved, if the proposition were not offensive; but as nobody likes to be thought mad, and as, moreover, the objection might bring us into a scrape with the theologians, we prefer standing upon the acknowledged difficulty of discriminating between the two cases. As the law at present stands, thousands of honest men are liable to punishment, or damages, for overt acts of monomania; and if the new law should also introduce them to the notice of the judges, as dangerous to the public peace, it will not be improbable that for the future, one half of Englishmen will be employed in hanging the other,—to the decay of commerce and manufactures, and to the manifest insecurity of the national creditor; and after all, the question remains, *quis suspendeat ipsos carnifices?*

THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

The most noisy of all hatreds is hatred of the rich for the love of the riches. Look well to him who is *always* railing at coaches and four. Book him as a man to be bribed.—PAUL CLIFFORD.

THE late John Screw, Esq., who died the other day, was known a long time ago, when the said "Esq.," inscribed on the lid of his superb coffin, was a dignity undreamed of—was known, I say, all over the parish by his loud railing at the rich. There was but one ruling principle in his nature—and to that he gave the title of a contempt for riches; but perhaps hostility, less to the thing than the possessor of it, would have been a more accurate designation. We shall see.

Screw was no disbeliever in human goodness. He had a soul large enough to conceive and to rejoice in the existence of every virtue. Not only did he believe in them all, but had their number been doubled, it would have been his pride to have reposed equal trust in the additions, whatever they were. His faith embraced the most apocryphal excellences, without inquiring into their character.

Of course, the more accredited and popular virtues, such as patriotism, temperance, probity, charity, gratitude, &c., were all high on his list; as virtues not only indisputably existent, but extensively practised.

There was, however, one important and impassable limit to their existence. They could not—no, not one of them, according to his belief—breathe by any possibility their natural vital breath within the boundary which separates the rich from the rest of mankind. There was something in the chink of gold that scared them; the very rustle of a bank-note put the boldest virtue to flight. John Screw held it next to impossible for a rich man to be virtuous.

Upon his rule, therefore, the noble quality of patriotism was exclusively confined to the bosoms of those to whom their beloved country scarcely afforded a crust; temperance was nowhere to be found save in the breasts of the penniless and the friendless, wandering within the cold precincts of the parish-pump; probity was the distinguishing merit of people evermore tempted by anguish, disease, and famine, to be dishonest; charity was the essential excellence of persons so cruelly placed, as to have not a crumb of bread to give away; and gratitude was the prime virtue of good folks who had nothing on earth to be thankful for.

But by whomsoever these qualities may be possessed, the rich, in his view, had them not. That was always a settled point. He looked upon a man who had amassed much wealth, in a light exactly opposite to that in which he is regarded in the great world, where he is always a good man. He attached none, but the hardest and most literal meaning to the definition of money as the root of all evil; and insisted upon the perpetuity of the principle which describes a rela-

tionship between rich men and camels, in reference to heaven and the eye of the needle.

The heart's sunshine, in a smile of loving kindness, would diffuse itself over his face as he listened to the eulogium justly pronounced upon the character of some beneficent stranger. Speak of the good man's filial piety, his fatherly devotion, his unbounded philanthropy, his unimpeachable justice—his meekness, generosity, and honour—and the soul of Screw would seem to start into his eyes in glistening tears—appear to sit there with a fond and ardent look, silently singing pæans in the excellent creature's praise. But add to this intelligence concerning his gifts and advantages that this good Christian was as rich as a Jew, and the diffused smile of brotherly love and admiration would instantly gather itself up into the gloomiest and most sceptical scowl imaginable, and with a single shrug of the shoulders he would shake off every rag of the flowing sympathies in which he had arrayed himself.

He would listen believingly, while you confined your list of a man's endowments to every exalted virtue under heaven—but talk not of his three-and-a-half per cents.

Screw's look, while you expatiated on the deeds of another Howard, would plainly say, "God-like creature!" but just add, at the close of the eulogy, "and he's so rich,"—the look would instantly furnish as intelligible a commentary, "Precious rascal!"

While led to suppose his new neighbour somewhat needy, he would launch forth with astonishing fervour in his praise, proving that the unknown was of a nature so incorruptible and lofty, that had *he* been placed originally in Paradise instead of Adam, man would never have fallen at all. But when the fact crept out (as all secrets will, though a commission be issued for their suppression), that his purest of all possible neighbours was assessed very heavily to the income-tax, Screw without a moment's delay discovered, that he was a wretch who would not at all mind stewing his own legitimate child, to make a wash for some shameless Narcissa of his acquaintance.

This loud railing at the rich was not unheard in the parish, nor did it fail to elicit observations concerning the railer.

"His poverty must plead his excuse," said the great majority, who did not in the least dislike to hear him, for the pleasure of telling him in return, how they did not exactly think that he was always in the right—not always—and how they had once known of a rich man who was really uncommonly kind at heart, although he had a curious way of showing it. And every body concluded by saying,

"Screw will never get on at this rate. Rich folks do not like to hear the truth told at all hours. No, poor he is, and poor he will ever remain."

But hatred of the knavery and heartlessness allied to wealth, was not John Screw's sole characteristic—it was accompanied by as intense and dignified a scorn of the stupidity which he imputed to the rich. He always associated a full purse with an empty head. When he saw a superb carriage sweep by, its happy inmate lolling in luxuriant and soft-cushioned repose, the image brought to the mind of Screw, through the medium of his eyes, was that of a fat, heavy, indolent fool, who just knew that the day was Friday, and his county

Devon. His unalterable conviction was, that the children of the rich were sent to college merely to learn the doctrine, that education is superfluous—they are simply taught to know the one truth, that knowledge is unnecessary.

In the midst of his tirade against the fools, as the certain and constant inheritors of the goods of fortune, some enthusiast, ignorant of the nature of the beast, would try to stop him.

“Granting that riches often fall to the fool’s lot, why complain? Would you be so savagely cruel as to wish to fasten on the afflicted fool the burden of poverty, as an addition to his misfortune? Nature generally balances her gifts very nicely. To the labouring masses, she often gives strong health and activity of life; to the intellectual, poverty, for it requires a philosophic mind to bear the evil; and on the rich she bestows—”

“Intense and incurable ignorance,” would be Screw’s interposition on every occasion. “Well, never mind,” continued he, “the fool and his money are soon parted; fortune, before she fills his pocket, cuts a hole in it.”

And all the parish declared that it was highly imprudent of John Screw to speak as he habitually spoke of his landlord the squire, of the wealthy member for the borough, of his worship the rich justice, and of the bishop of the diocese. At the same time every body declared—

“It’s very plain and downright dealing, this of Screw’s. He sticks to his principles, as all must own. Honest he is, and honest he will ever remain.”

It is as easy, while you are about it, to prophesy eternal honesty as perpetual poverty; and this prediction of the parish was worthy to pair off with the other, which foretold that the railer at monied men would never be rich himself. But the character of the parish for unusual profundity in obtaining a private view of the decrees of fate was considerably shaken, by an incident that graced the very next election for the neighbouring borough-town.

His landlord the squire, and his worship the justice, and the wealthy ex-member himself, had, throughout the period of canvassing, vainly endeavoured to win the vote of John Screw. The honest man was not to be had. The soliciting parties were rich enough amongst them to buy the whole borough; and therefore he had no faith in their principles. He admired the breadth of their views, but took an objection to the depth of their purses.

The election-morning dawned, the poll opened, the contest ran fearfully close—every quarter of an hour came the squire, the justice, and the rich candidate, resolute to subdue the unconquerable repugnance of Screw to a representative with a pound in his pocket. Never was such perseverance witnessed on either side.

The feeling manifested by honest John at one o’clock in the day, amounted to a provoking pig-headedness; at two it had acquired the dignity of a determined obstinacy; by three it had become a great moral firmness; by half-past it had arisen to a noble fixedness of pure principle; at a quarter to four it had swollen into an exalted inflexibility of purpose; and at five minutes to the hour mentioned, when it had burst into a sublime grandeur of soul dazzling the beholder, it gave way all

on a sudden; and John Screw, yielding himself to the soft persuasions of his wealthy suppliant, was escorted to the poll, linked arm in arm with the exulting squire and the condescending justice.

The seat was won by purity of election and the single vote of honest John Screw, but unhappily it was lost again, not two months after, by the vote of a committee of the House, affirming purity of election to be nothing but gross bribery. At the contest which followed, Screw, who had disconcerted the parish prophets before by supporting the man of wealth in the crisis of fate, now again baffled their speculations, by voting, not for the rich candidate whom his vote had returned at the last election, but for a much richer candidate, who starting against him was for more purity still.

And as a similar result ensued, and a third, nay a fourth, fifth, and sixth election took place for the independent borough, within the space of a year or two, Screw had repeated opportunities of acting upon his conviction that money is the root of all evil—which he did by voting invariably for the richest candidate—and always it was observed at a very late period of the contest, as though his convictions required the greatest possible time to adjust themselves conscientiously.

It was observed in the progress of these events, that people by degrees ceased to make reference to the poverty of plain John Screw; at all events they ceased to be of opinion that he would remain poor all his days. At the same time they left off discoursing about his downright honesty, and not a soul within the bounds of the parish was ever after heard to predict, that let who might be a hypocrite, honest John would be himself to the end of all things.

It was also to be noticed that from the date of this change an alteration took place, insensibly perhaps, in the tone of Screw towards the corrupt, the cold, the selfish, the hateful rich. Prosperous people were no longer snakes in the grass, stinging him wheresoever he walked. Men of enormous wealth might cross his path without crossing his spirit. They rolled past him like moving money bags, and he railed not at all. He saw the possessor of ten thousand a year snugly cushioned in his carriage, with his sleek head comforted in velvet, and the idea of an ignorant fatness, a lordly and upstart stupidity parading its wealth and affecting dignity, never once shot into his mind. The monied classes no longer seemed to him the grinders of the cheated poor; nor did the middle class imitate the rich, and oppress in their turn, while worshipping the golden calf. He ceased to call the art of growing rich, knavery under the sanctity of law; and when he looked upon a man who could reckon up his rent-roll by thousands, he muttered, reverentially, "That's no fool!"

Very far wrong was the "everybody," who vowed that John Screw would always be poor; for he died the other day leaving a hundred thousand pounds behind him. Equally wrong were the same good people when they protested that he would always be honest, for he wrung this amount of hard cash, "how he could," out of that gold mine to the iron-handed grasper, the pressing wants of the embarrassed and the honourable. John Screw never missed the chance of coining a farthing by any legal means, and never possessed a farthing that he did not make breed. He always tried hard for twins; but farthing for farthing he would get.

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He realized, as the builder up of a fortune, the withering and deadly triumph of his own early theory, that the rich man is a compound of the knave and the fool; and he died the victim to a blind faith in his favourite maxim, that a fool and his money are soon parted. John Screw never discovered that the greatest of fools is he who does not know how to part with it.

The consequence of this mistake of his, that what it is wise to acquire under all circumstances it is folly to part with under any, hung with the gloom of a black winter-cloud over the remainder of his cold, spare, anxious, shivering existence. He might have had the respect of the political party he opposed, and the applause of that he assisted; he might have avoided the accusing cries of children pursuing him in sleep—the frantic looks of wives and mothers famine-stricken—the savage imprecations of wretches suffering almost under the death-struggle in his relentless grasp. But he was a vulgar, dull-witted knave in the acquisition of riches, embodying all the villany which the keen and eager eyes of his hatred had ever seen in rich men.

Again, he might have surrounded himself with smiling children and cheerful acquaintances—he might have had the blazing hearth, the social glass, the laughing gossip, the exquisite companionship of the favourite book; but he was the most absurd, the most abject of all fools in the close keeping of his riches—preferring cold, darkness, abstinence, loneliness within his home—and the scorn of man, the pitying horror of woman, the very mockery of artless and revelling youth, without.

A little half-pint of brandy would have saved his worthless life when attacked by that last horrible spasm—but a fool and his money are *not* soon parted! Body and soul shall part first!

SONNET.

A VISION.

METHOUGHT, upon a dizzy cape reclined,
 A maiden lay; sad-browed, and seraph-eyed;
 And to the moon that rode aloft, she sighed;
 And to the stars, and to the whispering wind,
 That stirred her tresses, with dark wreath confined,
 "He cometh not! he cometh not!" she cried:
 "Fear not, he cometh!" so the gales replied.
 And ever and anon as there she pined,
 And listless gazed, would sail a starry Fame
 Into the empyrean: they from shore
 Of Tiber, or the old Ilissus came;
 But at the last there rose a Form of power,
 Like to a god, star-browed: of Avon he:
 She rose, and smiled. She was Melpomené.

ON THE BRITISH SPUNGES.

Heaven helps those who *help themselves*.

. OLD PROVERB.

THERE has been lately a zoological work on this subject and with this title; but our present design is not to consider sponges in the way they are treated by professors of natural history. At the same time we set out with the principle established or recognised by De Roget and others, that the Sponge is a subject of the animal kingdom; intending, however, to proceed a little further, and consider that more exalted species of the same genus, which the higher zoology that pushes its inquiries up to our own species, commonly finds in the form of the *human* animal.

The sponge of the zoologists, if we remember their conclusions correctly, is stated to be a conglomeration, or sort of aggregate meeting of zoophytes, instinct with a common life, and possessing a simple but peculiar organization, which admits of being briefly described as all stomach and all mouth. The applicability of this description to the human Sponge would lead to the inference that, notwithstanding the apparent difference in outward structure, the two creatures have a common law of being; and this inference is powerfully confirmed by the manifest conformity between the habits of both; the *higher* as well as the lower branches of the Sponge family living altogether on suction.

In order to understand the anatomy and physiology of the human Sponge, we must pursue the same process by which zoologists have arrived at the knowledge they possess of the common Sponge—we must dissect, or *cut it up*; and our only regret is that the operation is not to be performed by an expert anatomist, for the subject demands the probe of a Swift, or the lancet of a Lucian.

Lucian has indeed distinguished himself by his able researches into a kindred field of investigation, the nature and habits of the parasite; but we shall be able to show in the sequel, that between the parasite and the sponge there exists a very clear and decided difference.

The human Sponge holds a distinguished place in that numerous section of our species, "male and female after their kind," who live upon resources not their own—a section which includes a multitude of individuals whose social habits and instincts adapt them to the climate of Australia, much better than to that of the British Isles. Yet the *moral* qualities by which the Sponges contrive to maintain themselves (with various degrees of comfort or luxury, according to the powers of suction they possess), are as much part and parcel of a man's capital as his land, his money, or his plate; and in this point of view, the genus we are discussing lives on its own proper resources as much as the most respectable and independent class in the community. Lawyers admit incorporeal hereditaments amongst the branches of real property, and under this head we may properly reckon the possession or acquirement of impudence, in which, as in money, there are various degrees of wealth, some being actual *millionaires*, while others, poor

devils, want even the modicum of confidence that enabled Lazarus to squat himself at the rich man's door catching at crumbs. Brass, in the *moral* sense of the word, is frequently as precious a metal as gold or silver; and will exchange in the market of the world for an astonishing quantity of the good things of life. In these griping and sordid times it cannot be said of many of the fair sex, that "her face is her fortune" in the sense of the old song; but in another sense not only do a great many ladies, but a great many gentlemen, too, possess fortunes, and very snug ones, in their faces.

A little brass *there* is better than both pockets full of the same metal, with the Queen's head on it. Those who have made *bronzes* their study, will perceive at a glance the immense importance of a face of that material to a member of the Sponge fraternity. Many a capital dinner is purchased in this good city of London with a little bit of brass; and by a very small additional disbursement of the same useful coin, it is matter of quotidian experience, that a supper, a bed, and a breakfast the ensuing morning, may be secured likewise. It would be the least difficult thing in the world to name scores of individuals, who every day of their lives coin their countenances into the means of subsistence, and live by the bronze of their foreheads instead of the sweat of their brows.

It may indeed be said of the Spunges what Lord Bacon says of the usurers, that they eat their bread in the sweat of their neighbours' brows, and thus evade the "prime and eldest curse" upon the human family. They also make a lucrative perversion of the text—"knock and it shall be opened, ask and ye shall receive," for their wont is to knock at the doors of some doomed acquaintance, or unsuspecting friend, about the critical hour of dinner,

Soft hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart,—

led by savoury steams from basement-story rising, or peeps through iron bars at the roasting joint. Then with cordial and pressing hospitality do they invite themselves to dine!

I knew an individual of this species, a man all mouth and stomach, like his marine prototype, whose usage it was to traverse at the correct hour (which he knew with more precision than the Astronomer Royal notes the time when a star of the first rank and consequence comes upon the meridian) the streets of a whole region of the town; his practised eye penetrant through the kitchen-windows of each house to which he possessed any means of access; his nostrils open to inhale every odorous breeze from the Araby of the area. We used to call his perambulations "Cook's Voyages," and sometimes joke with him about the discovery of the Sandwich Isles, or an expedition to *Spitzbergen*. He was able, from personal observation, to recount with accuracy the dinners of fifty families upon any given day; he knew the house where there was a dinner of ceremony—an affair of state and pretension—perhaps an annual blaze of hospitality, lighting up for once in a twelve-month, the cool and silent grotto, metaphorically called a kitchen—perhaps some great politico-culinary stroke of Machiavelism, to bring about a matrimonial alliance between the illustrious houses of Smith and Thomson—in a word, a festival—a banquet—a secular entertainment—a gala day. He did not much affect dinners of this kind;

possibly he found the grapes a little sour, for though^a his nose served him well enough for a *compass*, and brought him to the mouth of the harbour, it is easy to conceive that on such occasions the *port* itself was generally inaccessible without a *card*. Quieter festivities were more to his taste : he was of Martial's opinion in such matters,

Aufer opes, pone dapes,—

which has been pleasantly translated,

More carving and less gilding.

The house for him was one where dining well is a custom and established institution, where once or twice a week at least was spread a round table with covers for six or eight, and the help of the fishmonger and wine-merchant was more in request than that of the silversmith and the florist. Give him a soup, a turbot, a haunch of mutton, a bottle of sherry or madeira at dinner, and one of claret, or even marvellous old port, after removal of the cloth—he was content as a philosopher or an eremite. Not the value of one sous did he set on the most gorgeous epergne that ever oppressed a table ; as to roses, balsams, and camellias, he held them in the most sovereign contempt. Indeed, I have remarked that the Spunges generally make very light of epergnes ; they are equally insensible to the variegated splendours of Bohemian glass, and you need not ruin yourself in Indian china to make them comfortable. The substantials of life satisfy all the desires of this simple race, these true sons of Epicurus.

But to return to the case of my own acquaintance, I have often found him so minutely informed as to a dozen dinners on a particular day, that it was impossible not to think that he dealt with some savoury devil, who gave him the extraordinary intelligence he possessed, or that by virtue of some magical gift of ubiquity, he had been present at the purchase of every individual cutlet, lobster, woodcock, and pineapple, eaten, or to be eaten, through an entire district of the town. He knew of the Spanish ham sent to Colonel Hackbut, by the British consul at Barcelona, and he knew when the ham was to be dressed as well as if he had been present when the orders for dressing it were given. He knew as much about the fine turkey that came up by the Norwich coach to Mr. Cramwell, a present from his brother-in-law, the vicar of Bigham, as if the said turkey had been a direct consignment to his own larder (supposing him to have had a larder, which it need scarcely be said that he had not). If a haddock arrived from Dublin at any house in all Marylebone (for that was his province and many a good dinner is eaten in Marylebone, let Mayfair say what it will), my omniscient friend knew the length and weight of the fish to an inch and a grain, and could tell you also, whether the Irish cousin who sent it, was a Mac, an O, or a Murphy. Equally marvellous was the ingenuity with which from the mere data of a turkey, a haddock, or a ham of Yorkshire, he traced out the smallest details of a dinner. The refined logic which he employed in this process was equal to Cuvier's most celebrated investigations in natural history, where that great zoologist has inferred from a single bone the entire structure, form, habits, dispositions, and history of an *Ichthyosaurus*, or a mammoth. To deduce the whole constitution of a dinner from the know-

ledge of a single dish is just as wonderful an exercise of the reasoning faculty, to say nothing of the superior importance and dignity of gastronomical researches. The discoveries of my friend Spunge were made to be eaten, whereas Cuvier, when he had worked out of his head the finest and fattest Megatherion that ever Nimrod bagged in a day's coursing, had never, the pleasure of broiling one of its stupendous chops, or supping on one of its seven-leagued trotters.

When all the intelligence of the day was collected the great question came to be discussed—where to sponge? And this was a problem not always to be solved by the mere relative merits of the dinners on the list. The best cheer was sometimes at a house where he had volunteered already hazardingly often; or the recollection of a “cold shoulder” would occasionally induce him to relinquish a better table for a worse. *Ceteris paribus*, however, he pushed for the best dinner to be had, and he generally contrived, for four or five days in the week, to escape the horrors of a solitary beefsteak. But there were times when, with all his sagacity, he miscalculated egregiously, and committed himself inextricably to a leg of mutton and turnips, where the phenomena seemed to prognosticate all that is substantial upon the earth, dainty in the air, or delicious in the waters.

Upon one occasion perceiving an unusual culinary ferment at a house in — street, the furnace thrice heated, and the *batterie de cuisine* playing all its guns, he “dropped in” upon his hospitable friend Sir Thomas Titmouse in his most felicitous and *accidental* style. The point was carried with the most charming facility, and my formal friend insisted upon returning home to dress, although Sir Thomas goodnaturedly proposed to receive him, “accoutred as he was.”

The idea was shocking, and accordingly at the appointed hour he reappeared in a white waistcoat, refulgent as to his feet in patent leather, and in full dining-out array. Sir Thomas and his lady received him; there was no other company!

“By day and night,” thought he, “but this is wondrous strange!” to wit, that the good knight and his lady should have ordered so splendid a dinner for their simple selves. However, “the fewer the better cheer,” says the proverb; and as the greedy old adage passed across his mind, the luxurious trio went down to the parlour. They were seated:—a triangular dinner-party is better than a triangular duel, at any rate. The covers rose. Mysterious heaven!—a pair of fried soles and a boiled neck of mutton! The kitchen where the furnace was thrice heated, and where he had seen the culinary battery playing all its guns, was the kitchen of the adjoining house!

Upon another occasion desecrating a haunch of venison revolving before a glowing fire, where there was no possibility of being deceived as to the connexion between the kitchen and the house, he invited himself, or extorted an invitation, as usual. There was a family party, but for the sake of a haunch he could put up with a great deal. The time came; dinner was served, solid and stolid as such dinners are notoriously. There was a very strong soup and a very big fish, and these good things having vanished, their respective places were taken by a sirloin from a prize ox, and a prodigious boiled turkey.

“Where is the haunch?” was the soliloquy of Spunge.

There was the place where the venison *was not*.

But he had seen the haunch at the fire, *et nullus error*, as the duke has it; so he remembered that they do strange things at family dinners in parts of Marylebone, and concluded that the venison was reserved for the second course! That course in due course came. Sponge gazed with aching eye-balls, and still

There was the place where the venison *was not*.

He beheld nothing but widgeon and snipes, and a plum-pudding of pantomimic magnitude.

"Zounds! are they keeping the haunch of venison for the dessert?" was the silent ejaculation of his bruised spirit. But long to maintain silence was impossible; the thing was so far "above reason" that flesh and blood could not resist the desire to ask an elucidation. Accordingly he alluded, as cautiously and incidentally as he could, to the sight he had witnessed through the kitchen windows. A general titter was preliminary to an universal laugh. Then came the explanation, which was shockingly simple. It chanced that a family, occupying a small house next door, and not having the fear of the Insolvent court before their eyes, were giving a grand entertainment that same day, and wanting sufficient room for the operations of their cook, had requested their accomodating neighbours to roast the haunch in question at their more commodious fire.

There are numbers of convivial souls who never in their lives invited a soul to dinner but—themselves! It is vastly agreeable to be one's own host, and to entertain oneself at another's table.

"Mr. A——, requests the honour of Mr. A——'s company at dinner, at the house of Mr. B——."

This is the formula of a self-invitation, and is decidedly the cheapest, if not the most respectable mode of entertaining company. By this plan Mr. B—— has all the trouble and expense, with the exception of the aforesaid little bit of brass, which is all that the dinner costs Mr. A——, and *he* can spare it extremely well, having a handsome competence of the same coin to live on. Economy, however, is not the sole advantage of the system. Had B—— invited A——, there would have been an obligation upon A—— to invite B—— in return. This is so well established that it is held that an action lies by inviter against invitee, in case the latter enters upon the premises of the former by virtue of his writ of invitation, and dines at the inviter's costs and charges. Some lawyers indeed go the length of maintaining that there is a right of action in all cases where there is a *bond fide* card or note, whether the invitation be accepted or refused. But be this as it may, it seems perfectly indisputable that where there is *no invitation* there can be no obligation incurred, and this is a principle of immense importance, for as there is nothing so painful to an independent mind as to be *in debt*, even for a dinner, so is there nothing more *convenient* than to dine luxuriously, and leave the house of one's Amphitryon, not merely not bound to requite him with so much as a mutton-chop, but morally justified in cutting to-morrow the very man whose venison you cut to-day.

The force of the word *engagement*, as it is used in the commerce of

hospitality, is not always understood as it ought to be. To what does the inviter *engage* the invitee? Not merely to the dinner, because the latter has a clear right to decline the invitation, if he has received another which he likes better. The nature of the engagement is, that the invitee shall name another day upon which he is to play the host instead of the guest, and degrade conviviality into a grovelling mercantile transaction. Now by the system of self-invitation the members of the Sponge family keep clear of this low practice, and incur no engagements whatsoever. Nay in strictness they are engaged to *themselves*, and if they are under any obligation, it is to invite themselves to another dinner.

Hospitality is, no doubt, an admirable moral quality, and a truly christian virtue. We forget whether it is one of the *cardinal* virtues, but it is certainly strongly recommended to *bishops*. The essence of it, however, consists in its being cheerful and spontaneous, and exercised without the remotest view to return or recompense. This the Spunges understand so thoroughly that they never dream of making a return for the entertainments they partake of. Indeed they cannot properly be said to accept hospitalities at all, as they are never invited, and very seldom welcome.

An acquaintance of mine, who had fallen from prosperous into adverse circumstances, had the weakness to upbraid a fair-weather friend with the number of good dinners he had eaten at his house in the jolly days gone by. The defence of the latter was complete.

"You never invited me to dinner in your life!"

The pickpocket who procures a dinner by the sale of a stolen watch, might as reasonably be expected to be grateful to the owner of the trinket, as the dinner-snatcher to his scowling and inhospitable host.

The practice of spunging is derived by some authorities from a no less ancient and venerable origin than the community of goods established amongst the Christians of the first century. If A—, being a Christian, gives a dinner, B—, another Christian, is upon this high example justified in the eyes of men and angels in partaking of it, as in fact it is as much his own as if the money that paid for the viands had proceeded from his own breeches-pocket. True it is, undoubtedly, that many of the Spunges are not particularly distinguished by their reputation as religious men, and are therefore open to the reproach of being actuated more by the inspiration of the belly-god than by any holier impulse; but we must remember that the most pious men have their pet doctrines and favourite religious observances; and the Spunges are not more exempt from this weakness than their neighbours. The principle of community of goods may be *their* special favourite, just as almsgiving is the pet virtue of many who compound for five hundred unchristianlike acts committed during six days in the week, by dropping a sovereign into the poor-box on the seventh.

In confirmation of this theory, it is to be further observed that spunging necessarily leads to the development of numerous Christian graces and excellences of the human character. The noble virtue of self-abasement is put into daily practice. A thousand mortifications are not only endured, but courted, which might easily be avoided by merely coming to the selfish resolution of dining at home upon a mut-

ton-chop. There is as much of the spirit of martyrdom evinced perhaps in submitting every day to the snubs, rebuffs, dry hits, malign insinuations, cold receptions, and the "thousand ills" that spunging is "heir to," as in roasting at the stake like Servetus, or being shot to death with arrows like St. Sebastian. Many a man submits to be roasted himself for the sake of a roast sirloin, or a roast pig. There are people who would decline to be the butt of a large company for a whole butt of claret; but there are others who willingly submit to it for half a dozen glasses. Surely it will not be maintained that the smaller the recompense the martyr expects, the less meritorious and honourable are the sufferings to which he voluntarily exposes himself. The contrary may fairly be maintained; and then how glorious is the character of him who places himself in the most despicable situation that can be dreamed or imagined for the consideration of a capon's wing and a pint of sherry!

Can the spirit of self-humiliation stoop much lower than this? To enter without a welcome,—to depart amidst general and almost audible acclamation,—to partake of good cheer without a word or look of hospitable encouragement,—to feel that you are the guest by sufferance of one who is a host of necessity,—to see that there is an inimical feeling against you from the top to the bottom of the board,—an evil eye upon every motion of your knife and fork, and that the sticking in your throat of the largest and sharpest bone in the turbot would "set the table in a roar,"—to ask for goose, and be sure to be helped to the drumstick without sauce,—to know that your company is very little, if any thing, less unacceptable than that of a bailiff, a tax-gatherer, or the parish undertaker,—to tremble at the mention of door or window, lest the idea of kicking you out of the one, or flinging you out of the other, should suddenly seize some herculean country cousin, anxious to curry the favour of his rich relations in London,—to suspect that you are the giggled-at of every giggling girl, and the object of the unrebuked school-boy's unequivocal laughter,—to be one of the circle, yet not for an instant admitted within the pale; to be spoken to rarely and contemptuously, unlooked at, although closely observed, sullenly and sparingly helped, when helped at all, and taken-wine-with only out of ostentatious charity. These are but a few of the bitter drops in the Sponge's cup of martyrdom; the

———— medio in fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquis, •

is with peculiar truth his sad lot. Taking leave to change the quantity of the penultimate syllable of "*leporum*," we may take this hackneyed quotation to mean, that "the reflection of being an unwelcome guest would embitter the most delicious hare-soup ever brought to table." However, all this is taking the gloomy and sensitive side of the picture. There certainly are men who feel the humiliations of this calling acutely, yet follow it with perseverance, their love of a good dinner being more than a match for their repugnance to "the rich man's" contumely; but in the majority of instances the sponges are not a thin-skinned race; rather addicted to delicacies than particularly delicate themselves; they have a warmth within them that counteracts the effects of cold looks, cold receptions, and cold shoulders; the

genial glow of self-hospitality sustains them in the frigid zones abroad, which they prefer to the temperate climate of their own proper fire-sides; they are "made perfect through suffering," and embrace with open eyes, or rather with open mouths, a life of luxurious infamy, counting it a thriving commerce to exchange dishonours for dainties, and a rub for a repast.

Truly marvellous it is what some of these stoics of the mahogany will endure, without the slightest apparent effect upon their spirits and appetite. The following incident took place at a dinner to which one of this fraternity had forced his way through a thousand obstacles.

"Papa," asked a precocious boy of eight years old, who in the course of his reading had that day met with the word parasite, "papa, what is a parasite?"

"A parasite, my dear? why a parasite is one who prefers dining out to dining at home, and at another's expense rather than his own."

"Papa," pursued the little student, in the ardour of innocent inquiry, "is Mr. Gobbleton a parasite?"

You possibly think that Mr. Gobbleton dropped down dead in an apoplectic fit. He did no such thing! What then did Mr. Gobbleton do? He affected not to hear the conversation, and called with perfect composure for another slice of mutton!

"But my young master was inevitably sent into exile with other pains and penalties."

Tout au contraire, he got an additional mince-pie for his good hit, and it was not the last hit he made at the same gentleman with a view to a similar reward; but Mr. Gobbleton "kept never minding" with the firmness of a Brutus, and maintained his place for years at the same good table with the taste of an Apicius, and the constancy of a Cato.

Another view of the spunging system, is to consider it as one of the many modes by which the balance of human happiness is preserved between those who have too much and those who have too little. Spunging preserves the social equilibrium as smuggling maintains the mercantile. What the sponges consume is all surplus. Theirs are the "appropriation *claws*," which relieve people in too opulent circumstances of their redundant affluence and comfort. Instead of grumbling at the rich, like a snarling Diogenes, the Sponge dines at their expense like a sapient Aristippus. His maxim is the ancient one—"that fools make feasts and wise men eat them." In this view of the matter we may regard spunging as the poor-law of the higher and middle classes, and in what classes are there more paupers to be met with? The system is that of "out-door relief," and it is open to the same objection that was made to our old English poor-laws for the poor, namely, that the pauper fared infinitely better than his independent neighbour, whose high spirit withheld him from becoming a burden to the public. I have sometimes thought that the workhouse system might be introduced with advantage amongst the paupers of from one to five hundred a-year, who abound in this odd country. But it is to be considered that spunging is itself a very laborious oc-

cupation, and that few who pursue the trade have leisure or strength for any other branch of industry.

"Hard is the toil," says Dante, "to mount another's staircase;"—a labour not much less painful than the treadmill, to which not even poor paupers are condemned, with all our national detestation of the crime of poverty. Yet this is the severe condition upon which Mr. Gobbleton, for example, obtained his "out-door relief," although his legs, by dint of habit, became at length so well used to the exercise, that he grew actually miserable if he went for one day without a turn upon his friend's treadmill,—I mean his staircase.

Spunging has not, in all cases, the excuse, or pretext of poverty, for there are rich spunges as well as poor ones; nay, there are rich men who sponge on poor men, just as if Dives were to hunt out the hovel of Lazarus, and dine with him on the contents of his wallet. Miserly old bachelors are commonly found at the tables of needy married men, who fear to refuse them a dinner, lest they should mar some remotest chance of a legacy of fifty pounds to an unportioned daughter, or of some frigid letter of introduction for a friendless son to a deputy secretary's deputy's deputy. There is a great deal of this system of obtaining dinners upon false pretences. I have known a dozen capital dinners given to a man who happened to be a second cousin to the wife of a Director of the East India Company, merely through a vague hope, basely created and encouraged, that Tom would procure a valuable appointment at Bombay, through the influence of one who could not have obtained for his own father the situation of hall-porter to any house in Hindostan—if the houses in Hindostan have hall-porters.

During the recent excitement produced by the war in China, I knew a case of two respectable old ladies who were at the cost of three dinners a week to a kind-hearted gentleman of their acquaintance, who passed himself upon them as an oracle of Chinese news, in which they were interested on account of a nephew who was serving under General Pottinger; and this kind-hearted gentleman possessed no other source of intelligence as to events in China than the columns of the daily newspapers. They were columns indeed to him, for they supported him for six months. Unfortunately for him, the nephew of these single women fell in the campaign, and his death cut short the career of dinners. He made a desperate attempt to rally the old ladies by throwing doubts upon the return of killed and wounded; but it was all in vain; they could not, or they would not, see any more company for the season.

This subject is too fertile to be exhausted in one article. There is more to be said of the Spunges before we have done with them; and in particular we meditate a separate discussion upon the Spunge of the feminine gender. It is bad enough to be spunged on by a buccaneering bachelor, but when the Spunge is the mother of a family of Spunges, who all go a-spunging together, the visitation has no equal, if we except the plagues of Egypt. However, we have seen instances of this scourge, and in another article we shall endeavour to depict it.

THE WIDOWS' ALMSHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," "COLLEGE LIFE," &c.

No. V.

THE VISIT.

Dux fœmina facti.—VIRGIL.

CHAP. I.

AFTER hearing the adventures of the chaplain and his excellent wife, the *ex*-widow Wrightly, I confess that I was anxious to renew my acquaintance with the latter, and to be introduced to the former. My friend, Jonathan Sternpost, promised to gratify my wishes on the following day after he had seen that every body and every thing was going on properly at the farm. He also promised that his lady should join the party, which removed many of my fears of being accounted a rude being for leaving her so much to herself, and running away with her husband, whom she could not endure should be long out of her sight, although they had been married more than one year. Having made this agreement, we took our nightcaps and sought our beds.

I do not think Jonathan was scolded for sitting up later than usual that night, as I heard a sweet, kind voice say, as I parted from him at his chamber-door, "I hope you have been entertaining your friend, and enjoying yourself, my love;" instead of a salutation which I once heard addressed to a married friend by his wife under similar circumstances—"Oh, it is you, *at last*, is it? I wish you had stayed up all night."

I thought that very severe and very queer at the time, as the parties had made what is called a love-match, and taken the trouble to go all the way to Gretna to get married;—but then I did not know the world so well as I do now.

The *moulin-au-vent* "sat lightly on my bosom's throne," if that is the *poetic* for stomach; and only excited my brain sufficiently to produce a degree of incipient apoplexy, calculated to ensure a sound and sonorous sleep. I awoke in the morning with a confused mixture of ideas concocted of seaside towns with useless market-places within them, lawyers' houses of red-brick and green-shutters, boarding-schools for young ladies, with convenient drawing-room windows, furnished with love-escapes instead of fire-escapes, and grammar-schools filled with boys labouring under measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, and other catchable and inflammatory disorders. To these phantoms of the brain were added visions of ill-used and defamed head-masters, unreasonable parents, deceitful servant-maids, and dying school-mistresses, "putting this and that together," as some old ladies say who are somewhat addicted to the vernacular in their conversations, I recovered the thread of the narrative which I had heard overnight, and which had been pretty considerably entangled during my heavy sleep.

A sharp run down to the brook, and a plunge in its cool, brilliant waters, soon restored me to all the few senses of which I am naturally possessed, or, as an attorney would say, "Of which I stand seized."

Breakfast—that "sure test of a virtuous mind," as a medical friend of mine calls it, was not over so soon as it might have been, had we not had an accompaniment obligato in the shape of the London newspaper to play with our bacon, kidneys, and other relishes. However, the broiled fish came at last, the terminus of our meal, and as my friend Jonathan threw the bones to the cat, and vilely punning, said, *fin-is coronat oh! puss*, he rose from the table, and set out on his walk to the farm, accompanied by the reader's very humble servant, who, like a well-bred pointer, kept "at heel" without any fear of being ordered to "make a point" of stopping by a *tête-ho*!

There is something to me very delightful in accompanying a respected—I might in this case say, a beloved—master over his farm among his labourers. It is a cheering sight to see them smile gladly on his approach, and touching their hats as politely as they know how to do it, bid him good day, and remark upon the weather, the prospects of the season, and the work on which they are engaged. It reminds me of those good old days which I recollect in my youth, "when George IV. was (*not*) king;" when gentlemen did not communicate with their tenants and labourers through the medium, not an *acromatic* one, of a lawyer and a bailiff. Then all parties felt an interest in the land that they tilled. The landlord's eye was over his tenant and his labourer. He took care that the former did not pay too much for his farm, and that the latter was not paid too little for his work. The tenant felt that the eye of his landlord was upon him, and did the best for the land, and the labourer knew that if oppressed by his master, he had an appeal to the owner of the soil, and a ready means of redressing his own grievances.

Now—but I must "take heed," as gamekeepers say to straying spaniels, or I shall get involved in an interminable discussion on agriculturals, and, to resuscitate a deceased Joseph, that worn-out *toe-pick* the *corn-laws*. All I mean to say is, that gentlemen of "the landed interest," as they are called, because they do not take much interest in their land, except what accrues from it in the shape of returns on the principal laid out in its purchase, generally employ a professional man to let their farms, and let their tenants employ their labourers at the lowest possible wages. Mind, I say generally—there are many glorious exceptions, though among them I do not rank those would-be-thought agriculturalists, who play at farming on a model farm, worked by a clever bailiff, and exhibit prizes which they have gained by showing cattle fatted on mangel-wurzel, swedes, or turnips, under the directions of a hireling, trained to the trade in some other county, and on which trade he gets quite as fat as the oxen or sheep he fattens.

My worthy host, Sternpost, farms one of his farms—do not smile Mr. Londoner, the term is correct—farms one of his farms himself. It is true that he employs what the villagers call a Bailey under him; but then he, the said Bailey or Bailiff, is merely an old experienced labourer, who has the additional sum of three shillings weekly above the wages given to those whom he overlooks, and who does as much, if not more, than they do.

He consults his master daily, or more correctly, eveningly, on the work to be done on the following morning. During this consultation, he does not scruple to differ in opinion from his master, if he sees occasion to do so; nor does he offend his master by so doing; though sometimes, as I have myself witnessed, he is called an "old fool" for the opinions he entertains. He does not turn sulky, but uses his best endeavours to prove that somebody has proved himself a greater fool than the "old fool." The labourers, on such occasions, favour the views of their master or the bailey, according to their judgment, and are generally rewarded for their partisanship, by an extra allowance of cider, which they prefer in that quarter of our island to John Barley-corn's heavier and headier tipple.

In my ramble with my friend on the morning in question, I heard one little dialogue which I cannot refrain from relating.

We found old Richard, the bailey, in a wheat-stubble watching the teams as they ploughed it up.

"Well, Richard," said the master; "the land works well, and I think instead of letting it lie fallow, I shall try this new scheme, and sow it with turnips."

"Ha! ha! ha! dang it but that's a good notion," said Richard, slapping his right thigh, "what wilt try next I wonder? Sow *turmut*s in autumn—well—well—they'll come up though, I dare say—some time in the course of next year."

"You obstinate old fool—the plan has been tried and succeeded—at least so the papers say," said Jonathan.

"Papers—ha! ha! ha! dang it, but that's a better notion than t'other—a deal a printing chap must know about *turmut*-sowing," replied Richard, appealing by a look to the ploughman who stood by, and who seemed to smile as if he thought that the bailey was a much wiser man than his master—in this matter at least.

"Well, you pig-headed fellow, I insist upon its being tried, and on this five-acre piece," said the master.

"Oh, of course, if you *insists* it *must* be done—of course—and it don't much matter to I—you'll have to pay for it," replied the bailiff.

"And I have a very great mind to try another new plan—of sowing salt with the turnip-seed. They say it makes a capital manure if it is done judiciously."

Old Richard eyed his master as he said this, and after a minute replied,

"I've another notion, master,—sow legs of mutton, too, and then you'll only have to boil the crop to have a good dinner any day—mutton and turnips—and all ready salted."

Having delivered himself of this suggestion, he burst into a loud laugh, in which ploughmen, ploughboys, master, and myself, all joined.

I found that the bailiff at last consented to sow the turnip-seeds, but positively refused to sow a grain of salt with them.

Ignorant as I am in farming matters, I know that the system of stubble-turniping after wheat has proved very successful, and I believe that salt has been used profitably as a manure.

And talking of ignorance in farming matters, I must take permission

to relate an instance of it displayed by a lady friend of mine, who, having spent the greater part of her life in London, retired into the country to pass the remainder of her days.

The back of her cottage looked upon a farmyard, in which was a pond, the favourite resort of a fine brood of white ducks. When she saw the owner one day inspecting the growth of his brood, she hurried down the garden, and calling to him over the hedge, told him, "she should feel much obliged to him to let her have one of the ducks when they were grown into geese, for her Michaelmas dinner."

"Bless you, marm, ducks is ducks, and never grows into geese," said the farmer.

"Well, I am surprised at that," said the lady, "for I know that chickens grow into hens."

"That's true enough, marm; so do babbies into men and women; but ducks don't grow to geese any more than mice do to rats, or parasols to umbrellas," added the farmer, delighted at showing his superiority over a Lunnener. But I am erratic as usual.

Well, Jonathan and I having traversed the farm in all directions, returned to the house to change our dress, and prepare for our visit to the almshouse.

Mrs. Sternpost was ready to join us in our walk, and the children were to accompany us as far as the terrace, where their dinner was provided for them in the summer dining-room, which the reader of my previous numbers may recollect was a favourite resort of the family. We converted the meal into a double-barrelled one on this occasion, by making our luncheon while the little ones made their dinner.

I like dining with children where they have been well tutored, and have not smudgy faces, and hands addicted to picking and stealing every thing within their reach. They seem to enjoy every thing so much, and their little attempts at imitating company manners, are so very amusing.

There were but two little Sternposts, a boy and a girl. They had been brought up under their mother's superintendence, and were perfect models of neatness and infantine propriety. There was no necessity for mamma to chide, and papa to look sour at their causing floatoms and jetsoms, by shipwrecking glasses of wine, and upsetting plates of meat and pudding. They seemed satisfied with what was placed before them, and brandished their little forks and spoons after a most laudable fashion. They nodded their curly heads to us all, and drank to our good healths most becomingly. I was really quite delighted, and as I showed my delight in my countenance, of course papa and mamma were delighted also.

After this little treat the children were allowed to play about the terrace with their nurse, while we walked on to the object of our excursion.

Upon seeing the almshouse for the second time, I thought it looked more charming and comfortable than it did on my first view of it. The day of our visit, though an autumnal one, was bright and warm. The leaves had not yet fallen from the trees of the woods, but had resumed that variety of tints which renders the scenery, in the fall of each year, so very beautiful. The evergreens, which had been planted on the common around the building, formed an agreeable relief to the

sear and yellow leaves of the surrounding woods. They reminded me of that green old age which succeeds to a virtuous youth, and seemed to be in keeping with the building designed for the refuge of those whose early life, though clouded with sorrows, promised to terminate in heartfelt thankfulness to Him who had at last rewarded their suffering goodness.

While these thoughts were coursing each other through my mind, we had nearly reached the lodges. The one on the right-hand was occupied by an aged man and his wife; the latter of whom performed the office of porter, as deputy to her husband, who was a cripple, and unable to move except upon crutches. The other, on the left-hand side, was used for the residence of the gardener, who was also an aged man, and his son, who assisted him in his not very arduous duties.

As we drew near, the porter, or portress if it be more correct, threw open the gate to admit us, and her aged eyes seemed to sparkle with somewhat of their earlier fire, as she smiled on the squire and his lady, and bid them welcome. To me she courtesied very respectfully, but somewhat stiffly, for I was a stranger in the land.

Her dress was neatness itself. It consisted of a gown of dark-gray stuff, a milk-white apron, a starched and crimped collar and a mob-cap, trimmed with dark ribbons. Over this she wore a bonnet of the species that used, in my boyish days, to be called a poke.

I took these observations while the old woman was inquiring after the health of the squire and squires, and their little ones, and was answering questions relative to the health of herself and her good-man.

These queries being duly put and replied to, she left us with a deep courtesy, and promised that her crippled husband should be out in his great chair ready to pay his respects to his patron on our return.

The aged gardener and his son next presented themselves to our notice, and the same ceremonies were performed, only with a shade less garrulity on the part of the dependants—but then women, we are told—I cannot vouch for or contradict the fact—are more talkative than the stronger sex. A “thank you, William, for the *Pyracanthus* you sent me,” and an invitation to the house whenever he felt inclined to go down and look at the hothouses and flower-gardens, terminated our colloquy with the gardeners.

They had accompanied us to the door of the chaplain's lodgings, pointing out to us the beauty of the chrysanthemums and other autumnal flowers, with which the borders were filled, and as they turned to leave us, the door was opened by Mr. and Mrs. Lauderly, who expressed their pleasure at seeing us, and ushered us into their small but neat and cheerful parlour.

This apartment was their sanctum. Here they were never intruded on by the widows, unless they summoned them thither for any especial purpose, and then their appearance could not be considered an intrusion. It was but slightly furnished; a table for working ladies' work, and another for reading or writing, a few chairs, whose seats were formed of worsted work, the result of the labours of the pensioners, a couch similarly ornamented, and a set of book-shelves, well filled, completed the whole of its furniture and effects, with the exception of a

few vases filled with culled flowers, and a few plants growing in pots placed in the recess formed by the window. This window was large, and of painted glass, which shed a sombre light over every thing as the predominant colour was of that light *terra sienna* tint which may be seen in many of our cathedrals.

A few minutes sufficed for me to survey the *locus in quo* the chaplain and his lady passed many tranquil and happy hours. I then turned my attention to the occupants themselves. The chaplain, Mr. Lauderly, was "tall, thin, and gentlemanly" in person, and of course dressed in the colour and fashion of his order: a plain black suit, with knees, silk stockings, and buckles at the terminations of his nether garments and in his shoes. His hair was nearly gray, although he was not an old man, and slightly powdered. His forehead was high and expansive, and his eyes were of that mild, pensive cast, which one sees in some of the older pictures of saints and martyrs. The expression of his face was serene and benevolent.

Mrs. Lauderly was but little changed in appearance since I saw her last. She was still very beautiful, for her beauty was that of mind and expression more than of regularity of feature and brilliancy of complexion. Her mild blue eyes seemed to harmonize with the delicacy of her pale features, and her fair hair, scarcely tinted with the gray of age, was smoothed over a brow as placid and unruffled as an infant's. She was dressed in the costume of her order, if I may use an expression more adapted to monastic institutions than to the little community over which she presided. The gown was of gray silk, fitting closely to the person, surmounted by a plain falling collar of pure white muslin, and a cap of what I call gauze, but what ladies would probably call by some other and more correct name, covered her head. The dress well became her tall and stately figure.

The mention of my name when I was introduced to her recalled me to her recollection, and she mentioned many little circumstances that had occurred when last we met, which I had totally forgotten, but which proved to me that I had not been an unwelcome guest at the Mount even in those my wild days, at least in her estimation.

With Mr. Lauderly, who thus heard of our former acquaintance, any thing formal in the way of introduction was unnecessary. We shook hands cordially, and with that shake seemed to have announced ourselves to each other as friends for life. I liked him, and I felt that he liked me, and that mutual feeling of goodwill is always pleasing to both parties, and puts them upon a good footing at once. We can all of us, I think, tell whether we shall like a person or not before we have been long in his company. I, at least, have seldom been deceived in my judgment of another's compatibility with myself after a very short acquaintance with him or her. I can generally tell whether we shall amalgamate readily, or require welding, like two bits of hard metal, before we can be made to unite in the bonds of sociality, not to say of amity. If I do not think we shall amalgamate as readily as mercury does with the precious metals, I shun the party as soon as possible, for I have a great repugnance to being heated and hammered, in the furnace and on the forge of ceremony, into an appearance of friendship with any one whom I feel I cannot like.

This is erratic again.

"I trust," said the chaplain, "that you are come up to our little asylum with our kind friends of the Mount, to share our frugal meal, which will be in readiness for you in a very few minutes."

"I think, my dear, you can hardly doubt it, as Mr. and Mrs. Sternpost know our unfashionable hours, and that we are always rejoiced to see them, and any of their friends," said Mrs. Lauderly.

I could only reply by looking to Jonathan and his lady, who understood the meaning of my look, and replied for me, the husband being the first speaker—as I think he ought to be.

"Why the simple fact is, that we have just partaken of the children's dinner on the terrace, and I suppose we sat longer than we intended, for I had no notion it was so near your dinner hour."

"The children were very good, and our friend here seemed to enjoy his luncheon and their company so much, that time flew faster than we dreamed of," said Mrs. Sternpost.

"But you will stay with us now you are here," said Mrs. Lauderly, "and I will order a dinner for you at your usual hour."

"It will not interfere in the least with our arrangements, and you know the simplicity of our mode of living too well to dream of its inconveniencing any part of our establishment," chimed in the chaplain, looking "*à la* stay" with both his eyes.

I bowed between a negative and an affirmative, to imply that I was like the perjured Sinon, *in utrumque paratus*, "to be or not to be," a guest at the almshouse dinner-table, as the question might be decided by mine host of the Mount.

Jonathan reluctantly declined the invitation so sincerely given, but he had business to transact before dinner, and had invited the parson to share the meal with us. Moreover, he had ordered certain little delicacies to be prepared which were already undergoing the processes necessary to render them worthy of our notice, and indicatory of his cook's proficiency *in arte culinaria*.

Mrs. Sternpost, too, voted on her husband's side. She had promised the children to return to them on the terrace, and to drink tea with them in the nursery, as she probably guessed from the orders given to the cook, that so much good eating would require a stronger liquid than infusion of hyson; to render good digestion sure.

The chaplain and his lady looked blank and disappointed. Jonathan and his wife both pressed them to preside at their own table, and pretend to eat with the ladies, and then to come down and make a real meal at Mount Whistling. This plan was not feasible, as sundry little arrangements had been entered into for the evening which could not be superseded without causing disappointment to the greater part of the establishment over which they presided.

What reply could we make to such an assurance? None. We came to the determination of compensating for the disappointment common to us all which we had experienced this day, by dining at the almshouse at their early hour of three on the morrow.

Thus ended my first visit to the Widow's Almshouse. Like many a scene in human life, it began in joy and hope, and ended in disappointment.

As we quitted the precincts of the almshouse we found the old porter seated at the gate to greet us. Jonathan shook him kindly by the

hand, and inquired after his ailments and infirmities. Mrs. Sternpost put certain questions to him touching the qualities of certain broths and jellies which had been sent up to him from the Mount, and the efficacy of sundry cordial drinks in relieving pain and promoting rest, which had been furnished from the same bounteous quarter. As the old man raised his hat to reply, I thought I had never seen so fine a head, or so majestic a face in my life—certainly not belonging to a figure so completely at variance with them. He was literally bent double, and his legs appeared to be wasted away and totally unequal to support the weight of his upper person. His shoulders were broad, his arms long, and his chest expansive. Below all was shrunk and shrivelled, and he seemed to have no command upon his lower extremities. The tone of his voice was deep and sonorous, and his eyes, for an old man, were clear and brilliant.

After Mrs. Sternpost had ascertained all his little wants, and promised to satisfy them, we took our leave, and returned to the children, who were romping on the terrace. While their mother was engaged with them, my friend and I walked homeward. I took the opportunity of our being alone together to question him as to the cause of the porter's ailments. His reply led to a little history to which I shall devote a chapter.

CHAP. II.

IN the wood immediately above the terrace whence, as I have said, the splendid view of the Severn and its banks was gained, and not very far from the common on which the almshouse was built, stood a cottage, which had been for many years occupied by the gamekeeper of the Mount Whistling estates.

About thirty years before the period of this my visit to the Mount, and in the lifetime of my friend's father, the admiral, this cottage was occupied by William Gurden, who was the head gamekeeper. He was a tall, powerful, resolute man, strongly attached to his master and his interests, and not given to that vice so common to those of his calling—tippling in the alehouse. After his duties were performed, the principal coverts visited, the vermin-traps set or examined, and the dogs fed or exercised, Gurden's time was passed in rearing tame animals, and in stuffing specimens of rare birds, which he shot himself, or which were brought to him from various quarters. He was very skilful in this pleasing art, and added considerably to his wages by working at it for the neighbouring gentry. Gurden could read too, and had a small library of books, principally treating on his favourite subject, natural history. Having these resources within himself he never found his time hang heavy on his hands, and never felt inclined to visit the village alehouse, or even the servants' hall, except on "high days and holy days," as at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, when all the *employés* on the estate were expected to dine and spend the day at the Mount.

As the inhabitants of the little parish in which the Mount stood were almost all of them labourers on the estate, Gurden had but little or no trouble in preserving the game, as far as they were concerned. Indeed they were expected to assist him if he should at any time need their

assistance. The enemies to his pheasants, partridges and hares, came from a distance, and sometimes in very formidable bodies. On these occasions he would summon his master's tenants and their labourers, and arming them with sticks only—for he never allowed them to carry fire-arms—would present such a numerous and powerful phalanx to the poachers, that they generally retired without a struggle.

Though thus merciful to his enemies, Gurden was not popular with those who ought to have been his friends—his fellow-labourers on the estate. He held himself aloof from them, and never joined them in the cricket-ground or in the skittle-alley, and seldom exchanged a word with them, except upon the duties in which he was engaged at the time.

I believe that all the lower orders of country-people are born with the organ of poaching strongly developed. If they do not or dare not poach themselves, they always sympathize with those that do, and look upon a keeper much as a flock of sheep do on a shepherd's dog—as a necessary but odious guardian.

The labourers on the Mount Whistling estate were not exempted from this feeling, and although they would have supported the keeper, and assisted him if he had been attacked, yet they would not have informed him of where a *single* snare was set, or *one* field-gate netted. They thought it all fair to catch a hare or two now and then; but Gurden did not think so. He had a duty to discharge, and he did it without showing favour or affection. If he found one of his fellow-labourers in the act of snaring or netting, he took away his poaching implements, and warned him that if he caught him a second time engaged in the same way, he should take him up before his master, or some other magistrate in the neighbourhood. It is easily to be conceived that he was not a popular man. Many would have quarrelled with him in hopes of getting him to fight, but he never gave them an opportunity, for he never frequented those haunts where such exhibitions generally take place—the pothouse and the gossiping corner of the village.

Whether Gurden found his cottage, hidden as it was in the woods, and at a distance from the habitations of his fellow men, dull and lonely, or whether he deemed it a duty to seek a helpmate meet for him, I cannot pretend to say. It is certain that he visited the daughter of a little farmer at the bottom of the hill, between his cottage and the banks of the river, and after a few weeks was her acknowledged sweetheart.

Gurden had a rival, a tall, powerful fellow, who lived at a small public-house, kept by his father, just on the borders of the marshes, and close to the Severn's bank. He earned his livelihood by fishing and shooting wild fowl in the winter, and although the Rowbarge, as the house was called, did not boast of a licence to sell spirits, there was generally a good supply of hollands and brandy to be had whenever Giles Handley returned from what he called "a trip to the deep sea fishery."

Long before William Gurden had "spoken out," as "popping the question" is called in this part of the country, Mary Handley had fully made up her mind not to marry her cousin Giles; and in this resolution

she was supported by her father, who looked upon his brother and his nephew as bad men, and dangerous characters, and exactly the reverse of the keeper, whose proposal for his daughter's hand he gladly accepted.

Old Handley and his son Giles hated the keeper, not only because he was a keeper, but because he never drank in their house, never joined in the games and gambling carried on there, and had upon more than one occasion warned them of the dangers they were incurring by harbouring bad characters, of all kinds, and encouraging smuggling and poaching. This feeling was not diminished when they heard that he was the accepted suitor of Mary Handley. Giles really loved her, if he could be said to love any woman, and his father was anxious that he should marry her, for two reasons; the principal one was to annoy his brother, who was a steady, honest, sober man, and spoke openly of his disapproval of the goings on at the Rowbarge; the other was that Mary, the only child of her father, would have a hundred pounds or more for a dowry, which he thought would prove very serviceable in recruiting the damaged forces of his family.

By his father's advice Giles sought an opportunity to see his cousin, and make one more effort to prevail on her to marry him instead of the keeper. He had been forbidden to enter the house of his uncle, and felt no inclination to do so. He knew that Mary might be found at certain hours in the poultry-yard, or the orchard, and that when his uncle was gone down into the grounds he could converse with her uncontrolled. He felt nervous and irritable at the notion of being refused, as he felt he should be, and to give him courage and allay his irritability, he took several glasses of strong spirits before he set off to the farm, which was about two miles from the public-house, and midway between it and the keeper's cottage.

By keeping behind the hedgerows, he gained the wall of the homestead unseen, and crept round it to a spot whence, without being seen himself, he could see all that was passing about the premises. He had not watched long before he saw his uncle mount his pony to ride off in the direction of the cow-grounds.

Shortly after he had ridden out of sight he saw Mary cross the garden and go into the orchard to put up the chickens for the night, as he was aware she usually did about that hour.

To follow her was the work of a moment. Mary started when she saw him standing before her. The colour rushed to her face, and with indignant tones she demanded what business brought him there, and how he dared to insult her by his presence?

"I am not come to insult you, Mary," said Giles. "I am here to entreat you to listen to me once again. You know that I love—"

"Giles Handley," said Mary, placing her hands before her, as if repelling some noisome object, "I will not listen to one word you have to say on that hateful subject."

Giles felt every vein in his body tingle as the blood rushed through them. His head seemed to throb violently, and his eyes as if they would burst from their sockets. He did not speak, but after gazing on her for a few minutes he advanced as if to take her hand.

"Stand back—stand back, Giles—touch me not. You know that

I am no longer my own mistress. My hand is promised to another," said Mary.

"Yes, I *do* know it," said Giles, grinding his teeth, and shaking his fist in the direction of the keeper's cottage—"I *do* know it. You have preferred Will Gurden—the proud, overbearing spy—to your own kinsman. Curse him!"

"William is not a spy, nor is he proud and overbearing; you only say so because he will not keep company with such as you, who go drinking and gambling all day, and smuggling or poaching all night," said Mary.

"I own that I have done such things, Mary; but I swear here before—"

"Hush! hush! name not Him!" said Mary.

"I swear," continued Giles, "by all that is good and holy, that I will leave off drinking—will never gamble or smuggle again, if you will but be mine, and let this keeper return whence he came."

As he said these words, Giles advanced towards his cousin, and in spite of her attempts to avoid it got possession of her hand. Mary did not shrink from her former proud bearing, but slowly and distinctly repeated the words she had used before, and ended by assuring him that no arguments he could use would diminish the love she felt for William Gurden.

"By heaven! then," said Giles, suddenly throwing his arm round her waist, "the cowardly spy shall have a hunt for his bride, and when he finds her he may wish the chase had ended differently."

Mary gave one frightful scream as her powerful cousin bounded through a gap in the orchard with her in his arms, as though she had been an infant, and rushed with her towards the wood that covered the side of the hill. Horrorstruck at the dreadful fate she felt certain awaited her unless some one came to her assistance, for a few seconds she felt quite powerless.

Just as she reached the skirt of the covert, she collected her strength, and uttered a cry so shrill, that Giles paused in his career to see if she were hurt. Mary had fainted; and as he laid her on a bank and stood over her, Giles fancied she was dead. Fear and horror succeeded to passion and lust in his mind—his knees trembled under him, and he was about to fall by the side of his injured cousin, when he felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and a voice, which he knew to be the keeper's, demanded of him the meaning of what he saw.

Giles did not answer. The two strong men gazed steadily at each other for a time, but at length the eyes of him who felt he had done wrong quailed and sunk beneath the gaze of the other.

"Scoundrel, you shall suffer for this," said Gurden, as he stooped to raise the fainting girl.

"Touch her not—you shall not touch her," shrieked Giles. "She is not yours yet—she never shall be yours."

"Stand off, Giles, stand off. I don't wish to harm you; but if you lay hands on me, I will strike you," said William, still endeavouring to raise the girl.

Giles rushed furiously upon his foe, who, dropping his burden as gently as he could, seized him by his jacket-collar, and without hitting him hurled him from him to some distance. Again did Giles rush in,

and again did the keeper succeed in thrusting him off without hitting him. His third rush, however, was more successful; he closed with his antagonist, and when Mary recovered from her swoon, she saw the two powerful men—the rivals for her hand—struggling on the ground, and their limbs twisted together as closely as if they were part and parcel of each other. She could not scream—she could not move—but sat gazing at the fearful struggle before her like one fascinated. At length the keeper appeared to lie perfectly still as if exhausted, and Giles, raising himself on his right knee, prepared to strike him a blow that should settle the dispute between them for ever. Mary gave a shrill scream. Giles turned to gaze on her before the blow fell. This was fatal to him; for the keeper, who had adopted the *ruse* of pretending to lie exhausted, to free himself of his adversary's grasp on his neckcloth, sprung to his feet and knocked him down.

The battle would have been renewed—for the blood of both the men was heated uncontrollably—in spite of Mary's tears, and prayers, and placing herself between them, had not her father, who had heard her screams in the ground, galloped up to the spot, and demanded the cause of the quarrel, and the screams of his daughter.

Mary briefly explained what had happened, and the indignant father ordered his nephew to quit the ground, and never let him see his face again.

Giles took no further notice of Mary or her father, but coming up to Gurden he told him, with most awful oaths, that he would have his revenge upon him if he were hanged for it.

Gurden smiled, and bid him to do his worst.

The parties then separated. Giles returned to the public-house, and the keeper accompanied Mary and her father to their home.

Within one week from that day, Giles left home in his fishing-vessel—a small cutter of about fifteen tons burden—and started for Port's-head Point, and thence up the Avon towards Bristol. The vessel returned the same evening and landed a desperate set of ruffians, armed with fowlingpieces, on the beach near the Rowbarge.

The night was fine and clear. Gurden looked out of the casement-window of his cottage, and listened for any suspicious sounds in the woods about him. All was still—not even a branch moved. He closed the casement, and having looked at his watch, extinguished the light, undressed himself, and went to bed.

It was then eleven o'clock—Gurden seldom sat up so late, but he had been supping with Mary and his father-in-law “that was to be.” The time passed so agreeably that he had not the heart to tear himself from her who had promised to become his wife within the month. Thinking of Mary and laying plans for the future, kept him awake for some time; indeed, until he heard the stable-clock at the Mount strike twelve.

He turned on his side, and closed his eyes to try and sleep, that he might be up in time to go his early rounds in the morning. He had succeeded in getting into that delightful dreamy state which precedes a sound sleep, when he was roused by the report of a gun in the direction of the home preserves, a covert between his cottage and the Mount.

He sprung up and dressed himself as quickly as he could; but

while in the act, he heard several more shots fired, which convinced him that a large party was out.

Before he went down to the farm and into the village to rouse the labourers, he determined to inspect the party and ascertain their numerical strength as nearly as he could; for this purpose, taking a strong short stick in his hand as a defence, he went down the hill and entered the covert, where the guns were still to be heard, behind the party shooting. He crept into a dry ditch, which ran through the midst of the preserves, and crawled along on his hands and knees. He quickly reached the spot where the poachers were shooting the pheasants from their perching-places, and counted eleven men so engaged.

As he was about to turn round, and make the best of his way for help, he found himself seized by two powerful men, one of whom caught his arm as he struck at him, and whispering the name of "Mary," hit him severely over the head.

He struggled with his foes, but in vain; a second blow struck him on the temple, and he was senseless. He knew of nothing that passed around him for nearly a fortnight, and when he recovered it was to find himself in bed at the Mount, with Mary sitting by his side. He had been cruelly beaten, and left for dead by the poachers, who had filled their bags with game, and retreated undiscovered.

Gurden might have died in the ditch where he was left had it not been for his master, the admiral, who was at the Mount at the time. He had heard several shots fired in the night, and not doubting but that he should have to send some half-dozen poachers to gaol in the course of the day, thought that the sooner the job was over the better; so soon as morning dawned he "turned out" and sought the steward's room, fully expecting to see that temporary receptacle for rogues and vagabonds full of poachers and keeper's assistants. No one was there, and no one was up in the house, so the admiral took his stick and walked up to the keeper's to ascertain what had been done with the poachers.

A little spaniel that the keeper had had under his care to cure of the distemper, trotted behind him, and as they passed through the covert that had been the scene of the affray on the previous night, the dog began whimpering and running on a trail of something.

This rather astonished the admiral, as the dog had been broken not to follow game of any kind. He whistled, and called, "Rover! Rover!" but Rover would not come back. Suddenly he heard the dog dash through some bushes, and utter a sharp bark, and then a mournful howl.

Thinking that the poor little thing had got into a gin, or run against a dog-spear, his master followed it, and found it howling over and licking the face of his keeper, whom he looked upon as a dead man.

As soon as he could find any of his men, the admiral sent them to the spot, and ordered them to carry the wounded man down to the Mount and put him to bed.

Here, as we have seen, he was attended by Mary, who refused to quit his side.

When William Gurden was sufficiently recovered to give an account of what had happened to him, every means was used to discover the perpetrators of the savage act, but without success. Giles Handley

had left the country in a barque bound for Jamaica, and there was no clue whatever to the rest of the party.

Gurden's good constitution and sober habits rendered his recovery less tedious than it might otherwise have been. As soon as he was quite well, he was married to Mary Handley, and every thing went on as usual, excepting that the admiral, before he left England, insisted upon it that a regular under-keeper should be appointed, and placed in a newly-built cottage near to Gurden's, to be ready to assist him in case of emergency.

It is true that the reason he assigned to the head-keeper for this act was, that "married women did not like their husbands to be out at night."

For two years nothing occurred to interfere with the peace and happiness of Gurden and his wife. The under-keeper, a strong, active, and willing fellow, relieved his superior of much of his unpleasant duty, and poachers seemed to be afraid to venture near the Mount Whistling preserves.

One night in the depth of winter, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, the under-keeper called Gurden from his supper, and told him that he feared something wrong was going on, as he had tracked the footsteps of two men in the snow across the covert to the keeper's garden-gate. It was evident that they were not the footsteps of labourers, as the marks showed that the soles were without nails or iron tips.

Gurden went to the gate, and examined the prints of the shoes, and corroborated the suspicions of his under-keeper, that strangers had been on the spot. He bid him go home, but not to undress, and to come to him immediately, in case he heard any thing to alarm him.

About midnight Mary woke her husband, and told him that she was sure she heard voices in dispute near the under-keeper's house, and thought she had heard blows given, and the sounds of a struggle.

Gurden leapt from his bed, threw open the casement, and distinctly heard the stifled cry of a person endeavouring to call for assistance. He dressed himself as speedily as he could, and followed by Mary, who had thrown her cloak over her night-dress, found his assistant struggling with two men in sailors' dresses, who had nearly overpowered him, and were striking him with heavy sticks about his head and face.

Gurden threw himself on the ruffian, and hurled him some distance from the spot. The other fellow, seeing his companion attacked, left the beaten man, and prepared to defend himself against the keeper.

Only a few blows had been exchanged, when the first ruffian took up a gun, and coming behind Gurden, discharged it at his back and within three inches of his body.

The keeper fell to the ground, and Mary, who had shouted to warn her husband of his threatened danger, but in vain, threw herself on the murderer, as she thought him, and in spite of all his attempts to release himself from her, clung to him with a firm determination to hold him until he could be secured by the under-keeper.

When the villain loosed both her hands, she fixed her teeth on his jacket, and did not loose her hold until the jacket gave way, and

she was struck to the ground with¹ a portion of it remaining in her mouth.

The under-keeper tried to seize the man, but he fled after his companion, and he was too weak to follow in pursuit, and unwilling to leave Gurden and his courageous wife.

"William Gurden and his wife are the pair whom you saw to-day at the lodge of the Widows' Almshouse," said Jonathan Sternpost. "His recovery was most wonderful. The charge entered like a ball, from the proximity of the gun when it was fired—the shot traversed the side and came out in front. The shock, however, to the nervous system, caused paralysis of the lower extremities, and he has lived for years the wreck you saw him. I need hardly say that the admiral never allowed him to want for any thing, and that Mrs. Lauderly gladly acceded to the wishes of him and his wife to reside at the asylum, and attend daily service in the chapel."

"And the man who fired the shot," said I, "was, I presume, Giles Handley?"

"He was, the cowardly wretch! He was taken and hanged, as he deserved, and the bit of cloth that Mary tore from his jacket in the struggle, removed all doubts of his identity. The under-keeper, who was first attacked—we believe with a view to get Gurden out of his house—is now my keeper, and will tell you the story of the affray better than I can. So now for Mrs. Sternpost's drawing-room, where the parson is waiting to be summoned to dinner."

SONNET.

Et omnes
Præstinxit, stellas exortus uti ætherius sol.

LUCRETIVS.

He, whom the buskin or the sword became,
Soldier and sage, who fought in Marathon;
And he, who sang in smoother tragic tone,
The Lemnian sorrow, and the Theban shame;
And "sad Electra's poet's" tenderest name;
And he, the mad Athenian bard-buffoon:
Three lights of Spain, Vega and Calderon,
And high Suavedra; and that lyric of fame
And the weird wizard,* boasts of Germany:
And Plautus, and the mirth of France, Molière
And those, thy famous twins,† Melpomene:
All, who by metry muse or moving air,
Have tragic wreath or comic duly won—
Are but the stars and SHAKESPEARE is the sun.

F.

* Schiller and Goethe.

† Beaumont and Fletcher.

EXTRACTS FROM MY INDIAN DIARY.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

No. V.

A Chapter on Tigers and Tiger-hunting.

As we are now in the land of tigers, and shall have occasion, before we leave it, to record several encounters with these interesting *anthropophagi*, I shall, with the reader's permission, devote this chapter to a few remarks on the nature of the tiger, and the most approved methods of hunting him.

It was my lot to be stationed for some time in a part of the country infested by tigers, and I had, therefore, frequent opportunities of studying their habits and witnessing their ravages. There were few of the poorer classes, inhabiting the villages in my neighbourhood, who had not lost a relation, either killed in attacking a tiger, or, as was more common, carried off by a man-eater. The number of cattle devoured yearly was also enormous, and the ruin thereby occasioned among the unfortunate *Ryots*,* independent of the loss of human life, became so serious, that government was induced to offer a liberal reward for the head of every tiger killed. Some idea may be formed of the havoc committed by tigers from the fact, that by official returns made to government, it appeared that in one district alone, three hundred men and five thousand head of cattle were destroyed in the course of three years, giving an average of one hundred men, and upwards of one thousand six hundred and sixty-six head of cattle per annum!

The general character of the tiger is that of a cowardly, treacherous, and bloodthirsty animal. But he occasionally displays extraordinary courage in his attack, and, when once in action, the obstinacy of his defence, and the silent game with which he dies, cannot be exceeded. The capricious nature of his ferocity sets at defiance all theories, founded on individual instances. One sits crouched in his lair till he is shot to pieces, dying like a sullen savage, without making any effort either to charge or to escape. Another avoids the combat at first, but, when wounded, becomes desperate, and fights to the last gasp. While a third will charge and attack the elephant before a shot has been fired. The sneaking, solitary man-eater†—generally an old tigress—either makes off at the first alarm, and so eludes her pursuers; or lies close hid in some impenetrable thicket, from whence nothing but fire can drive her; and even when fire has been resorted to, I have known a tigress remain till half the hair was singed off her body before she could be induced to break cover. But let the rustle of a solitary footstep reach her ear, and the skulking brute is ready enough

* *Ryots*—cultivators of the soil.

† *Man-eater*—a term applied to those tigers that haunt villages, and prey chiefly upon men.

to come forth. She crawls to the edge of the thicket and looks around. It is only an unarmed traveller. The hungry-devil knows well that he is any easy prey, for many a human skeleton lies bleaching in her den; she creeps towards her unconscious victim with the soft and noiseless tread of a cat—her long tail switches from side to side—her sharp claws dart from their velvet sheath—the devil is roused within her, and glares in her flaming eyeballs—she throws herself forward with a lashing bound—and the stricken wretch is writhing in her fatal grasp; while, with closed eyes and a low growl, expressive of savage delight, she sucks the warm blood from his mangled throat.

A confirmed man-eater always lurks in the neighbourhood of villages, or close to some well-frequented road, and rarely preys upon any other animal than man. When a tiger thus quarters himself, almost at the doors of the inhabitants, a curse has indeed fallen upon them. The ryots cannot cultivate their fields, but at the risk of their lives. The women dare not fetch water from the well; and the persecuted labourers, returning at sunset from their daily toil, may be seen hurrying along with trembling speed, and uttering loud yells, in hopes of scaring their hidden foe.

Peace and security are banished from that devoted village. Day after day, some member of the little community disappears—the land is filled with mourning—and the death-lament comes swelling on the evening breeze, instead of the gay notes of the zittar, and the merry laugh of light-hearted maidens. The destroying fiend revels in blood, and becomes daily more open in his attacks.

At length the patient Hindoo is roused to desperation. The young men of the village—each trusting that it may not be his fate to fall in the encounter—bind themselves by an oath to avenge the death of their relations, and rid the country of this intolerable pest. Armed with swords and shields, the forlorn hope surround the tiger's lair, and rushing upon him simultaneously, they seldom fail to cut him to pieces; for the Hindoo when once roused to action has no fear of death. But this can only be accomplished when the tiger lies in low jungle; and the victory is in general dearly enough purchased by a fearful expenditure of human life.

If the tiger has taken up his quarters among sugar-canes, or *ja-warry*, a species of grain, which grows to the height of ten feet, he is safe from any attack made by men on foot. It is impossible to dislodge him without the assistance of an elephant, and the poor disheartened villagers must leave their crops neglected, till the unwelcome tenant chooses to depart.

It is on such occasions that the arrival of an European sportsman is hailed as a blessing from heaven; and it is in seeking out and destroying such fearful scourges to the human race, that the principal charm of a sportsman's life in India consists.

Several castes of natives are employed in the arduous and dangerous pursuit of finding tigers; for in Western India the tiger-hunter never beats for his game till it is traced into cover. Working on any other system would not only be rarely successful, but would spoil future sport, by driving from their usual haunts any tigers that might happen to be in the neighbourhood.

In almost every Indian village, there are one or more *shikarees*, who earn a precarious livelihood by killing game, or finding it for Europeans.

Of these, the most famous are *Bheels*, a half-savage race, who can follow a trail over the burning sands of Kandeish, with the unerring certainty of a bloodhound.

The *Wagrees*, another wild tribe, are excellent.

And the *Bhendars* of the Deccan and Mysore, are also most expert in tracking up all wild animals.

Next to a good elephant, the chief essential of a sportsman's establishment in a tiger-country, is an experienced *shikaree*; a fellow who ought to have the eye of an eagle, the heart of a lion, the constitution of a rhinoceros, and the patience of Job.

On arriving at a village near likely ground, the first care of a good *shikaree* will be to ascertain if any bullocks have been carried off lately by tigers, and to proceed in his search, according to the information he may receive. If without any clue to guide him, he with a party of assistants, scours the country, and examines every good cover within a circle of several miles.

When a fresh track is found it is followed up—sometimes for days and nights together—till a satisfactory account can be given of it. From one ravine to another, the broad foot-print is traced, sometimes deeply impressed in sand, at others, so slightly marked on stony soil, as to leave no trace visible to an European eye; but to the lynx-eyed *Bheel*, the displacing of a pebble, the turning of a leaf, or the bruising of a blade of grass is sufficient, and he carries on his work, in silent confidence, to the last piece of jungle entered by the tiger. Having ascertained, by the closest scrutiny, that the animal has not passed through, the place is surrounded.

The tiger is then said to be “marked down,” and like a fox “well found,” is considered to be more than “half-killed.” Sometimes the leading *Bheel*, not satisfied with thus marking down the tiger, follows up the trail, till he obtains a view of the sleeping brute in his lair, when he retires with a step soft and noiseless as that of the tiger himself, and sends information to his employer.

I have known a trail thus followed up by *Bheels* for three successive days, and the tiger found at last. Nothing can surpass the keenness of vision and the instinctive certainty with which these naked savages follow up their game. Beneath a blazing sun they have to pick out the faintest traces, over sand and rocks that glow like heated metal, and throw back upon any other eyes an intolerable glare of light. Yet day after day they toil with determined perseverance, not to be daunted by fatigue, or foiled by disappointment, and rarely do they fail of success.

In parts of the country where good *shikarees* were not to be obtained, I used to find tigers by fastening a bullock near some ravine or thicket known to be frequented by them; the poor animal was generally carried off in the course of the night, and nothing further was necessary than to follow up the trail of the tiger to some neighbouring cover, where we were sure to find him lying gorged. Tigers are also found when returning at daybreak from their nightly prowls, by men stationed upon trees, who hem them into the first cover they enter. In whatever

manner a tiger is found, the great point to insure success, is to procure plenty of hands from the nearest village, and effectually to surround the place, so as to prevent his stealing away before the elephant arrives. If he becomes restless, as he is apt to do when not gorged with food, a shout is generally sufficient to prevent his breaking cover; for, with all his ferocity, the tiger is a cowardly animal, and much averse to showing himself by daylight.

Having found our tiger, we must, before proceeding to action, devote a few words to that most useful auxiliary the elephant. A really good sporting elephant is invaluable. He beats for his game like a pointer, and carries his rider in safety over the most dangerous ground, and through the thickest covers, which he searches inch by inch, with a degree of patience and sagacity that makes instinct almost amount to reason. Trees that oppose his progress are levelled by his head, or torn down with his trunk; his stupendous weight forces itself through every obstacle; and at the word of command, the sagacious brute picks up stones and hands them to his driver to throw into the thicker parts of the cover.

On finding the tiger, the elephant gives warning of his proximity, by throwing up his trunk and trumpeting; and if well trained, should remain perfectly steady, ready to obey every command of his *mahout*.

The worst fault an elephant can have, is a propensity to charge the tiger. In doing so, the violence of his motion is apt to unseat the riders, rendering it impossible to take aim; and what is still worse, he generally throws himself upon his knees at the moment of attack, pitching the men out of the howdah by the violence of the shock. This bad habit is usually caused by the *mahout* encouraging his elephant to trample upon a tiger when killed, and thereby rendering the animal ferocious. Nothing is required of an elephant but to remain perfectly steady when a tiger is found; and the best way of training him to do so, is to make him stand quietly over the tiger after he is killed, without allowing him to touch it, while the *mahout* encourages him by his voice, and rewards him with balls of sugar dipped in the blood of the animal. Some elephants are so steady, as to allow a tiger to rush up to their heads without flinching; but there are few that are not more or less alarmed by a determined charge. A veteran gains confidence, and is at length made perfect by the coolness of his *mahout*, and the good shooting of his owner; but those which are ill-entered, turn round, and often run away at the first roar of a tiger; and even the best and most practised are often rendered useless, and become irrecoverably timid, by wounds received in a successful charge.

I have had occasion to use nervous, timid elephants, and they are bad enough; but I would rather ride a determined runaway than a savage brute who insists on killing the tiger himself. It is, no doubt, a severe trial to the nerves to find yourself hurried away by a huge, ungovernable monster, with the prospect of being either smashed against a tree, or rolled into a ravine; but this is nothing to the risk you incur on a fighting elephant, of being pitched into the jaws of an enraged tiger, or pounded to a jelly under the elephant's knees.

On a really good elephant the sportsman is exposed to little danger; less perhaps than in most Indian field-sports. He is raised from ten

to twelve feet off the ground, on a comfortable seat, from whence he can fire in all directions, and he must be a bad shot indeed if he fails to stop a tiger in his charge. But even supposing that he does miss—which he has no business to do—and allows a savage tiger to spring upon the elephant, still the man is seldom the object of attack, and he ought to be able to blow the brute's brains out before he does much mischief. Tigers generally spring at the elephant's head, rarely making any attempt to reach the howdah. Instances of their doing so have occurred, but they are very rare.

The *mahout* next claims our attention. He is a most important personage in a tiger-hunt, and success mainly depends upon his courage and presence of mind. Seated upon the elephant's neck, his feet supported by rope stirrups, he guides his unwieldy charge, partly by his voice, and partly by means of a sharp instrument resembling a short boat-hook. With the point of this he goads the elephant forward, or punishes him when restive, and, by applying the hook to his forehead, or to one of his ears, he stops him or turns him to either side. The position of the *mahout* is by no means an enviable one. Jolted almost to death by the uneasy motion of the elephant's head, torn by thorns, abused without mercy by his master when any thing goes wrong, and exposed to the double risk of being pulled down by the tiger, or shot by some careless fellow in firing over his head, from the howdah, he requires more than an average allowance of patience as well as courage, and I must do these gallant fellows the justice to say that I have generally found them game to the backbone, and not only willing, but anxious to urge their elephants forward in the face of every danger.

Courage is an indispensable quality in a *mahout*; if he wants this the elephant soon finds it out, and shows the same timidity as his driver. He ought to be perfectly cool on all occasions, and devote his whole attention to bringing up his elephant steadily and resolutely to within twenty yards of the tiger. He should also watch the motions of those in the howdah, and the moment a gun is raised, should turn the elephant's head a little to one side, and keep him perfectly still, for much depends upon the success of the first shot. A tiger well found is, as I said before, half killed, and, once hit, his death is almost sure to follow.

On arriving at the place where the tiger has been marked down, the sportsman's first care is to reconnoitre the ground carefully, and place his look-out men upon trees and eminences, so as effectually to surround the cover, and prevent the tiger from stealing away unobserved. The elephant then advances slowly, pushing aside the tangled brush-wood, and tearing open every thicket, while the sportsman carefully examines them as he proceeds. Excitement becomes intense as the elephant, by trumpeting or signs of agitation, shows that the game is near. Each rustle makes the heart beat, and is answered by the sharp click of the lock, as the anxious sportsman half raises the rifle to his shoulder. At length a deep growl is heard, and hope is wound up to the thrilling certainty of a find. If the tiger is not disabled by the first shot, he either charges the elephant or endeavours to break away. In the first case, by good shooting, he is frequently rolled over under the elephant's trunk; in the other he is turned by the shouts of the beaters, or by fireworks, if necessary, and kept within the cover till he

is despatched. Should he, however, break away, his escape is telegraphed by the look-out men, and the *shikarees*, accompanied by the elephant, follow up his trail, till he is again marked down. Horsemen are, also, frequently employed to ride after a tiger and mark him down when he breaks away over an open country.

When the tiger lies in a deep ravine, it is often impossible to attack him in his stronghold. In this case, the elephant is posted at one end of the ravine, while the beaters rouse the game by shouting, blowing horns, and throwing in fireworks; and, as a last resource, it is sometimes found necessary to set fire to the cover.

In the absence of an elephant, tigers may be beat up, and shot from trees, without any risk; for it is a curious fact, that tigers never attempt to climb, although their form appears peculiarly well adapted for so doing. Their great weight may perhaps prevent them; but, more probably, the nature of the animals on which they prey, precluding the necessity of resorting to this means of securing them, they are not called upon to exert a power which they do possess.

I have already mentioned an instance which came under my observation, of a man being pulled down from a tree, and killed by a tigress: but he was not at a sufficient height from the ground to be out of reach of her first spring, and I believe that had he been two feet higher, he would have been perfectly safe.

I have frequently shot very savage tigers from trees not more than ten feet high, but never saw any attempt to climb, even when they saw plainly from whence the shot was fired. In most cases, however, the tiger when hit from a tree, is quite unconscious of the sportsman's position, very rarely looking up to seek his foe, but springing forward, as if he always looked for danger in front.

Although some of the finest features of the sport are lost by pursuing this method of shooting from trees, yet there is something indescribably exciting in watching for a tiger's approach. I have seen and shot many; and yet, to the hunter the jungle king always burst upon my sight with a startling shock, that must be felt to be conceived. The noble brute in all the consciousness of his tremendous strength, stands, in striped beauty, before you; for years he has been the tyrant of some gloomy thicket, and no eyes have rested on his mighty form, save those of some poor mangled wretch, who cast one despairing look upon his destroyer, ere he died.

There he stands for an instant, full of life, a model of strength and activity combined. Uttering a deep growl of defiance, he strides along with stately pace, to seek his stronghold, where neither man nor beast dare follow. But he will never reach it—the crack of the rifle rings in his startled ear—the ragged bullet speeds hissing through his lungs—he springs from the earth with a convulsive bound—the life-blood bubbles from his gasping throat—and his dying growl is mocked by his pursuers.

A common method of killing tigers, is by watching them at night, and shooting them from a tree when they return to feed on the carcass of a bullock which they have killed on the previous day. But this plan is both tedious and uncertain, and is more congenial to the taste of a patient Hindoo than that of an European sportsman.

I have known men who were in the habit of shooting tigers on foot;

but this sport is attended with so much danger, that few experienced sportsmen ever indulge in it; and I have remarked that those who did so, were pretty sure, sooner or later, to come to an untimely end. All the cat tribe are remarkable for their tenacity of life, and this alone is sufficient to render tiger-shooting on foot a most hazardous attempt. For even allowing that a man has sufficient confidence in his own nerve to permit a tiger to approach quite close, in the certainty of hitting him between the eyes, yet he is still far from safe. Any old sportsman can assure him, that a ball through the head is not certain to stop a tiger. I have myself seen two run a considerable distance, and even charge the elephant, after receiving a ball in the forehead. Fatal accidents too often occur from men carelessly approaching a fallen tiger. A Madras sepoy was killed some years ago while measuring a tiger which had fallen, and was apparently dead; the expiring brute struck at him, and fractured his skull by one blow of his tremendous paw. Only a few months have elapsed since an officer in the Madras army was struck dead by a dying tiger, under precisely similar circumstances. I recollect another instance of a poor fellow who was rendered a cripple for life in the same way. He, with his father, an old *shikaree*, fired from a tree at a tiger, which, to all appearance, fell dead. The young man, contrary to his father's earnest entreaties, leapt down, and applied his match to the tiger's whiskers, for the purpose of singeing them off. The tiger turned upon him, and seizing him by the thigh, held him fast, till forced by death to relax the gripe. I saw the lad walking with a crutch some months after the accident occurred. The limb was then contracted and wasted to the bone, without any prospect of its ever improving.

In proof of the extraordinary muscular power which a tiger can exert, I shall quote two remarkable instances, among many that have come under my notice.

A bullock was killed by a tiger near our campment, on the banks of the Tumboodra, in a field surrounded by a hedge of prickly-pear, about six feet in height. The carcass of the bullock, still warm, was observed by one of our *peons*, who brought intelligence to the tents. Within two hours we were at the spot, and, to our astonishment, found the carcass of the bullock, partly devoured, ~~on~~ the outside of the fence. Not a twig in the hedge was broken, and the only clues to account for this apparent mystery, were the deeply-impressed foot-prints of a large tiger, on either side of the hedge, from which it appeared that he must have sprung over the barrier with his prey in his jaws. The confirmation afforded, by palpable traces, to the *peon's* assertion that the bullock was killed within the inclosure, and the impossibility of the carcass having been removed in any other way, alone convinced us of this fact; otherwise we could not have believed that an animal weighing under 600 lb. could have exerted such prodigious strength.

Any one who has examined the anatomical structure of a tiger, however, would readily believe the extraordinary power he is capable of exerting. His fore-leg is the most perfect and beautiful piece of mechanism that can be conceived, supported by a bone as hard and compact as ivory, and displaying a mass of sinew and muscle; to be found only in this most formidable weapon, of the most agile and destructive

of all animals.* His jaws, neck, and shoulders, evince corresponding strength. And, with reference to the foregoing anecdote, it must be borne in mind, that the cattle of India (with the exception of buffaloes and a particular breed used for drawing carriages), are of small size, and do not usually exceed the tiger himself in weight.

The other instance to which I have alluded, was as follows :

Four fine oxen, harnessed in the same team, were destroyed by a tiger while their owner was driving them in the plough. He described their death as having been the work of a few seconds. When in the act of turning his cattle at the end of a furrow, a tiger sprang from some neighbouring brushwood, on the leading bullock, broke his neck by a single wrench, and before the other terrified animals could disengage themselves, all were destroyed in the same manner. The man fled to a neighbouring tree, from whence he saw the monster finish his work of death, and then trot back into the jungle without touching the carcasses, as if he had done it from mere love of slaughter, and not to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

My friend E——, from whom I had this anecdote, saw the bullocks immediately after they were killed, and found that one of them had been thrown back with such violence, that his horns were driven into the ground to a considerable depth.

I once examined the carcass of a bullock that had been killed by a tiger. It exhibited no marks of violence, except the punctures of five claws on each side of the head, and a stream of blood flowing from the nostrils; but the skull was so completely smashed, that the head yielded to the pressure of my hand, like a bag full of crushed bones.

A curious mode of killing tigers, practised by the natives of the Wynad district, deserves notice. When one of these animals is discovered, the covert in which he lies is enclosed by a strong net, supported by bamboos of a sufficient height to prevent his leaping over it. All being prepared, the hunters, headed by their priests, surround the outside of the net, armed with long spears; and provoking the tiger to attack them, they meet him as he charges, and pierce him through this, apparently feeble, but impassable barrier, till he falls.

A gentleman who was present at one of these scenes, describes it as most interesting, and exciting in the highest degree, for there existed the appearance of imminent danger, although, in reality, it was almost impossible for the tiger to reach his assailants. The net, loosely suspended, yielded to the bounds made by the enraged animal without breaking, and he retired, bleeding and discouraged, from each attack.

Tigers have been speared, however, without any such defence as that just described. Colonel Welsh, in a work upon India, published some years ago, mentioned the resident at Mysore having procured several live tigers and leopards, which were, upon different occasions, turned out upon the race-course at Bangalore, and speared by himself and two gentlemen from horseback.

* The fore-arm of a moderate sized tiger, of which I took the dimensions with great accuracy, measured two feet seven inches in circumference. The tiger measured, from point of nose to end of tail, nine feet five inches.

This, although a daring feat, and one which argues great courage on the part of the horse, is one which I can conceive unattended with any very great risk, from what I have seen of the cowardly nature of the tiger after he has been once captured. But what will be said to the feat recorded by Sir J. M., who was an eyewitness to the fact, of a gentleman (I do not recollect his name at present, but I think it was Captain Skinner), who used, single-handed, and armed only with a spear, to kill tigers in the field off a little Arab horse?

Were it not that this fact is too notorious to be doubted, I would hardly expect any one who knows a tiger's powers, to believe it possible. There are few animals that an Indian sportsman, armed with a spear and mounted on a high-couraged horse, may not venture to attack with good hopes of success. I have myself known many instances of leopards being speared in this manner. But from what I have seen of the tiger, I should say it required more nerve, more lion-like courage rather, to attack a tiger thus, than to perform any deed of prowess against wild animals, that has ever come under my notice. I believe the method pursued by this daring horseman, was to gallop round the tiger, in a circle, gradually diminishing the distance, till he found himself within reach, when he threw his spear with unerring aim, and instantly wheeled off, to avoid the charge of the animal, in the event of his being only wounded.

Five brothers, all fine resolute young fellows, who lived at Shikarpoor, in the Mysore country, were in the habit of attacking tigers when asleep and gorged with food, and destroying them by one determined charge. They advanced in a body, each armed with a long stout spear, and at a preconcerted signal, plunged their weapons at the same moment into the sleeping brute.

When I last heard of them, they had killed several tigers without any accident occurring; but I should think this system could not be long pursued, unattended by some fatal disaster. It could only be attempted successfully when the tiger was sleeping, gorged with food, in some open place, free of thick jungle, and easy of access, where all the men could get round him unperceived; for if he discovered his assailants before the blow was struck, fifty, instead of five, would have but little chance against him.

The natives, in the wilder districts, make use of various devices for killing tigers—such as poison, pitfalls, and traps of various kinds; but these hardly come under the denomination of hunting, and have been too often described, to require any particular notice here.

In countries well stocked with cattle, tigers prey almost entirely on them—even the huge buffalo falls beneath his strength when taken by surprise, but when prepared, he resists, and not unfrequently beats off the aggressor.

At the courts of native princes, it is usual at great festivals to exhibit combats between buffaloes and tigers, in which the former almost invariably come off victorious. It must be remembered, however, that a tiger loses all courage in confinement, and suffers the buffalo to toss him about with his huge horns, without making any effectual effort to defend himself.

Two tigers, which had been taken in a box-trap near Dharwar, were turned out in the courtyard of an old fort, before a large male buffalo.

The tigers, instead of showing fight, ran round the walls trying to conceal themselves, the bull following them up, and tossing them like footballs, till in pity to their misery, and disgust at their cowardice, we put an end to the scene by shooting them.

Several *shikarees* in the Canara Forest have told me, that jungle-dogs when assembled in large packs, frequently attack and tear tigers to pieces.

Two or three instances of this have been related to me, which I hardly know whether to believe or not. The wild dog of India is a very fierce animal, about the size of a large pointer, of an uniform red, or bright chestnut colour, with upright pointed ears, and a drooping bushy tail. They hunt in packs of from ten to thirty, and run mute. They are capable of pulling down almost any animal inhabiting the forest, and have even been known to attack men.

With regard to their attacking tigers, I can only vouch for this fact, that tigers appear to dread them, or at least to dislike their company, and decamp from their usual haunts whenever a pack of wild dogs take up their quarters in the same cover.

Evening is the time at which tigers seek their prey. During the day they seldom move from the thicket which they have selected as their lair, and it is owing to this cause that they are rarely seen unsought.

I believe that a tiger, unless a confirmed man-eater, will not attack a man by daylight, except under peculiar circumstances, such as meeting him suddenly face to face, or when pressed by hunger, or in defence of its young, when a tigress is on the watch to prevent any one from approaching her offspring.

This last feeling, which inspires the most timid animals with courage, would lead us to suppose that the savage tigress would become fierce enough to protect her young from any danger; but I have not found this to be the case. We frequently killed tigresses, with cubs of all ages, and I never saw one evince any maternal affection when she herself was in danger. They generally left their young to shift for themselves, displaying no unusual ferocity, nor any anxiety for the safety of their cubs.

The instinctive dread of man, which is implanted in the nature of every animal, prevents even the bloodthirsty tiger from making him his prey, until accident has once shown the brute how inferior in bodily strength is man to the animals on which he usually feeds. This discovery once made, and human flesh once tasted, the nature of the tiger appears to be changed.

From the day on which he first overcomes the Lord of the Creation he feels that his former dread of man was groundless. It is easier, far, to grind the bones of our feeble frame than to dislocate the spine of an ox; and the tiger, finding this, becomes a man-eater. He now deserts the forest and takes up his quarters in the neighbourhood of some village—cattle pass by unheeded, but their owners perish,—and the tiger is then the most fearful of all animals.

A man-eater generally becomes remarkably cunning, as will be seen by the following anecdote.

Some years ago, a tigress in Kandish was the terror of the country, which she haunted like a destroying fiend. She preyed entirely upon

men, shifting her quarters from village to village so rapidly, as to render it exceedingly difficult to mark her down. To-day a man was carried off; every cover in the neighbourhood was tried in vain—the enemy had decamped; and, next morning, another victim had disappeared from a village many miles distant. Rewards were offered by government for her destruction; they were doubled; but such was the dread inspired by this tigress, whose cunning was only equalled by her ferocity, that no one would venture to attack her. Matters became worse; whole villages were deserted; people hardly dared to leave their houses; and day after day some family was left mourning. Of course the Kandish sportsmen proceeded to beat up her quarters, as soon as information reached them. A chosen band of Bheels were put upon her trail, and for four days, followed it incessantly over burning sands, before they could surround her—so watchful had she become in guarding against surprise—but what will not Bheels accomplish!

On the fourth day the welcome intelligence reached head-quarters that this famous tigress was at last hemmed into a small thicket. Several sportsmen, accompanied by a good elephant, were soon at the ground. They arrived on horseback, and one of them in crossing a small ravine leading into the cover was charged by the tigress, and escaped only by his horse's speed. She was already on the alert, and no time was to be lost. The elephant was mounted, and with a Bheel walking by his side to track, proceeded into the cover. The trail was very distinct, and after leading them in a circuitous direction round the jungle, returned to the very spot where they had first taken it up. Here all further trace was lost, and even the Bheel was at fault. A cast was made without success, but on trying back they were astonished by discovering the fresh track of a tiger *over that of the elephant*. This was quite unaccountable. Again they made a circuit of the jungle, and again the mysterious footprint followed, but still no tiger appeared. They halted, uncertain how to proceed. The Bheel had just left the elephant's side, and Captain O——, who was in the howdah, had turned to look behind him, when to his utter amazement he encountered the gaze of the crafty old devil of a tigress, crouching close under the elephant's crupper, and intently eyeing the Bheel, as if watching her opportunity to spring upon him the moment he exposed himself by leaving the cover of the howdah. She had all along been following in the footsteps of the elephant, which accounted for the mysterious double trail, and appeared bent upon carrying off the Bheel, as if aware that without the aid of his sagacity the weapons of the sportsmen would be of little avail. The hour was come at last. Captain O—— seized the favourable moment, and a ball, directly between the eyes, laid her dead upon the spot. Thus fell one of the most cunning and destructive brutes that ever infested a country.

Before dismissing the subject of tiger-hunting; I cannot resist introducing a ludicrous adventure told me by an old Kandish sportsman, in whose own words I shall endeavour to relate it.

"We were closing in upon a wounded tiger, whose hind leg was broken. Some Bheels, who had run up the trail to a patch of high grass, were drawing back, now that their game was found, when the brute started up behind the elephant, and charged the nearest man, a little hairy, bandy-legged, square-built oddity, more like a satyr than a hu-

man being. Away spun the Bheel for the nearest tree, with the wounded tiger roaring at his haunches. By the Prophet, sir, it would have done your heart good to see the springs the active little sinner made. Just in time he reached the tree, and scrambled into a branch, hardly out of reach. There he sat, crouched up into the smallest possible compass, expecting every moment to be among the Houries. The tiger made several desperate efforts to reach him, but the broken hind leg failing, he dropped back exhausted. It was now the Bheel's turn. He saw that he was safe, and accordingly commenced a philippic against the father and mother, sisters, aunts, nieces and children of his helpless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little reviler, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage. As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence, he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon, pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or will be committed. Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring, in imitation of the tiger, and at last, when fairly exhausted, he leant forward till he appeared within the grasp of the enraged animal, and ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face. So very absurd was the whole farce, that we who were at first shoving up the elephant, in alarm for the safety of our little hairy friend, ended by laughing till our sides ached; and it was not without reluctance that we put an end to the scene by firing a death-volley."

The panther, of which two, and in the opinion of some sportsmen three varieties are found in India, is scarcely less formidable than the tiger. Its inferior strength is compensated by greater agility, and the extreme rapidity of its attack renders it, in my opinion, a still more dangerous animal to encounter on foot. It is generally found in rocky ravines and thickly wooded hills, and from the nature of its haunts, as well as its skulking habits, it is difficult to mark down. From these causes it is not so frequently encountered as the tiger, and its habits are, consequently, less familiar to European sportsmen than those of the larger felinæ.

The description already given of the system pursued in tiger-shooting applies equally to the hunting of this animal. Both are followed on elephants, or beat up and shot from trees. But it should be remembered that, although a tiger cannot climb, a panther can, and a branch safe from the attack of the former, may afford little or no protection against the superior activity of the latter. Panthers have, on several occasions, been speared from horseback, but the serious accidents which have occurred, and which are always likely to occur, in so very dangerous a sport, have prevented its becoming a general practice, even among the most daring.

My space will not admit of my giving any examples of panther shooting in this chapter, but we shall have occasion hereafter to record some instances in the journal of promiscuous sport.

The Old Forest Ranger has to apologize to his fair readers for having inflicted on them such an unreligated chapter of wild beasts. But if they will only have patience with him till next month, he will try to furnish them with something less savage.

SYMPTOMS OF THE MIND DISEASED :

CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO THE CHARACTERISTICS OF HAMLET.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, Esq.

Is it—as a warning voice has this minute suggested—a little too late in the day to discuss the question whether Hamlet's wits were or were not disordered? *We are persuaded that it is not. Nay, we know most surely that Hamlet can never be an exhausted subject of speculation while human nature remains inexhaustible. The profound truths of the character are intwined with the roots of some of humanity's very deepest secrets. The springs of our interest and wonder can never be dry.

We shall revive not a syllable of the much that has been said of old about this most exquisite and perfect of characters; we shall glance not at any one of those later opinions which the various beautiful editions of the poet's works, now in a course of publication, may contain—for these we have not read. Nor do we, according to the practice of the general Shakspearian admirer, who fondly believes that he has something new and striking to offer in exposition of the poet's genius, profess to hold all the poet's commentators in contempt. Far otherwise. Our reverence for their acuteness stops on this side idolatry, yet taken as a body they must be regarded as an ill-used race of men. They have said more than enough to be sure—and yet less. Still they have said much to the purpose.

At a time when such a popular and fearful interest attaches to the question—not so much of absolute insanity, as of that partial estrangement of reason which exhibits many of its leading peculiarities—the condition of mind which it is the object of this paper to suggest as assignable to Hamlet—the reader may be at once invited to compare the principal traits in the character drawn by Shakspeare with the leading symptoms of a distemper described with singular exactness and particularity by Robert Burton in his “Anatomy of Melancholy.”* Burton's Anatomy, it may be remarked, was not published until 1621, five years after Shakspeare's death; the poet's genius has therefore anticipated in the working of a certain malady of the mind, a theory which Burton has propounded with great explicitness and subtlety, with various and singular knowledge both of books and of mankind.

We may premise that the mental distemper which Burton pictures to us, he calls “Melancholy.” The word in the sense so attached to it is perhaps obsolete; monomania, estrangement of reason, sometimes eccentricity, are the terms generally substituted for it in these times; but that it was the designation of a malady, in Burton's view of the

* This comparison has been made, and the view here taken elaborately and ingeniously worked out, in “The Nature and Extent of Poetic Licence, by N. A. Vigors, Jun., Esq.,” a volume published a quarter of a century ago. Those who may be acquainted with it will see how freely its suggestions and speculations are applied by the transcriber.

matter, not very distantly related to lunacy, and constituting in truth a certain fitful and unsettled quality of mind, seems as clear, as that the symptoms of the disorder, are identical with the chief peculiarities of Hamlet.

We shall enumerate the leading features of the distemper; they are sorrow, distaste of life, love of solitude, a mixture of mirth and grief, suspicion, bursts of passion, inconstancy and irresolution.

In the foreground of these symptoms is *Sorrow*, the principal characteristic of the malady, and the source in which all its other peculiarities originate.

"Sorrow," says Burton, "is that character^a and inseparable companion—a common sytome, a continual; sorrow sticks by them still, continually gnawing, as the vulture did Tityus' bowels, and they cannot avoid it. *Lugubris Ate* frowns upon them, insomuch that Areteus well calls it, 'a vexation of the mind, a perpetual agony.'" Hamlet, who seems ever with his veiled eyes to seek his noble father in the dust, is exhibited from his first introduction as one bowed down by this sorrow, as one whom Melancholy has marked for her own. We discern at once that there's something in his soul o'er which his melancholy sits on brood. He has that within that passeth show. His disposition naturally pensive and retired, is operated upon, not merely by his father's death, but by the insult offered to his memory, and appears to yield to a deep and settled sadness. He is absorbed in his affections. Between him and enjoyment there is an insuperable and eternal bar. The world presents but a vacuity to his weary gaze. Along its barren paths he sees no object of relief or consolation. In him even love itself is blind indeed, and the very image of Ophelia fails to lighten up the deep shadow which is around him. In his first soliloquy, he declares with affecting solemnity that all the uses of the world seem to him weary, stale, and unprofitable; and he afterwards tells his friends that he has lost all his mirth, neglected all exercises, that the earth is but as a barren promontory, and the firmament with its golden fires but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapour.

It is natural that another symptom should arise out of this—*Weariness and Distaste of Life*. The judgment is sickened and vitiated under this weight that oppresses the heart, and turns with disrelish and loathing from every object of existence.

"Hence," says Burton, "it proceeds many times that they are weary of their lives; and ferall thoughts, to offer violence to their persons, come into their mindes. *Tedium vitæ* is a common sytome, they are soon tyred of all things." Thus Hamlet the instant he is alone gives vent to his weariness and distaste of life—

Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self slaughter.

His total disregard of life he expresses to Horatio and Marcellus—

I do not set my life at a pin's fee.

And the point to which tends the only hope he has, to end all his griefs in the grave, is seen in his answers to Polonius, though intended to be light and unmeaning.

POLONIUS.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

HAMLET.—*Into my grave.*

POLONIUS.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAMLET.—Sir, you cannot take from me any thing I will more willingly part withal ; *except my life, except my life, except my life.*

Nay, he afterwards debates the question, *to be or not to be* ; and here it may be remarked, as something tending to show the state of mind under which Hamlet labours while he thus meditates, that the whole debate is a superfluity, an anti-climax, and involves either a strange oversight on the part of the author (which is scarcely conceivable), or else a symptom of mental estrangement on the part of Hamlet. He goes on to reason himself into a belief that to die is to sleep, no more—that this sleep ends the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to—that it is a consummation devoutly to be wished ;—when he had held a conference the night before with an expositor of the very mysteries of death, the shadowy discoverer of the marvels of the After-time.

“To sleep,” he reiterates, “*perchance to dream* ; for in that sleep of death what dreams *may* come, must give us pause.”

But the time for speculating and supposing thus had gone by. Purgatory was no longer problematical. He speaks as he would have spoken the year before, of “the dread *something* after death, the undiscovered country.” But the something had been explained to him—the horrible secrets of the prison-house had been more than hinted at, though all was forbidden to be revealed—he had heard all that ears of flesh and blood might listen to—he had been apprized of the awful penalty—he had been warned of the “sulphurous and tormenting flames” that must burn and purge away the foul deeds done in the days of life. When he decides upon rather bearing the ills he has, than fly to others that he *knows not of*, he seems to forget the foreknowledge of them contained in the appalling revelation of the ghost. True, he has his doubts sometimes of the integrity of the spirit, that he has seen, and admits that it “*may be a devil*,” that “*abuses him to damn him* ;” but this supposition is equally fatal to the propriety and fitness of his speculations upon death as a quiet sleep that is to end the heart-ach—and he never for an instant doubts that he *has* seen and heard a supernatural agent, whatsoever its object and whencesoever it might come. The heart of the mystery has been plucked out ; yet though his malady makes him for the moment unconscious of it, he can reason upon the great subject with a happiness which sanity very often (as Polonius says) “*could not so prosperously be delivered of.*”

We come to another distinguishing trait of Hamlet’s mental infirmity—*Love of Solitude*. Burton observes :

“Most part they are diffident, of small or no complement, unsociable, hard to be acquainted with, especially of strangers ; they had rather write their minds than speak, and above all things love solitariness. Generally, thus much we may conclude of melancholy, that it is most pleasant, *mentis gratissimus error*, a most delightful humour to be alone, dwell alone, walk alone, meditate, and form a thousand fantastical imaginations unto themselves.”

The number of soliloquies in which Hamlet indulges is noticeable even by the unthinking play-goer. They are more frequent than in

any other of Shakspeare's dramas. The love of solitude is especially congenial to his disposition. He seizes every opportunity of being alone, that he may give vent to feelings which he can only indulge in secret.

"Break my heart, for I must hold my tongue," he exclaims, stifling his emotions, when his friends break in upon him. Indeed he is at some pains to seek occasions for privacy. A few of the instances may be noticed. His impatience at the presence of Polonius :

POLONIUS.—Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET.—These tedious old fools.

When struck with the feigned passion of the players, contrasting it with his own irresolution, he seeks once more to brood in secret, and bids them all retire. " 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon," &c. "*Now I am alone.*" Afterwards he responds to his mother's desire to see him :

I will come by and by.

POLONIUS.—I will say so.

HAMLET.—By and by is easily said. *Leave me friends.*"

And again when the report of the Norwegian captain seems to inform against him and spur his dull revenge :

I humbly thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN.—God be wi' you, sir. (*Exit.*)

ROS.—Wilt please you go, my lord ?

HAMLET.—I will be with you straight, *go a little before.*

As for "rather writing their minds than speak," as Burton says, no less than three of Hamlet's letters are read during the play, and Ophelia returns him a packet addressed to her.

A *mixture of Mirth and Sorrow*, of humorous conceit and settled sadness, is defined by Burton to be another peculiar symptom of this disease. He thus expresses himself :

"Humourous they are beyond all measure; sometimes profusely laughing, extraordinary merry, and then again weeping without a cause; and though they laugh many times, and seem to be extraordinary merry (as they will by fits) yet extreme jumpish again in an instant; *semel et simul*, merry and sad, but most part sad."

Hamlet deigns to sport with the afflictions which weigh heaviest upon his heart, with events of the most bewildering and agonizing character. Answering Horatio's observation that he came to see his father's funeral, he says in reference to the wedding that followed: "Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables." But almost in the same breath he relapses into his original gloominess :

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

Or ever I had seen that day.

The same feelings are evinced, and the same transition from the humorous to the solemn is observed in his answers to Horatio's questions relative to the ghost, and his reference to the change of place of "truepenny," "old mole," the "fellow in the cellarage," when he proposes the oath of secrecy to his friends, which he nevertheless receives with a pathetic sacredness, "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit."

This singular mixture is noticeable in almost every scene; for examples, it is only necessary to point to the ludicrous style in which he indulges on the breaking up of the dramatic experiment on the conscience of the king, and to the extraordinary blending of humour, solemnity, and pathos, over the grave of Ophelia, all indicative of the same disposition.

Burton regards *Suspicion* as another distinguishing sign of this peculiar malady.

"Suspicion and jealousy," says he, "are general symptoms; they are commonly distrustful; if two talk together, whisper, jest, he thinks presently they mean him, applies all to himself. He cannot endure any man to look steadily on him—laugh, jest, or be familiar. He thinks they laugh at him, circumvent him, condemn him. Suspicion follows fear and sorrow at heels, arising out of the same fountain—and still they suspect some treachery."

In this we trace a characteristic of Hamlet minutely described. His prophetic soul was bursting with a suspicion of his uncle's guilt long before the ghost gave evidence; he suspects all through the play; and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern call the feeling into action, just as Burton describes it. Hamlet not only suspects the motive of their coming, but is roused to indignation by their smiles.

HAMLET.—Man delights not me, nor woman neither; though by your smiling you seem to say so.

ROS.—My lord there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET.—Why did you laugh then when I said man delights not me?

He discovers his antipathy to the smile of which Burton discourses on other occasions, and seems to think it but a mask for treachery and baseness. How paints he, in his bitterest hatred, the king's aspect?

Oh, villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

My tablet—meet it is I set it down;

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

And with regard to circumvention, the suspicion of it recurs often. He takes constant pleasure in plotting and counterplotting; as in the grand assumption, the feigning of madness—in the scheme of the play—in the enjoyment he feels when his two schoolfellows "marshal him to knavery," when he exults in breaking open the letters, and finds it sweet, that "in one line two crafts together meet." To trace this quality of suspicion, and the use of these desperate means of circumvention, to a mind not free from the ravages of a distemper, is to escape the shock with which we must otherwise be visited in contemplating this portion of the strategy of Hamlet.

We next have *Inconstancy and Irresolution* as indications of the mind thus pitifully diseased.

"Inconstant they are in all their actions, vertiginous, restless, unapt to resolve of any business—in most things wavering, irresolute. He will freely promise, undertake any business beforehand, but when it comes to be performed he dare not adventure."

This quality, like the others, is too conspicuous in Hamlet to require many proofs. He will and he will not. Ever conscious of his procrastination, he is ever about to work out his ends. Resolute, he is still inconstant to his purpose. Although his father's spirit has given

him "dread command" to take revenge for fratricide, he waits for another ghostly visitation—

Dost thou not come thy *tardy* son to chide?

The players awaken in him self-reproaches, when he sees how passion works in them, while it moves him in vain—he "can do nothing." Even when the moment for long-restrained vengeance upon his uncle seems to have arrived,

Now could I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't;

he but speaks daggers and uses none—it is never the right time. His purpose becomes "almost blunted," and he quits Denmark only to feel, on view of the Norwegian armament, "this thing's to do," and that all occasions inform against him, and spur his dull revenge. All his thoughts are thenceforth to be "bloody or nothing worth;" yet they still evaporate in words, and the death of the king occurs after all incidentally, the agent having a motive furnished him utterly unassociated with his father's murder.

Burton also classes among the symptoms of the malady he analyzes, sudden and violent *Bursts of Passion*. "Extreme passionate they are," says he; and Hamlet's mind, strongly agitated, often overflows without restraint. His soliloquies contain one or two examples. Into what a fury he bursts after the departure of the players, when he denounces himself as "pigeon-livered," or ere this,

I should have fittet all the region kites
With this slave's offal,

raving till he is exhausted. His passion overpowers him, and his language becomes wild and frantic, when describing to his mother the atrocities of her "king of shreds and patches," "a murderer and a villain," "a slave," "a vice of kings," "a cutpurse of the empire and the rule." A distracted impulse occasions the death of Polonius, and a similar phrenzy begets the outrage at Ophelia's grave, where he puts himself into the "towering passion" of which he afterwards repents.

That *Wit and Judgment* are not inconsistent with the melancholy which is Hamlet's malady is seen in another observation of Burton.

"Men infected with this disease are of a deep reach, excellent apprehension, judicious, wise, and witty. They are of profound judgment in some things, although in others *non recte judicant inquieti*."

How Hamlet answers to this description all can judge; and as the writer whose views we have adopted notices, how admirably has Cervantes supported this mixture of judgment and eccentricity in his "Don Quixote."

Numberless indications, judging by the principle laid down by Burton, of Hamlet's disordered state of mind might be adduced, but enough perhaps has been said to exhibit a conformity between the anatomist and the dramatist. Grant that the one has truly described a disease of the mind, and it may be granted perhaps that the other has accurately delineated a martyr to it. Little more was wanting to the wonderful truth of the poet's conception than to make the victim confess his own weakness.

The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil, and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me.

For Burton says,

"Agrippa and Lavater are persuaded that this humour invites the devil to it wheresoever it is in extremity; and of all others, these persons are most subject to diabolical temptations and illusions, and the devil best able to work upon them."

A symptom, moreover, of this species of insanity may be detected even in the feigning of madness; as a consciousness of a little weakness may suggest the assumption of a greater, to hide its inconsistencies in a show of eccentricity. The suddenness of Hamlet's resolve favours this argument, as upon the vanishing of the ghost he takes out his tables and writes, and rails at the "smiling villain," with "so, uncle, there you are;" then calling to his friends, "Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come bird, come!" he intimates that he may hereafter see fit "to put an *antic* disposition on." The uselessness of the artifice,—for the feigned madness furthers no purpose of Hamlet's—pushes the argument further.

Above all, perhaps, when we consider the delicate texture of Hamlet's mind, his extreme refinement and overwrought sensibility, is it wonderful that its fabric should be warped and disordered under the pressure of the painful news of his father's sudden death,—the shame of his mother's infamous marriage, followed by an awful revelation from the grave, of its ghostly secrets and the mysteries of the Hereafter? Rather, would it not be wonderful—unnatural even—if the sweet bells were not jangled and out of tune—if the noble mind of Hamlet were not rendered a prey to that pitiable distemper, of which Burton has so distinctly recorded the curious anatomy! — *Ellistoniana*

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

ELLISTON'S EGOTISM!

A few examples have been given by the late amiable Charles Lamb, in his "Elia's Essays," and by some other writers, of Elliston's Egotism! He was, indeed, the very Emperor of Egotists; in him conceit amounted almost to sublimity; there was an evident self-belief in his boasting that gave it all the weight of reality; there was a magnificence in his self-appreciation that half inspired the hearer with awe. In truth, he had much to be vain of; and it is rather difficult to account for the apparent neglect with which his memory has been treated. Could he have contemplated such an apathy of public interest in his life time, it would inevitably have hastened his end. What he, the

histrionic hero—the once great lessee of Drury—the Rover—the Ranger—the Rochester—"the three *single* gentlemen rolled into one"—he forgotten—gracious Thalia! What a supposition! He, who when indisposed during his lesseeship of Drury, regularly issued *bulletins* of his health in the bills of the day, to allay, as he said, the public fever.

In proof of the comfortable estimation in which he held himself, a few amusing instances, not hitherto published, shall be added to those already given to the world.

Two years before his death, he engaged the narrator of these anecdotes to write his life, under his own immediate direction, intending to publish it himself, that the public—to use his own words—might have an authority on which they could rely, and posterity be able to form a proper opinion of his merits, whenever it was permitted to the shears of the remorseless Fates to cut his vital thread. For this purpose he furnished much important information, and frequently spent hours in detailing various events that had happened to him.

Those who may think he did not commit a thousand extravagances quite as odd and ludicrous as any recounted in these anecdotes, know little about the matter. A mere chronological detail of ordinary occurrences, however respectably corroborated by correspondence, play-bills, and the contemporary criticism of newspapers, generally biassed by circumstance of the time, can furnish no adequate biography of the Prince of Genteel Comedy. The private romance of Elliston's life—and there was much of romance in it—together with many remarkable events of his chequered career, with which his nearest connections, from causes extremely natural, are among those the most unacquainted, have yet to be related. The projected publication was interrupted by Elliston's somewhat sudden death, but it may one day be resumed.

It was shortly after agreeing to enter upon this task, that calling one morning, as was not unusual, to attend the great man's levee, the narrator found him deeply occupied in the perusal of a very bulky volume. Inquiring into the nature of his patron's studies:

"I am reading 'Plutarch's Lives,'" he answered. "It is a great work, sir—you must read it too—it is necessary that you should take it as a model in your new enterprise. If Roscius had had his life properly written, Plutarch should, and might have been, his biographer—but it is too often the misfortune of great men"—and here he groaned deeply—"to have their actions recorded by individuals totally incompetent to estimate correctly the vastness of their achievements, the grandeur of their conceptions."

Here he looked very hard at the narrator; whether he alluded to him, or was prescient of any after attempt that might be made on his life, the narrator did not care to ascertain.

"It is fortunate for Cæsar that he wrote his own 'Commentaries.' When you draw your parallels of great actors, after the manner of the Chaeronean, you will not fail to recollect that Garrick could not sing—I can. That John Phillip Kemble could not dance—I can. That Lewis could not act tragedy—I can. That Mossop could not play comedy—I can. That George Frederic Cook was no manager—

I am; and that Kean never wrote a drama—I have.* Do not forget these things, I say, sir. You will of course let your biography of me comprise all that relates to the dramatic art; but in mentioning me, you cannot help associating with my name all that is memorable in the age in which I flourished. They may well say that all the world's a stage; for upon the stage where I have trod, is all the world comprised! 'Totus mundus'—you know the quotation."

This may give some idea of the value Elliston set upon himself, in comparison with other eminent persons of his art; but the following instance will more strongly illustrate the extent of his self-appreciation.

Entering the green-room of Drury Lane one morning in an apparent fit of abstraction, he mechanically, as it were, cast his eyes on the bust of Mrs. Siddons, placed over the door of entrance, and then glanced to that of Kean, affixed to the opposite wall, the busts facing each other—and, as if unconsciously, began to read their different inscriptions.

"Sarah Siddons, presented to the Drury Lane green-room, by Samuel Whitbread."

"Psha!"

"Edmund Kean, presented by the committee," &c.

"Fiddlestick's end! The Drury Lane green-room shall soon have a subject and donor worthy of it!"

Nothing was thought by those present of this outbreak, but a few days afterwards a couple of workmen, followed by the great lessee, entered with another bust, which they proceeded by his direction to fix in a commanding situation over the fireplace.

"There," said Elliston, when they at length had completed their task, "there!—Sally Siddons presented by Mr. Whitbread. Pooh! Ned Kean presented by the committee. Baugh! Look there!" reading his own inscription, "ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON, presented by *himself*! That's something like—a two hundred guinea touch—though, by the Lord, I think the sculptor has chiselled me!" †

* "The Venetian Outlaw."

† It is lamentable to have to record, that during the present season, this bust of Elliston, "presented by himself," has been most sacrilegiously removed from the high position in which he seemed so blandly to preside over the destinies of his dramatic brothers and sisters, to make way for a well-regulated clock. The remembrance of Elliston's golden days is but ill-effaced by the melancholy forebodings suggested in the tick, tick—now marking the progress of Old Chronos. Where, then, is the bust of Elliston? the reader will naturally ask; alas! and yet it must be told,—it has been made one of the properties of the very theatre that was once his property as lessee, and was actually bronzed, as if Elliston's face wanted bronze! and afterwards painted black—the whole theatre ought to have gone into mourning; it was indeed a black job!—and publicly exhibited on the stage. Where were the sensitive family that they did not question the *quality* of this humiliation, and publicly protest against so gross a dishonour? Thank Heaven, the degradation was but for one night only—it was in the new play, "A Blot on the Scutcheon,"—deservedly damned, if it was only for this! In this production it was exhibited as the *emblem* of the hero of the piece, a part played by Phelps, though originally cast for the present eminent lessee himself. Surely this desecration of the drama was a blot on the "Scutcheon" of whoever ordained it. It is gratifying, however, to know that the busts of poor Kean and the immortal Sarah, together with those of Shakspeare and Garrick, are for the present graciously suffered to remain.

It was indeed his veritable image, and worthy of the scene in which it was placed.

As was befitting one of his majesty's servants, Elliston was of course a great stickler for church and state. Aristocratic in all his ideas, he was in politics a stanch Tory; this only served to give a still loftier flight to the egotism in which he habitually indulged.

In his last lesseeship of the Surrey, when bringing little Burke out in the piece which was written for him, "*The March of Intellect*," among other characters to be personated by the little prodigy was that of *Napoleon Bonaparte*, but the youthful Roscius's father, Dr. Burke, a very worthy, though matter-of-fact Hibernian, thought that this assumption might perhaps have a ludicrous effect, and waited upon Elliston, to propose that his son Joseph should rather personate *young Napoleon*, as more suitable to his figure and years.

"What, my dear doctor," said the astonished manager, "I, in defiance of Congress, present young Napoleon to the English public! Are you aware what you are asking me to do? Would you have me compromise my principles? Would you embroil me with my party? What would the allied sovereigns say? How could I answer it to parliament and his majesty? Have you forgotten the holy alliance, doctor?"

"Och, murder! by the powers, I never thought of them," said the doctor.

"No, no," said Elliston, "young Napoleon must remain quiet at Vienna for me, I am not going to be sent to the Tower for any one; the peace of Europe shall not be disturbed by any proceedings at the Surrey Theatre while I am manager of it. If your son has not formed a proper conception of the greatness of mind, the immensity of plan, the rapidity of execution, and all the other grand qualities that distinguish Napoleon Bonaparte, let him attentively study me—in me he will find them all embodied. Though in person I am aware there is no sort of comparison."

"Fait, and that's surè enough!" said the honest doctor; "so I'll send Joseph to you just before treasury time."

"Ay, ay, do so," said Elliston, "he will have some idea of Napoleon Bonaparte then; he has only attentively to study the NAPOLEON of the DRAMA."

A GOOD SUBJECT.

IN the spring of 1823, two years after the first appearance of Monsieur Alexandre, the well known ventriloquist, at the Adelphi theatre, in his popular entertainment, "*the Rogueries of Nicholas*," constructed for him by the narrator of these anecdotes, Elliston having the Olympic on his hands as well as Drury Lane, thought that as he was doing nothing with the former, that it would be a good speculation to engage the polyphonist to appear there in a new piece, on the Easter Monday following. He accordingly commissioned the narrator, knowing his intimate acquaintance with Alexandre, to ferret him out wherever he might be exhibiting, proceed to the spot at once, and engage him, if possible, on any terms, not exceeding fifty pounds a week.

Discovering, after some inquiry, that the ventriloquist was at Cambridge, the narrator, securing a place on the box of the then classical

coachman as he was termed, forthwith proceeded to that seat of learning. Arrived at the ventriloquist's lodgings, the narrator was informed he was absent on a visit to the mayor, a worthy grocer in the High-street. Thither he quickly followed; he found the ventriloquist perfectly electrifying his worship by imitating the ticking of a watch in his ear, and the buzzing of a bluebottle about his wig, which latter sound was so true to nature, there was scarcely any persuading the municipal Epicier the insect had not that very moment issued from one of his own sugar hogsheads. Easily induced to return to London, the man of many voices, after some affected demurs, which were all overruled by Elliston, who spoke with "a voice potential as double as the duke's," was duly engaged.

Previously to appearing at the Olympic, the manager thought it would be a good advertisement, if the artiste could excite the curiosity of the town by privately playing off a few of the tricks which he had vaunted so much of practising on the public in other countries, such as inducing a waggener to uncart a load of hay in search of a child supposed to have been accidentally buried beneath it, &c. &c.

The ventriloquist, who in these matters was really *vox et præterea nihil*, turned a very reluctant ear to this proposition, but the comedian engaging to act as confederate, and arrange the little scenas to be performed, he had at last no excuse for refusing. An evening was consequently fixed upon, and the narrator anticipating some amusement, resolved to accompany them.

Their first step was towards Charing-cross. The splendid houses now forming Pall Mall East had just been erected. Reaching Cockspur-street, it was settled that the actor should give the Frenchman the cue when he was to ventriloquise by kicking his shins.

"You must animate one of these carcasses," said Elliston, surveying the unfinished building, "here is an empty house that wants a tenant; you must supply one."

The workmen had long retired from the labour of the day, and though the windows were without sashes, and there was little to steal in the several houses, the doors of them were carefully locked to prevent homeless vagabonds occupying them for the night. The dusk favoured the performance. Planting themselves close to the railings of the first of these edifices,

"Throw your voice into the vaults below," whispered the comedian. "You must be a poor fellow, who, having got drunk and fallen asleep, has tumbled into some hole or another, call for assistance, and beg to be let out."

The ventriloquist, not without some trepidation, did as he was desired, and ~~Elliston~~ commenced his part. Not his first appearance in "the Confederacy!" His exclamations of surprise, commiseration, indignation, &c., soon attracted the notice of the passers by; a voice was plainly heard, begging to be extricated.

"What is it?" cried one.

"A drunken man," said another.

"Call the watch," said a third.

"Break open the door," said a fourth.

The watchman of the district advanced, calling the hour; seeing a mob he lost no time in joining it.

"Och by St. Bridget's flannel petticoat," said he, on hearing the cries, "but it's that devil's own darlint, Tim Corcoran, sure enough, he's been having a thrifle too much refreshment, and they've overlooked the spalpeen and locked him in; fait, it's a way he's got, but we musn't let him remain there. It's a could night, more by token that I've just taken a noggen of the cratur myself—then isn't he a countryman—by the powers I'll go and get the keys and let him out directly—be aisy wid you there Tim, its myself, your friend Shamus McGuire that's coming to let you out with my lantern, and will do it beautifully in no time, so be aisy wid you."

Proceeding to a tradesman in the neighbourhood, with whom the keys were deposited, honest Shamus soon returned with them. The mob had now considerably increased, and all was impatience and anxiety, the door was speedily unlocked, and Shamus descended.

"Do you see him, do you see him?" cried every one.

"Beja haporth," answered Shamus.

"Have you found the hole?"

"Not a bit of it—there's no drunken man here."

A kick on the ventriloquist's shins caused a renewal of the entreaties for help. The mob were greatly enraged at this proof of Shamus's fallibility.

"You are drunk yourself," they shouted, "the poor fellow's crying for help now, we can hear him quite plain."

"Drunk! and is it me that's drunk! by the powers but you may come and look yourselves then; but stay, I'll just sarch the back premises. Oh, murder, murder, murder."

"What's the matter? Have you found the hole?"

"Sure and I have!"

"Then why don't you pull the poor fellow out of it!"

"Oh, by Jagers! for a mighty good rasin, I'm in it myself up to the chin! Help me out, help me out, I shall be murdered if I stay here three minutes longer."

Fully persuaded that he would be murdered if he staid three minutes longer, the ventriloquist here availed himself of the confusion created by this discovery to take French leave.

"I was certain some one was in the vault," said Elliston; "you see I was right my friends, go down and help the sufferer out directly, but take care you don't get into the hole yourselves as watchey has done."

The mob obeyed his directions, and while they disappeared in the cellars to extricate poor Shamus, he with the narrator also disappeared in search of the ventriloquist, leaving watchey to get out of the cesspool as well as he could.

Overtaking Alexandre in the Haymarket, they made their way to a retired locality, where a celebrated anatomical lecturer had then a museum, or *ménagerie*, as the populace more commonly called it.

"This will be the very thing," said Elliston to the Frenchman, suddenly recollecting the circumstance, "as you have succeeded so well with the carcass in Cockspur-street, I'll try if I can't find you an equally good subject here. My friend shall help us, we can't want one with him."

The house in which the anatomist resided was a large mansion, still

standing, though now converted into a lead manufactory. The front of it looked on a garden, while only one side of it was in the street. To this a dead wall skirting the garden, not inappropriately conducted. In the garden itself were chained several vultures, and other birds of prey, fed, according to vulgar report, on very ogre sort of fare, having daily Prometheus's dish for dinner. Some cauldrons or coppers it was also stated were in these gardens, in which very questionable broths were continually concocted. In the side of the house, facing the street, a blank mass of brickwork, already mentioned, was and still is, a grated aperture, affording light and air to a vault beneath.

It was now between nine and ten, there was not a soul to be seen in the street, except an ancient dame who was descending some steps at the further end of the place, bearing a hot 'meat-pie which she was bringing from a baker's.

"Now then," said Elliston to the ventriloquist, "throw your voice into that vault. You are a dead body wanting to get out."

"You are a skeleton wishing to take the air. We can never have a better opportunity; now for it."

Piteous groans were immediately heard.

"Let me out, let me out," cried a voice, rendered more natural by the apprehension of the ventriloquist.

"What's the matter?" said the old lady, approaching.

"Upon my word, I don't know, my good ma'am," said Elliston; "but there seems some person in great distress here—listen!" Here he kicked the ventriloquist's shins.

"For the love of heaven, help me out," groaned the voice, apparently in the last agonies.

"The Lord preserve me!" cried the old lady, turning deadly pale, and unconsciously letting fall the pie, which was reduced, as the Americans say, to immortal smash.

The portly butler of ———, an eminent solicitor, who lived in the street, at this moment appeared, and advanced towards them.

"What's the matter?" asked he.

"That's what we want to know," said Elliston; "listen, my friend!"

Another kick on Alexandre's shins.

"Oh, the villain!—the rascal!" vociferated the butler, on hearing the groans and exclamations. Not content with getting subjects ready killed, he keeps them, and kills them as he wants them—I have long suspected this—we are none of us safe!"

"Why, who lives here?" said Elliston, affecting much ignorance.

"Who lives here? Why * * *, the anatomist, to be sure."

"Then that fully accounts for it," said the comedian dryly; "but the dead body must not be suffered to remain and perish here."

A couple of labourers returning from their work, and some other idle persons, now joined them, and in turn heard the groans and exclamations—the general sensation became very strong against the unconscious anatomist.

"Wretch—monster—murderer!" resounded from all sides, the assemblage becoming every moment greater.

They would certainly have broken all squares with the dissector, had any windows presented themselves for them to exercise their rage upon; luckily, as has been said, there was only the brick wall.

"Knock at the door—knock at the door," was now the universal cry; "it's somebody come to life again! Knock at the door."

A vigorous cannonade was promptly answered by the indignant footman.

"What is the meaning of this hullahbaloo?" he asked. "What are you kicking up this riot for?"

"Meaning enough," answered the mob; "you are as bad as your master; but come and convince yourself."

Another attack of the ventriloquist's shins, again elicited cries of distress, and prayers for help.

The footman was paralyzed.

"What do you think of that, friend Scrub?" said Elliston.

"That body must have been placed there," said the conscience-stricken footman, "while I was gone for the beer, half-an-hour ago."

"There, you hear," said the actor, "he confesses he went to fetch the *bier* for the body."

Hissings and hootings followed this palpable conviction.

"I'll be on my corporal oath," said the footman, perspiring at every pore, "there has not been a single subject there these three weeks."

"Then how comes it, it is calling for assistance now? You don't mean to say it's the poor creature's ghost, do you?" said Elliston.

"Oh, it's a clear case," said the butler. "You are a disgrace to the cloth—and as to your going to get beer for your unfortunate victims, I don't believe a word of it. Why don't you let the poor creature out—shameful—scandalous."

The footman in his endeavours to exculpate himself, now begun making several acknowledgments that only tended to increase the belief and indignation of the mob at his master's malpractices.

At this moment, attracted by the noise, the anatomist himself made his appearance, and hearing the cause of the disturbance, absolutely foamed at the mouth with fury.

"It's all a vile conspiracy," said he, "to ruin me!"

"Conspiracy!" said several voices, "let your own ears convince you."

The anatomist approached; Elliston resumed kicking the shins of his companion, as he supposed, but angry ejaculations from an old gentleman of "What the devil are you at, &c.," made it evident that the affrighted ventriloquist had vanished.

"Well, what am I to listen to?" said the exulting anatomist, after a dead pause, "I hear nobody."

"No *body* speaks now, sure enough," said the mob.

"No, the poor fellow has died over again, while we have been talking," said Elliston, in a feigned voice.

"It's all a vile conspiracy, I repeat," said the anatomist, in a great passion. "A scandalous libel; I'll give ten pounds to any one who'll discover the scoundrel that has set this infamous report afloat."

"I'll swear I heard the voice," said the butler. "You know, friend," turning to one of the spectators, "that I told you—"

"Oh, yes; you are the person that first pointed it out, certainly."

"Then you, I'll make sure of," said the enraged dissector, collaring the butler. "Here watch—watch!"

"Don't lay hands on me," said the butler, struggling with the anatomist. "I won't eat my words, you know you are a fellow that would make an anatomy of any body, but you shan't polish my bones, let me go."

A desperate struggle now took place between the butler and the anatomist, each got the other by the throat, and both were in a condition of speedily becoming subjects in reality, when Elliston, sidling up to the anatomist, whispered in his ear,

"You had better let the fellow go, you have only been furnished with a fresh subject, the public here have only been *bringing out* 'The Anatomist!' rehearsing the farces of 'Dead Alive,' and 'Killing no Murder.'

Think of that, Master * * *, think of that."

"Confound me, if it isn't Elliston!" cried the amazed lecturer, catching, for the first time, a complete view of the comedian's features. "I've been finely hoaxed—rarely tricked! Unloose me, friend, I withdraw my charge."

Before, however, he could get extricated, Elliston had retreated in search of the terrified ventriloquist, and the mob were only at length appeased by a personal inspection of the cellar, and a participation of a barrel of small ale, luckily its sole contents, but they took nothing particular by the motion, as it afterwards appeared that the ale was only placed there because it happened to be—dead!

THE THESPIAN ORACLE!

THOUGH the gods had not exactly made Elliston poetical, there were times when he perpetrated rhyme. Like the Delphic oracle of old, he on particular occasions delivered himself in verse—not hexameter verse, certainly, but rather doggerel, yet his revelations, decrees, or whatever they might be called, like those of the priesthood of the oracle in question, were only delivered in such moments, under the immediate inspiration of the god, the sulphuric vapour which moved the Pythia being supplied by the fumes arising from copious libations of Madeira, and sometimes even of a stronger spirit. The narrator remembers many ludicrous instances of this odd propensity, but he will only recount the following.

With his customary goodnature, the actor had gone down to Croydon—the theatre of which town had formerly been his property—to star it for the benefit of a poor provincial actor, with whom he had become acquainted in the progress of his professional peregrinations.

Preserving his usual regard to outward appearance, he had taken down with him his own immediate body-dresser, a man named Biffin. Wishing to impress the good people of Croydon with a proper consideration of his importance, he put up at the Greyhound, an inn immediately adjacent to the theatre, and one of the most respectable in the town.

After partaking of a substantial dinner, which he duly moistened with mine host's juice of the grape, he at length found himself properly primed for the part he had to play. "The generous god" in grateful remembrance of the actor's unwearied devotion to him, usually rewarded

his votary, proper offerings having been poured out to him, by elevating his ideas to that imperative mood in which he often felt in reality all the dignity and consequence of the high personages he might have to represent, and on this occasion his brain had become considerably more sublimated than was usual, even with him.

The time for his appearance rapidly advancing, he proceeded to make his toilet for the evening. This important business being at length completed, and having satisfied himself that he was dressed at all points, he desired his obsequious and astonished dresser, in a tone of great solemnity, to procure him a coach, the distance from the inn to the theatre being only about two hundred yards.

"A glass coach, sir?" said the dresser.

"Glass-coach," said Elliston, "a glass-coach—no, sir—a hackney-coach, or a chariot, sir; for I perceive there is a crowd assembled outside, and Robert William Elliston must not be seen proceeding to the theatre on foot. The dramatic art, sir, is not one that can be performed—(hic)—'*stans pede in uno*,' you know what I mean? standing on one foot, sir." Here he staggered considerably. "Egad some people seem as if they could not stand very well on two feet. You understand me, friend, you understand?"

Though Elliston's Latin, commonplace as it generally was, was all Greek to poor Biffin, he did not choose to avow his ignorance, but at once assented.

"Very true, sir, very true, perfectly understand, sir; but lord bless my soul, sir, you cannot get a hackney-coach, or a chariot either here; there are only the regular stages, and they have been gone to London this half hour."

"Stage me no stage, regular or irregular, I say, sir, there are too many irregular stages in London for the regulars to do any good, they must all be put down; but enough of this, it is sufficient for a man to appear on one *stage* in one evening. Pity it is for me and the public, it should in this instance, be on the Croydon *stage*, licensed to carry six inside—Thalia grant there may be six inside—and as many outside as Byers will permit. The Lord knows"—looking through the window—"there are plenty outside, Biffin; but however, since it appears that neither a coach nor a chariot can be procured, as it is impossible I can go on foot, you Biffin must carry me."

"Carry you, sir?"

"Ay, sir, upon your shoulders shall you bear Robert William Elliston, and in his person the congregated weight of the whole Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Now then, take me up Biffin, but be particularly careful you do not let me down, for I see you have been drinking, Biffin."

"Lord, sir, I have only had the pint of porter you ordered me."

"How can that be, when we have had a magnum of Madeira in?"

"Yes, sir, but I've had none of it!"

"Then I suppose," said Elliston, winking his laughing eye, with a self-satisfied twinkle, that sufficiently showed how much he enjoyed his own joke, "I suppose it is I who must have been drinking! Well, well, take me up; but stay, I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount," pouring out and emptying a last bumper at parting. "Now then, steady, steady, Biffin."

Bestriding the poor fellow's shoulders, the twain sallied forth into the street, where a number of little boys and idle vagabonds had assembled in order to get a glimpse of the great comedian as he came out. The ludicrous spectacle presented to them by this strange conjunction, this "Ossa on a gnat," excited their risible faculties, and notwithstanding the portentous and majestic looks of the inimitable mime, they gave a vent to their mirth in loud peals of laughter mingled with hurrahs, &c.

Digging his heels into the ribs of Biffin to enforce a halt, our comedian summoning all the dignity he was possessed of, as if suddenly inspired, addressed his astonished auditors in the following impromptu couplet,

"Hear me and pay attention, little boys,
You all may follow—".

In a tone of gracious condescension,

"But must not make—a noise !!"

After delivering this oracular and mysterious intimation, the last part of which he pronounced in a tone of awful injunction, our hero, again digging his heels into the right and left ribs of poor Biffin, ordered him to go on, and go on they did, amidst the boisterous merriment of the assembled rabble, until they arrived at the very threshold of the stage door, when happening to tread upon an unlucky piece of orange peel, Biffin's foot slipped, he fell, and with him fell the then reigning majesty of Drury, both master and man measuring their full length in a kennel that was none of the cleanest. The shouts of the spectators now became louder than ever. Greatly confused, poor Biffin picked up his illustrious ruler, who looked unutterable things, but, however, moulted no feather of his native self-possession, his accustomed state. Wiping down his black silk breeches as well as he could, with a white cambric handkerchief, he again, with a lofty scorn that soared above the reach of calamity, colossus-like, bestrode the poor dresser, who proceeded with him up the steps leading to the stage-door. Gaining this summit, Biffin's rider made him turn round, and a second time halt, both now facing the mob that rictously followed at their heels. Looking terribly severe, Elliston then, after a few preparatory hems and hiccups, delivered himself of another distich, the commanding pomposity of which had the effect of creating a momentary silence in the surprised and somewhat abashed auditors, in the pause of which he grandly vanished to get through his part in the best way he could.

These were his closing words, sublimely impressive and admirably characteristic of the man, noble and commanding in misfortune, towering and collected in declension :

"Cease your vile shouts, there is no cause for scoff,
True I have fallen—but great's the fall thereof."

A STORY FROM A BATHING-PLACE.

I WOULD have given much to have been able to laugh. I used to do when I was twelve years old. I was sitting alone beside a turf fire, which I had expressly ordered in a large apartment belonging to a kind of old castle, which may be seen on the shore, of Doon Swilly, at no great distance from its conjunction with the Atlantic in the north of Ireland. It is a remote, primitive kind of place, but pleasant and rather romantic; people manufacture their coats and dye them fneere, and breeches and light blue stockings prevail amongst the commonalty, and home-made blankets are universal things, and hard coverings they are. I had gone there to spend part of the bathing season in solitude, and to try to forget—not the world, but *one* individual in it. What a thing for me to try to do! I might as well have tried to forget that I had a soul.

I wandered about everywhere. Not a rock on the shore at Linsfort—so the place is named—but I had got as familiar with as with my own ugly meditations; every stone in the fields about—and a wonderful place of stones, which are not dignified enough to be called rocks, it is—I seemed in a manner, as I walked, and walked, and walked, to be familiar with; and as for all the mountains within three miles—the mountains of Ennishowen they are—I had clambered up the steepest sides and sat on the summit of each; but still, notwithstanding all I could do, there was an insinuating face, and a still more pleasing and intellectual mind—that was it—an intellectual mind as tenaciously in my memory yet, as if I had never tried to forget one who had no thoughts of me.

“Thank God there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in Heaven,” I said aloud on the evening in question, as I took up the poker and stirred round the red embers of the mountain turf, not because there was any necessity, but because I did not know what to do.

It was raining with steady determination. I cannot, from all my recollections, draw up a more melancholy evening. I had a miserable kind of pain in my chest, too, which made me think of dying early. I tried to read some new publications I had received that very day. Reader of this, were you ever in such a state of mind, that when you opened a book, your eyes grew so full of tears, that you could see nothing but a fantastic flitting maze of senseless letters and figures before you, and when you dried or rubbed away the rain of sorrow, which did not fall, but stood almost compactly in the way of your vision, and forced yourself to peruse some lines, you could not without effort and pain, as if in delirium, convert the idea you were just reading with that you had taken into your mind a moment before, and all seemed so flat and strange—so far away from your own feelings—it is a dreary state of suffering this—I could pray to God that few—very few human creatures may experience it.

I tried to write next. I have sorrow enough to make me die, or go mad, or become a ~~deranged~~ writer I said, so I tried composition. It was better than reading, but it was bad also, for I had unpleasant associations connected with it—the individual I was trying to forget wrote too.

I sat gazing for full half an hour, I think, into a little antique mirror, which hung against the wall—I placed my seat conveniently for the purpose, and there I saw my own features. I could not take my eyes from

the reflection of my hollow cheeks, and my sunken eyelids and my pale complexion—once I was so ruddy, and fat, and gay in aspect—I gazed till I was sure it was indeed nothing but the veritable spectre of myself that was looking out on me from the old mirror.

“And suffering has done this,” said I, addressing the pale likeness in the glass, “sorrow has done this, sorrow will conquer me if I do not beat it fairly down. I must—I shall.” Then I stirred the fire brightly up, and commenced singing, not the gayest, but the cheeriest old songs and airs I could think of. I am a bad singer at best, but there was no one to listen to me. I extemporised verses of my own too, to tunes which I liked, and for which I had no words.

Unless I can forget your eyes,
Which softly haunt me night and day—
Which spoil to me the earth and skies—
I'll weep *my own* dull eyes away!

Unless I can forget your heart,
So warm, so kind to all but me—
Your love of which I ne'er had part—
My heavy heart will sink for thee!

Unless I can forget your mind,
Which I have loved so well—so well—
Which I *my* idol could have shrined—
My mind will fall beneath the spell!

And can I not forget—forget—
Can I not smile, and laugh, and sing?—
I'd rather have this memory yet
Than all forgetfulness can bring!

As I hummed the last lines, with my head resting on my hand, the tears gushed through my fingers at last; tears which age one's mind and make the face ugly in an incalculably short period of time—tears—I think I hear them hissing yet on the embers of the fire as I bent over the old brass fender. I should have been ashamed to tell this once, but now I have got better notions of what is shameful. Are there any who never weep? Angels weep; the Creator of all, when in a human form, wept for the sufferings of others. Soft, gentle rain of sorrow, which comes mildly, freshly from the heavy heart to the dry brain; the thought-parched brain of misery, which, but for this night, soon would, surely, be filled with madness, how welcome is it to me; every tear that flows softly away seems to carry a portion of the inward sorrow with it; but there are tears of bitterness which, to shed, feel like fire in the dull eyeballs, and corrode the very cheeks as they stream. I do not like to contemplate this kind of weeping; wasted forms, dying of disease, which they call consumption, and the dates of early deaths on tombstones, are connected with it.

I was glad—I was rejoiced—when the door of my room, which, by a long, winding, dark passage, led to the kitchen, opened; and I knew that some of the family of the Blayneys, who occupied the old house, were entering. I was in such a state of mind as thinking cannot help, but conversation may. I longed, even to intensity, for a sight of the thin yellow face, and close, thick muslin cap of Mrs. Blayney, an old

aunt of the family, and the chronicler to me of all the bathers who had ever dipped in the Swilly, at Linsfort.

It was not Mrs. Widow Blayney. It was Kitty Doherty, one of the servant-girls, coming in to see if the fire wanted mending. Now I had learned Kitty the annoying practice of always cracking a joke with her when I met her, and so I had to keep up my character for being droll now again. I would sooner have been seated under all the rain, in my best clothes, without umbrella or shelter, on the steepest side of the Gap of Maymore—which is a curious mountain in the neighbourhood, I should state—than have been compelled to do any thing approaching to a jest at the moment; nevertheless, I did send Kitty off of the door laughing, until her fat sides must have been sore; but then it was as easy making Kitty laugh as it is to make me cry.

I had sent my compliments to Mrs. Blayney to come and talk over my solitary tea. She was not long in making her appearance with her usual thin, sallow, sad face, and thick broad-bordered cap bound round her head with a wide, black ribbon, and her handkerchief pinned primly over a rusty, dusty, black gown, her mourning for her departed husband. Mrs. Blayney had been threescore years in this absurd world, and had known and seen many things—sorrows, and joys, and follies. She had buried her husband, and rather more than a quarter of a score of children; she was poor and something dependant I fear. She had only one child living, who was married and had too much trouble in supporting himself. She was the very perfection of a gossip; she had altogether a genius for story-telling; I used to regret that she had never thought of becoming a literary lady.

"For pity's sake, tell me a story this evening, Mrs. Blayney," I said, after I saw her comfortably seated.

The old lady, who was not in the habit of wondering at any thing, looked up slightly surprised, I fancy, at the energy of my request. She looked on my face scrutinizingly, and then, I believe, she sighed. It was plain to me that she saw into some depths of sorrow, although I had as smiling a face as need be seen at the time, I am sure. The old lady observed closely, and had thought much and justly of many things, and was indeed one of the most intellectual old ladies, without being much of a reader, that I ever met with.

"Did I ever tell you of the English lady and her daughter, who lived here seven or eight months, just twenty years ago this summer," said Mrs. Blayney; "did I indeed never tell you of the strange lady as they all called her hereabouts?"

There was something in Mrs. Blayney's manner that already excited my interest, and began to draw off my attention from the miserable matters in my own mind.

"Let me hear it; my appetite for stories is at its keenest," said I. So Mrs. Blayney began, and told in a simple and delightfully particular manner, which I would fain preserve in my telling of it, but cannot rightly catch, I believe, a narrative which struck me at the time, and does yet on recollection, as showing some strange aspects of human nature. I shall tell it as much as possible in her words:

It was beautiful weather in the beginning of May, when, as the season was so fine, we expected to have early calls on us about lodgings for the bathing season. So my brother, Thomas Blayney, got all about

the front of the house fixed, all the bad places in the slates mended, and all the little gable points and the turrets at each end whitewashed, and the inscription over the door, which tells how this house was built or rebuilt by Captain Benson, of these parts, long ago, was cleaned up, so that the letters looked new: and the gravel-walk out there, which the calves had got running over and abusing all winter, because you see the little gate at the one end was broken, was scraped clean, and new gravel brought from the shore. Inside all was readiness too. The stairs I have so often seen you laughing at, which lead to your upper bedroom, and have such big stones hanging out from the sides of the wall, that you would think, if you did not know that they were as fast as the rock they call Mount Paul, at the shore, would fall on your head some day as you were going up or down, were whitened and smoothed as much as possible under my own directions; two broken chairs in the parlour here were mended, and this carpet was bought new that year, and handsome it was before it got all the darning you see; the little door there leading to the garden was as it should be, half glass then, and not boarded up as it is now. I got the feather-bed on which you sleep half filled with new, and the blankets we had made the year before were the softest, and whitest, and thickest ever made in Linsfort.

One beautiful evening—it was a Wednesday—a week exactly after we had every thing in readiness, two ladies walked in; they had come on a car from Buncrana. There was a middle-aged lady and a young one; before you would look at them for half a minute you would say they were mother and daughter, they resembled each other so much at first sight; when we came to know them better we saw hardly any resemblance at all, they were so unlike in temper. The eldest lady was handsome as ever I saw any body, with beautiful large blue eyes, and so much curling light brown hair, and a fair oval face, and a soft complexion, and so young-looking as she was, but when I saw her in a passion, as I did soon enough, I did not think her so handsome ever again. She painted her face they said—I do not know—it would hardly have been worth her while to paint for living, here I thought. The young lady was about eighteen, and one of the fairest, sweetest creatures I ever saw; she had her mother's fine blue eyes and curling light hair; but her smile was so soft and good, and so bright too—I never think of the faces people have in heaven but I think of hers, and then there was such a delicate rosy pink on her cheeks, we never had seen such a colour in this place before.

They went about every where looking at the house, and the eldest lady talked in a learned way about styles of building, and what was the fashion of them in Queen Elizabeth's days, and she made out this place to be something of the kind people built then. They both asked a great many questions as to whether the place was solitary, as it was an entirely solitary place they wanted. I assured them that it was—that they might rise on Monday morning and pass the whole week without ever seeing a strange face, unless they had visitors of their own. At the mention of their having visitors I could see the eldest lady start in a strange way, and her eyebrows met with more fierceness than I ever saw on a woman's face before; the young lady sighed, and, I thought, grew slightly pale and looked sorrowful. Then the eldest lady assured me that they were to have no visitors whatever; that they wished to live in entire seclusion

for some time; that they were English people, and had few acquaintances in Ireland. It struck me that there was something strange in this, but of course I did not seem to notice. They engaged the lodgings, furnished as they were, for an indefinite period.

That very evening a number of boxes and trunks, and a finely-dressed English girl—a servant-maid of our new lodger's—came from Buncrana to Linsfort. The next day, when I came in here to visit Mrs. Millverne—for that was her name—they had got themselves surrounded with a number of finer things than any other lodgers we ever had could show. Beautiful boxes of all kinds, and musical instruments—guitars, and the sweetest musical boxes, too, and a quantity of plate of considerable value, I thought, was placed on the side-table there. The young lady, Miss Maria, as we all soon learned to call her, was seated at the little table by the window yonder, with drawing materials, and a portfolio of the finest pictures ever I saw before her. I soon saw, indeed I had known it from the first, that they were of superior rank to any other people we ever had with us. Mrs. Millverne received me with a great show of kindness, and a great flow of words, which I thought spoke too much of the put-on politeness of the world, in which she had it seemed been much abroad, but Miss Maria smiled on me so kindly and sincerely, that I loved her immediately as if she had been my own child. Every one loved Miss Maria before many days had gone about; there was not a creature in Linsfort who ever saw her but loved her. My son George—poor fellow, he died in America eight years ago—he was the handsomest of my sons—told me many a time, after Miss Maria had left us and gone we did not know where, that he could have knelt down often and often, and kissed the track of her footsteps on the sand down there at the water, but he never dared to tell her, you know, nor even look it.

They lived in a very quiet and regular way, being visited by nobody as they had told me, and taking care to avoid being seen as much as possible. They were very fond of walking, and spent a good while every day rambling about the shore, and Miss Maria used to carry her drawing-book with her, and take sketches of every remarkable rock, and all the views of the place. When they were within doors, they read a great deal, for I forgot to tell you, that they had brought a trunk of books with them; Miss Maria generally read aloud to her mother, and I would often hear the sound of her soft voice far on in the night, for Mrs. Millverne slept but badly, I believe, and had often to be read into the little sleep she got. They were but very little trouble to us, or our servants, in the way of cookery or attendance, for like all true ladies they were not difficult to please, and were both of them the smallest eaters we ever saw in these parts. Their waiting-maid, Mary, though she dressed too fine for a servant, was a good quiet creature (a handsome creature too); no one could ever get a word out of her concerning the former life of her mistress, or any thing about them; they had a faithful follower in her.

Months passed away calmly and pleasantly. It was a beautiful summer that, (I do not think we had such another since,) Mrs. Millverne talked of spending a year with us at least. Then, I would wonder that a lady like her, would chose to live in such a solitude as this; she would smile at that with a kind of false smile I thought, but her breast would swell as if there was sickness at her heart, and she would say, they had very particular reasons for hiding themselves a while from the world. Miss Maria

would look sorrowful at this, and her beautiful eyes would look as if she had known crying, poor thing. She had some grief of her own I soon discovered.

I was in the bedroom which opens off there one evening, but I had no intention of listening, none in the world. I could not help hearing what they said at first, for they spoke loud, and then I could not get out because the other door makes such a noise, without their knowing that I must have heard what they were saying.

"Have I not commanded you never to sketch *his* features again,—I know it is him—do not attempt to deny, your imagination is so full of the mean wretch, that I believe you think of nothing else, Maria."

"Al! mother, he loved me so well, is it not natural I should think of him? Surely you will not forbid me this!" Miss Maria's voice was so weak and broken, that I knew she must have stopped in a flood of tears.

Mrs. Millverne certainly stamped the floor with anger at this, for I heard her steps, and when she spoke her voice rose so loud and angry, that it terrified me.

"Ha! and so you tell me that it is natural you should love this low, grovelling wretch, a thousand times as well as you love *me*, I suppose? You would go with him, I suppose, were he to discover you again—you would leave *me*, Maria—I see it plainly—after all my care, my love, my watchfulness."—Her voice suddenly softened and trembled at this, but it was only a second or so; she spoke again as loud and angry as at first: "But he will never see you more, Maria—never; I think I have evaded his pursuit at last—at last, after trying so long and being so often baffled—seeing his detestable face and figure following us always—always; no matter how I hid myself; but he cannot discover us, surely, in this seclusion; and I have a hope that he will shortly die, for his habits are so vile and dissipated."

"Oh! mother, mother, this is unnatural—unnatural!" Miss Maria's voice trembled so much, that I hardly heard this, but I heard her sobbing as plainly as ever I heard weeping in my life.

"Unnatural, indeed! has not this man been the blight of my life and of yours? Do I not hate him with a feeling I can never express? and not for his grovelling soul so much as for his gross sensuality. Maria, I give you my commands again—never dare in my sight to sketch one lineament of this man's face—never allude to him—never lead me to imagine you are thinking of him—never—remember this!"—Her voice got up high and fierce-like at the last words, and then nobody spoke, only Miss Maria's sobs were louder than ever. In a short time a lively sound of music was heard. Mrs. Millverne I knew had taken her guitar, and was playing in a way that bewitched every one of us, for she was the best musician ever I heard, and always made the sweetest music when she was in the greatest fury of a temper. I managed then to slip out of the bedroom without being heard.

All that night the sound of Miss Maria's sobbing was in my ears. From what I had heard I thought she was in love with some person—doubtless an inferior—and her mother had separated them. I could cry for the poor young creature, when I remember my daughter Agnes—my poor Agnes—my dead Agnes; it was only five or six hours before she died she told me that love had killed her; she loved a hand-

some and very clever young man, whom she was in the habit of seeing often enough, but never got much acquainted with either, I believe, for though not in a higher rank, he was more polished, and had seen far more of the world, and she thought he could never care for her ; so she hid all her own love, and looked nothing but cold and careless, whilst the love she hid was secretly eating her very heart away. Well, he married suddenly—all at once—a girl as plain in all respects, and no richer than herself ; and from that hour Agnes never had the heart to speak, or look, or do any thing like the living girl she was before. She had round, red cheeks once, and they grew in the shortest time you ever saw quite flat and yellow. I did not know what to do—I did not know what ailed her. I remembered afterwards that the young man she loved, and his wife, used frequently to pass our house, and she saw them, I suppose. Many a year afterwards I have cried till I have nearly blinded my eyes, to think of what she must have suffered then ; but she died, and it was good for her—she told me she never could have a happy minute in this world.”

Mrs. Blayney paused at this little episode. There was a deep silence. I knew she was weeping with the profound sorrow of age, and I could have sat by that fire and wept till the morning ; the story of Agnes touched my own sorrows so nearly.

“ It was six or seven weeks,” resumed Mrs. Blayney, “ after I overheard what I have told you, that as I was standing in the kitchen beside the fire, one evening, watching the servant-girls stirring a large pot of flummery, which I was afraid they would burn or singe, as they had a shameful trick of doing, a strange man entered by one of the back-doors, and making a short remark about the weather seated himself at no great distance from my side. He was shabbily dressed, and seemed as if he had travelled far that day, for his boots, which were a long worn pair, were splashed with the mud of the roads, which were in a dirty state, as much rain had fallen. He seemed about forty years of age to my judgment, but his face was thin and pale and wasted, as if he was in bad health ; for all that, any woman looking at him would have seen at once that he must have been a very handsome man when he was younger and fatter. When he took off his hat, which he forgot to do until he was a little while in the house, I never before saw the like of the fine brown curling hair he had.

He sat silent some time, and his looks were so strange that I was surmising he was not right in his mind ; at last he began making inquiries about my lodgers. I told him their names, and that they were mother and daughter, without thinking he had any particular ends in asking.

“ Mrs. Millverne,” he repeated, musing like, and leaning his head on his hand. It was one of the most emaciated hands I ever saw, and kept in a dirty, ill condition. “ Mrs. Millverne,” said he again, speaking so low I could scarcely hear him, “ she has had a lot of names, and this may be another.”

“ What a handsome lady she is, isn’t she ? She has fine blue eyes and light brown hair !” He said this as innocent-looking as you please ; but it was all cunning in place of innocence.

“ Yes, she is handsome,” I answered, not suspecting his drift ; “ she has the loveliest blue eyes indeed, and such curling hair as I never saw before ; but Miss Maria is as handsome—the very same nearly, as far

as features go ; but so much like an angel in countenance. Miss Maria is the very fairest young lady in person and dispositions I ever met with."

He looked in my face for a full minute after I had done speaking, with such a strange, unnatural brightness in his eyes, and his lips moving and working, as if he was in convulsions, so that I was frightened altogether ; for I believed that he was a madman.

"My Maria—my own Maria—my own—my own—I have found you at last !" He did not say this to me, but as if to himself, and he rocked backwards and forwards on his chair, and clasped his hands on his breast ; and when I looked closer at his eyes, I saw they were filled with tears, and his lips were moving and muttering, in broken-like tones, thanks to God for having led him where he was.

Just then the door leading to Mrs. Millverne's rooms was opened, I suppose, by my daughter Agnes, who was not grown up then—poor thing !—but was running about all day so merry, and singing constantly. She came into the kitchen, and the doors being open, we heard distinctly Mrs. Millverne playing as beautifully as she always did on the guitar. The strange man started up liker a madman than ever when he heard it.

"It is she ! I would know that music all over the world. One would think it was an angel was playing, and it is a devil !—a devil ! I know she is a devil !" He paced up and down for some minutes, altogether mad-like ; none of us moved or spoke ; we were too much frightened. Then he sat down again, and, from a large pocket in his upper coat, he drew out a bottle, and without saying a word, reached for a tumbler, which happened to be standing on the table near him, and filling it nearly full of strong spirits from the bottle, drank a great draught very eagerly.

"It is the strongest whiskey I could get in Buncrana," he said, smiling and laughing too in a strange ghastly way, "it is good too, I've a right to know, for I'm an Irishman born. John Boyle was well acquainted with whiskey before his uncle left him the guineas, and he took his handsome face to England to make a better of it. I wonder *she* came to Ireland to hide from me. I've scented her, and my own Maria, out all over the world, but in Ireland, particularly, they couldn't hide from me. I have not introduced myself to you yet," he said, addressing me. "I am Mr. John Boyle, and I have a good right to be well known to your lodgers ; here, drink to our better acquaintance."

He poured more whiskey into the tumbler and offered it to me. I took it and tasted it, much against my will, but I was afraid to irritate him seeing that it was plain he was crazed.

"I must drink on and on. I will not be able to face *her* until I drink more ; then I shall go and claim my own Maria, who loves me as nature bids her do. I know she does. I shall claim her and keep her, my own Maria, my own beautiful girl."

It was sorrowful to hear the broken voice with which he spoke the last words, and to see how his breast rose, as if his heart would break through it, but he put the liquor to his lips again and drank deeper than at first.

I was sorely puzzled what to do. My husband and the boys were all absent at a distant fair, and would not be home till late, or perhaps not at all that night, and how to get the strange man out of the house I did not know. My mind misgave me about him, for his talk concerning Miss Maria was so strange, and yet surely he could not be her lover,—the man

she loved and whom her mother treated her harshly for remembering,—it was hardly possible. I remained settled in the opinion that he was a madman, but that in some manner he was following and persecuting Mrs. Millverne, and that she would be sadly troubled when she learned he had found her out again. I thought it would be best to tell her of him, so I was leaving the kitchen as cautiously as I could, thinking he would not observe me, but on looking back I saw his glaring eyes fixed on me, and he was rising to follow me. He came close to me and laying his hand on my shoulder whispered in my ear.

"I am ready to go now too—I have drunk enough—my spirit is fairly up—I will be able to look down the devil in *her* eyes and claim my own Maria—my own girl."

I stood still at this, for I was so terrified I could not stir one step.

"Come on," said he, opening the door as if he had been familiar with it all his life, and proceeding rapidly through the long dark passage leading to Mrs. Millverne's rooms, as if in some strange way he knew all about the house, but Mrs. Millverne had just commenced playing the guitar, and I suppose the sound directed him where to go. I ran after him and caught him by the arm just as he was at the very door. I begged him for the love of heaven not to frighten the ladies by rushing like one not in his senses into their presence, but if he must see them to let me go in and tell them of his coming. He would not listen to me, though I assured him over and over again that Mrs. Millverne had been very sick for some days, and that the shock of seeing a stranger rushing in so suddenly might have an evil effect on her; it was truth I was telling him, but it made no impression on him, for he opened the door and rushed in. I followed close behind. Mrs. Millverne was sitting near the fire playing her guitar, and very languid and ill she looked; Miss Maria was seated near a table reading, I believe, for the candles were lit; Miss Maria was looking sorrowful and in low spirits I thought, but I had little time to observe, for the strange man ran to her side and called out in a strange agitated voice,

"My Maria, my Maria! my child, my own child!" She gave a low cry, and rising up, threw herself into his open arms.

"My father! my father!" she said, and they embraced one another as fondly as any two creatures I ever saw. I was so bewildered at the sight, that I thought it like a dream, but Mrs. Millverne's wild passionate looks restored me to myself. She had thrown the guitar down partly in the ashes of the hearth here, and she was standing looking at the meeting of the father and daughter, (for so it seemed they were,) with a face so terrible in its expression, that I hope I may never see its like again.

"So you have discovered us once more, John Boyle, devil, you have tracked us out again." The unnatural calmness of her voice, whilst the fury of downright murder was in her eyes, was wonderful.

"I have come to claim my child, Mrs. Boyle—Mrs. Boyle, you are that still; take as many fine names as you may, you are my wife; but I do not claim *you*; no, no, don't fear it Mrs. Boyle," he laughed derisively as he said this, and his eyes turned on her with the blackest looks,—but he glanced on Miss Maria, and then his face softened in the tenderest, kindest way.

"I merely come for my child—my own Maria. You have managed

to cheat me of her dear presence, though not, thank God, of her love, from the hour of her birth till now;—but I claim her, I have lawful authority for claiming her; fortune has been something kinder to me of late than usual, and I can support my child now. You hardly believe me because you think my appearance poor and squalid; but what made me so? was it not your base desertion of me, the man you once loved, that drove me to mean company and mean vices. My own child—my Maria, shall make me better and happier; my Maria loves her father.” He clasped her in his arms again, and I thought I heard sobs. I certainly heard Miss Maria’s voice whispering so softly—“Father—father!” She had a natural and fond heart surely.

I will not attempt to tell you all Mrs. Millverne—or Mrs. Boyle as I suppose I should call her—said when her words fairly broke loose, for I could not remember the one half of it, though I had always a surprisingly good memory. The bitter threatenings, the fierce taunts, the upbraidings, with which she loaded poor Boyle, who was, it seemed, her own husband, were terrible to hear. His eyes glanced with fury and defiance, too, but Miss Maria stood at his side, and held his arm, and looked softly in his face and besought him not to answer. Then the enraged woman attacked Miss Maria herself next, and told her the cruellest things you ever heard,—how she was so ungrateful to her, and so mean and grovelling in caring for him, who was their black disgrace, and the scourge of their whole lives. I remember she spoke only once—“But he is my father,” she said; “no matter how humble or low he is, or may have been, or how weak his conduct, he is my father, and I must love him.”

At this poor Boyle embraced her again, and said he had never known what happiness was in his life till now; that he had found an angel to love him: he would be another man from that time—he would lead a new life.

Then Mrs. Millverne’s passion grew wilder than ever; her eyes dilated, so as to frighten one; but, all of a sudden, she fell heavily down on the floor. We all ran to her, and found that the blood was gushing from her mouth and nose. She could not speak, but her eyes rolled terribly; and when her husband came near her, she motioned him away, as if the very touch of his hand would kill her. We got her carried in and laid on the bed in the adjoining room, and I sent off immediately for a doctor. But it was of no use. She never spoke a word again. When the doctor came, he could do nothing; she had burst a blood-vessel, and nothing could save her from immediate death.

It was about one o’clock in the night when she died. We were all standing round her bed. Poor Boyle stood so as that she could not see him, for he wished not to distress her then. Miss Maria hung over her with the sorrowfullest face you ever saw; it was like a corpse in colour, and the tears were thick—thick in her eyes as if she had not power to cry. I saw the shadow of death coming over her mother’s face, and the poor girl, young as she was, seemed to see and know it too.

“Mother,” she said, putting her lips nearly on her brow, “forgive us and bless us mother, for God’s sake, and pray to him now.” Her mother’s lips moved, but she could not speak.

“Forgive *him* mother and speak to him now—forgive my father now, mother.” I thought her face softened and that she seemed as if she would wish to depart in peace even with her husband. I beckoned him for-

wards. He came, and stooping over her begged her to forgive all the manner in which he had disturbed her life. I think and I hope for the sake of her soul that she had repented then at last, but she was on the point of death at that minute, her eyes turned gently and sorrowfully up on him, then she gave one heavy sigh and her breath was gone for ever.

It was a sorrowful time after that, for the grief of Miss Maria was beyond all I ever saw a child show for a parent.

From all I had heard I learned that Mrs. Boyle was an English lady of considerable rank as compared with her husband, who was of low origin. She had fallen in love with him for his beauty, and made a run-away match when she was only sixteen years old. He was a very young man too, and handsome, but a profligate character. Her relations disowned her at first altogether, and her husband soon ill-treated her so that she hated him. At last she secretly left him with her infant daughter, and proceeded to the house of one of her rich relations, who received her on condition that she would renounce Boyle for ever, and take a new name. She did this, and for some time lived unmolested by her husband. At last he discovered her, and followed her everywhere. He was dotingly fond of his child it seemed, and go where she would he found her out. Mrs. Boyle allowed him a yearly sum for his support, but still he would not when he could be out of her presence, or rather, that of his daughter, whom, as she grew up, he managed to see frequently. They had been living in many places in England, and Scotland, and abroad too, before they came to Linsfort, but still Boyle discovered their retreat wherever they went.

Miss Maria and her father left Linsfort as soon as possible, taking the body of the unfortunate lady with them. They went to England immediately. I have often heard from them since, and Miss Maria has sent me some kind remembrances, which I could show you. She married very happily I believe, and her father always lived with her, and was a reformed man in all respects."

When Mrs. Blayney had finished this story she took her departure, and I was left alone again to my own meditations. Thinking over all the particulars of the narrative I had heard, I looked round the large solitary old apartment, and was comforted, if not consoled, in some respects, with the consciousness that other strong, human, suffering emotion besides my own, had once sighed and sorrowed there, and passed away long ago, and the old room was as quiet and serene as if a mortal life had never been destroyed by passion in it. It is a short existence which our struggling feelings trouble, and we must all soon forget or die—that is the consolation.

THE NEW COMMENTED EDITION OF THE HOLY
SCRIPTURES.*

It appears to have been the practice in the earliest ages of Christianity to translate the Holy Scriptures into the language of every country into which they were received; for we are informed by Theodoret, who lived in the beginning of the fifth century, that they were not only translated into the language of the Greeks, but also of the Romans, Persians, Armenians, Scythians, Samaritans, Egyptians, and, in a word, into all the languages used by every nation where the gospel had been received; and he adds, "For the sacred writ being the foundation of the Christian religion, upon which its professors built the whole system of their morality and doctrine, and which they were obliged to read both in public and private, the several churches of the world could not be long without such translations as might be understood by every body."

We cannot exactly ascertain the precise time of the introduction of Christianity in Great Britain, nor can we say how soon after the gospel was preached to the inhabitants, the Holy Scriptures were translated into the language of the people. The first of which we have any account is a translation of the Psalms into Anglo-Saxon, by Adhelm, bishop of Sherborne, about the year 706. Egbert, bishop of Landisfern, who died in the year 721, made a Saxon version of the four gospels, and not long after, the venerable Bede translated the whole Bible into that language. It appears also that new translations were made from time to time as the language of the country varied, and towards the end of the ninth century king Alfred translated the Psalms.

When, however, the Popes of Rome had established their spiritual dominion in Europe, they prohibited the reading of vernacular translations of the Bible, and the people had, in consequence, been so long deprived of the use of the scriptures, that in the fourteenth century, the latest of these translations had become unintelligible. In this century, Wickliff, from whom we may date the first dawn of the reformation in this country, published an English translation of the whole Bible. This gave so much offence to the Romish clergy, that in the year 1390 a bill was brought into the House of Lords to suppress it, but the powerful opposition of the Duke of Lancaster, the king's uncle, caused it to be rejected. At the commencement of the next century the Romish party were more successful, for in 1408, in a convocation held at Oxford by Archbishop Arundel, it was decreed by constitution, "That no one should thereafter translate any text of holy scripture into English by way of book, or little book, or tract, and that no book of this kind should be read that was composed lately in the time of John Wickliff, or since his death." After this, many persons were severely punished, and some even with death, for reading the scriptures in English.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, William Tyndal translated the New Testament from the original Greek, and printed it without a name at Hamburg or Antwerp, about the year 1526. This impression, which was the first printed edition of any part of the holy scriptures into the English

* The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, accompanied throughout with a brief hermeneutic and exegetical Commentary and revised version. By the Rev. T. J. Hussey, D.D., Rector of Hayes, Kent.

language, was sent over to England, but the selling or dispersion of it was prohibited under heavy penalties. In the year 1535 Miles Coverdale published, in folio, the first English translation of the whole Bible, and dedicated it to King Henry the Eighth, and in the same year, at the solicitation of Archbishop Cranmer, the king gave his consent for a new translation of the holy scriptures to be made. In the following year the clergy were enjoined by royal authority to provide a book of the whole Bible both in Latin and English, and lay it in the choir for every man that would read therein; and in 1538 a similar injunction was issued by the vicar-general. In the year 1537 an edition of the Bible, varying but little from Coverdale's translation, was printed in folio under the superintendence of John Rogers, who afterwards suffered death as a heretic in the reign of Queen Mary. He assumed, however, the name of Matthew, and hence this is always called Matthew's Bible.

In 1539, the Bible in large folio was printed in London under the direction of Coverdale, and the patronage of Cranmer. It contains some improvement upon Matthew's translation, and is generally called the Great Bible. It went through several editions, and that of 1540, to which Cranmer wrote a preface, showing that, "Scripture should be had and read of the lay and vulgar people," is called in consequence, Cranmer's Bible; and from this the translation of the Psalms in our Liturgy is taken. In this year a royal proclamation was issued, requiring the curates and parishioners of every parish, to provide themselves with the Bible of the largest size before the feast of all souls, under the penalty of forty shillings a month, and a brief or declaration to the same effect was published in the following year.

After this time, however, the Popish party appears to have been in the ascendant, for in the year 1542 an act of parliament was passed, prohibiting the Bible to be openly read in any church but by leave of the king, or privately by any women, artificers, apprentices, journeymen, husbandmen, labourers, or by any servants of yeomen or under, but allowing every nobleman or gentleman to have the Bible read in his house, and noble ladies, gentlewomen, and merchants, to read it themselves, but no man or woman under those degrees.

It does not appear that during the reign of that excellent prince, King Edward the Sixth, any new translation of the Bible was attempted, but in the reign of Queen Mary, when many of the principal reformers were driven out of the kingdom by the terrors of persecution, they took refuge at Geneva, and there employed themselves in making a new translation of the sacred writings. This was completed in 1560, and is called the Geneva Bible.

Queen Elizabeth commanded a new translation of the Bible to be made under the direction of Archbishop Parker, who divided the work among fifteen persons, eminent alike for their piety and learning. After these had completed the portions assigned to them, the whole was revised with the greatest care, and because eight of the persons originally concerned in it were bishops, it is generally called the Bishop's Bible. The archbishop wrote a preface to it, and it was published in 1568.

The Roman Catholics alarmed at the spread of the Holy Scriptures amongst the common people, printed at Rheims an English New Testament translated from the Vulgate, and in 1610 completed a translation of the Old Testament, which they published at Douay.

In 1611, under the auspices of King James the First, the present authorized version of the Bible was published. It is the work of forty-seven learned men of the universities and other places, and was commenced in the year 1607.

When each had completed the task assigned him, the whole was read over and corrected by a committee of six of the translators, two being selected from Cambridge, two from Oxford, and two from Westminster, and it was privately reviewed by Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Miles Smith, who together prefixed arguments to the several books, and the latter wrote the preface.

The following table will show in chronological order the several printed translations of the Holy Scriptures, of which the foregoing brief account has been given.

Tyndal's first translation of the New Testament . . .	1526
Coverdale's translation of the whole Bible . . .	1535
Matthew's Bible	1537
The Great Bible	1539
Cranmer's Bible	1540
The Geneva Bible	1560
The Bishops' Bible	1568
The Rhenish New Testament	1582
The Douay Bible	1610
King James's Bible, the present authorized Version . . .	1611

This last, which in the language of a learned divine of the last century "is a most wonderful and incomparable work, equally remarkable for the general fidelity of its construction, and the magnificent simplicity of its language, has continued for upwards of two hundred years the authorized version appointed to be read in our churches." Though not a perfect work, it has the advantage of being correct in its doctrine, and all its general construction faithful to the original, but the great progress which has since been made in the study of the original languages, the improvement which has succeeded in critical learning, the better acquaintance with oriental customs, and the possession of many hundred manuscripts of more ancient date, which the translators under King James, had no opportunity of consulting, have enabled the learned to discover many imperfections and errors of translation, and led to a general desire that a more perfect version should be published.

"As such a work," says a late theological writer, "deliberately planned and judiciously executed, would unquestionably contribute much to the advancement of true religion, many pious men have expressed their anxious wishes for its accomplishment; and doubtless, in due time, by the blessing of God, the prudent governors of our church will provide for its execution."

This was written upwards of half a century since, but no revised version has yet appeared, bearing upon its face the authority of the church. Several detached portions have been translated by learned individuals, among whom we must particularly notice Bishop Lowth's *Isaiah*, which being arranged in parallelisms according to the construction of Hebrew poetry, approaches nearer than any other to the grandeur and simplicity of the sacred language. An anonymous translation of the whole Bible has also been recently published, which professes to give upwards of twenty thousand emendations of the text, but until we are acquainted

with the name of the writer we know not what authority to give to his work. We have, however, referred to several passages which we know to be inaccurately translated in the authorized version, and have found a more correct rendering given in their respective places.

The learned Dr. Hussey, rector of Hayes, in Kent, has, however, after a life of intense labour, completed a carefully revised version of the Holy Scriptures, which is now publishing in monthly numbers, the first two of which have appeared. The plan of his work appears to be, to give in parallel columns, the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures, and a version carefully revised by himself, in which he professes only to differ from the former "where more recent investigations have proved the inadequacy of the rendering, and where corruptions existing in the Hebrew text from which the translation was made, but detected by later researches, make such a departure indispensable, in order to reconcile contradictions, or to rectify manifest errors." In this we think that he has been eminently successful, although in some passages where he differs from the received text, we much prefer the rendering of the authorized version. He has also inserted in smaller type, additions from the Samaritan Pentateuch, and from the Septuagint, and has incorporated with the text of his revised version a brief hermeneutic and exegetical commentary of such passages as he considered might thus be rendered more intelligible to the general reader. He has likewise given in a fourth column the chronology of Dr. Hales, which he considers far preferable to that of Usher, the one more generally adopted. The following extract will give a clear view of the plan of the work.

THE FIRST BOOK OF MOSES CALLED GENESIS.

Before Christ,
4004.

CHAPTER I.

1. The creation of heaven and earth ; 3, of the light ; 6, of mankind ; 9, of the earth separated from the waters ; 11, and made fruitful ; 14, of the sun, moon, and stars ; 20, of fish and fowl ; 24, of beasts and cattle ; 26, of Man in the image of God ; 29, also the appointment of food.

(a) John i. 1, 1 In the(a) begin-
2; Heb. i. 10. ning(b) God treated the
(b) Ps. viii. 3, heaven and the earth.
& xxxiii. 6, &
lxxxix. 11, 12, &
ciii. 25, & lxxxvi.
5, & cxlvi. 6. Is.
xlv. 24 ; Jer.
x. 12, & li. 15 ;
Zech. xii. 19 ;
Acts xiv. 15, &
xvii. 24 ; Col. i.
16, 17 ; Heb. xi.
3 ; Rev. iv. 1, &
x. 6.
(c) Ps. xxxiii. (c)and the Spirit of God
6 ; Is. xl. 13, 14. moved upon the face of
the waters.

(d) Ps. xxxiii. 3 (d)And God said,
9.
(e) 2 Cor. iv. 6. (e)Let there be light :
and there was light.

* Heb. Be-
tween the light
and God divided* the
darkness. light from the darkness.

1 In the beginning,
previous to the six days,
but the time of the crea-
tion not defined, God
created the heaven and
the earth.

Before Christ,
5411.

4 "good" fit for the
ends and purposes for
which he made it.

We are glad to see that the Doctor has not made the usual appeal in support of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, from the peculiar construction of the first verse, which in Hebrew is literally, "The Gods created," **אלהים בוא** the substantive being plural and the verb singular, because, until it shall be made probable that the sacred writers did usually involve doctrines of this kind in mere forms of words, we consider it objectionable to employ such a method of supporting an article of faith which stands in need of no such support. But the Doctor is evidently too well versed in the construction of the Hebrew language, not to be fully aware that there is nothing extraordinary in the fact of a singular verb relating to a plural nominative, and that the word Gods in the plural is also used when speaking of a single idol, as in 2 Kings i. 6. Baal-zebub the God (Heb. Gods) of Ekrom. **בבעל זבוב אלהי עקרן**

In verse 16, "And God made two great lights," the Doctor has inserted after "made" the following commentary, *not necessarily created at this time, but now appointed to the end specified*. This, we think, he is hardly warranted in saying, as the Sacred Penman is positive as to the time of their creation, for he states that on the fourth day, ver. 14, "God said let there be lights in the firmament of the Heaven," &c. ; ver. 16, "And God *made* two great lights," &c. ; and ver. 17, and "God set them in the firmament of the heaven," &c., evidently implying that they were not merely "*appointed to the end specified*" but actually created at that particular time. Besides, till the creation of the sun, the length of the day would not be regulated by the motion of the earth on its axis with reference to that luminary, but would be some indefinite period, during which, the Almighty Creator thought fit, in his infinite wisdom, to permit the light to shine upon the world, the evening and the morning signifying the cessation and the reappearance of that light.

This too will accord with the recent discoveries in geology, and the deduction from them, that the earth must have existed for very lengthened periods in its several states ; for we feel convinced, that however much at first sight the discoveries of science may appear to contradict the accounts of scripture, their further development, and a more intimate acquaintance with the language of the Bible, will prove the correctness of the Inspired Penman.

To verse 27, "So God created man in his own image," the Doctor adds this beautiful commentary, for which he has the authority of an Apostle, "*in righteousness and true holiness*" (Eph. iv. 24), *endued with reason and understanding capable of, and designed for, immortality*. The 15th verse of the 3d chapter is thus rendered by the Doctor, with the interspersed commentary in italics, which briefly but clearly explains the relation of the prophecy to the Messiah :

15 And I will put enmity between thee, *the spiritual serpent*, and the woman, *referring to the agency of the Virgin*, and between thy seed and her seed ; it, *the seed of the woman without the knowledge of man, the Messiah*, shall bruise thy head, *destroy the sovereignty of the Devil*, and thou shalt bruise his heel, *assail his human nature*.

Verse 7 of chapter iv. is thus rendered and commented :

7 If thou doest well, *offerest appointed sacrifice with faith in the mediator to come* (Heb. xi. 4), shalt thou not be accepted ? And if thou doest not well, *makest an eucharistic offering, without reference to the future atonement, a sin offering, an animal to be sacrificed for sin, even now*

lieth at the door; and *then* unto thee shall be his, *Abel's*, desire, *he shall again look up to thee as his elder brother*, and thou shalt rule, *have the preference*, over him.

This paraphrase, and the rendering the word חַטָּאת (translated *sin* in the authorized version) *sin offering*, which it is supposed by the learned to mean by metonymy, the sense is made much clearer to the understanding, and implies, as is positively taught in other parts of the Bible, that sin may be washed out, but only by a peculiar sacrifice, and is obviously the meaning here, for St. Paul tells us, Heb. xi. 4, that Abel's sacrifice was more excellent than Cain's, *πλεיוνα θυσιαν*, a *fuller sacrifice*, Cain's not being a proper sacrifice, but a mere offering of the fruits of the ground. And herein, it should seem, he did not well, the context supplying no other cause for his having done ill.

In the 15th verse, the Doctor's version, "And Jehovah gave to Cain a sign that no one finding him should kill him," is a better translation of *וַיִּשָּׂם יְהוָה לְקַן אֹתוֹ* than the authorized version, "set a mark upon Cain," &c., and we find the word אֹת similarly rendered, Gen. ix. 12, 13. The ordinary acceptance has given rise to many ridiculous conjectures as to the nature of the mark. Some imagine that God impressed a letter on his forehead, others have been so curious in their inquiries as to pretend to tell what that letter was. Some say that it was a letter of the word Abel, while others suppose it to have been one of the four letters of יהוה the incommunicable name of God, or a letter expressing repentance. There have been some who imagined that Abel's dog was appointed to go with him wherever he went, to warn people not to kill him, but this not being exactly a mark set upon Cain, other writers contend that his face and forehead were leprous; and some that his mark was a wild aspect, and terrible rolling eyes. Others say that he was subject to terrible trembling, so as to be scarcely able to get his food to his mouth, a notion taken from the LXX. who translate fugitive and vagabond *στενων και τρεμων*. And there are some writers who have improved this conceit, by adding, that wherever he went the earth trembled and shook around him. But there is another notion of Cain's mark, as good as any of the rest—viz., that he had a horn fixed in his forehead to teach all men to avoid him. The doctor's translation, however, dispels at once, these wanderings of the imagination.

Verses 23, 24, which in the authorized version run thus:

23 And Lamech said unto his wives, Adah and Zillah, "Hear my voice, ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech: for I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt."

24 "If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold." The Doctor renders thus: "For I have slain a man for having wounded me, and a young man for having bruised me."

26 "If Cain *who committed the crime of unprovoked murder*, shall be avenged sevenfold, *in any one that slayeth him*. truly Lamech, *who was guilty only of homicide in his own defence* shall be avenged seventy and sevenfold."

We cannot say that we exactly agree with the Doctor's version, although it renders the passage more intelligible to the understanding, but were we to render it interrogatively, and it were to stand thus, "Have I slain a young man to my wounding?" &c., the meaning will become plain, and the application of the 24th verse readily understood.

In this view of the passage we are confirmed by the targum of Onkelos, where he thus paraphrases it: "I have not killed a man that I should bear the sin of it, nor have I destroyed a young man that my offspring should be cut off for it." This speech we may suppose Lamech to have addressed to his wives, in order to calm the apprehension which they probably entertained, that the family of Adam would attempt to avenge upon them Abel's death. Lamech endeavoured to reason them out of these fears, and therefore calling his family together, he argued with them to the following purpose: "Why should we make our lives uneasy with these groundless suspicions? We have not killed a man, nor offered any injury to our brethren of the other family, and surely reason must teach us that they have no right to hurt us. Cain indeed, our ancestor, killed Abel, but God was so far pleased to forgive his sin, as to threaten to take sevenfold vengeance on any one that should kill him. Surely, therefore, they must expect a much greater punishment who shall presume to kill any of us. If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, surely Lamech or any of his numerous family seventy-sevenfold." This, we think, is the most probable meaning of the speech of Lamech to his wives. The passage is brought in abruptly by the Sacred Penman, is unconnected with the context, and it appears at first sight difficult to ascertain to what we are to apply it. The expression itself is dark, and the expositors have attempted to explain it very imperfectly. The Rabbins, as usual, tell a traditionary story, in order to explain the speech. They inform us that Lamech, being blind, took his son Tubal Cain to hunt with him in the woods, where they unfortunately found Cain, who used to conceal himself in the thickets, afraid of the society and converse of men, and that the lad mistook him for some beast stirring in the bushes. Lamech, they then inform us, by the direction of his son, killed him with a dart or arrow, and that this was the man he killed by his wounding him. Afterwards, when he discovered his unfortunate mistake, he beat Tubal Cain to death for misinforming him, and thus killed a young man by hurting or beating him.

In the fifth chapter, containing the generations of Adam, the Doctor gives us in his version the chronology of the Septuagint, in which many of the patriarchs are made to live one hundred years longer than in the Hebrew Pentateuch before they begat children, but the abovementioned century is deducted from their after lives.

We think the Doctor has been eminently successful in the short commentaries which he has occasionally introduced, and which will, we are sure, be found of great assistance in elucidating the meaning of the text. In chapter xvii. 8—"And I will give unto thee and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God"—he thus writes: "*To the end of time the land of Canaan shall be theirs; if expelled thence, to chastise them for apostacy from me to idols, they shall be brought back from the country whither they were led captive; if, for rejecting the Messiah, I scatter them among the nations, from these I will gather them again to be restored to the promised land, which to them and all people is the tyre and pledge of their ultimate inheritance, the heavenly Jerusalem, of which the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the 'temple.'*" Rev. xxi. 22.

In chapter xxii. 3.—"And Abraham rose up early in the morn-

ing and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for a burnt offering, and rose up and went unto the place which God had told him," he adds the following commentary:—*A significant type, an information by action instead of words, of the great sacrifice of Christ, for the redemption of mankind, given at the earnest request of Abraham, who longed impatiently to see Christ's day; and is that passage of sacred history referred to by our Lord, where he says to the unbelieving Jews, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad."*—John viii. 56. And he observes in verse 13, that the ram, caught in the thicket, which Abraham offered up for a burnt offering, was *figurative of the immediate typical sacrifice of the Mosaic economy, as that and all others of the archetypal sacrifice of Christ.*

In chapter xxv. 31.—And Jacob said, sell me this day thy birth-right. The doctor adds, *What that was, is a matter of doubt: that it involved the discharge of some spiritual office, and the blessing arising, in this instance a peculiar one, may be inferred from St. Paul, designating Esau "a profane person," Heb. xii. 16, for his conduct on this occasion.*

In chapter xxviii. 12.—And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to Heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. The doctor observes,—*In this prophetic and symbolic dream, whereby "God answered Jacob in the day of his distress," Gen. xxxv. 3, was typified the administration which Jehovah was to take upon him respecting Jacob and his posterity, and the continued intercourse which should thus exist between heaven and earth by the "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."*—Heb. i. 14.

To the third verse of the sixth chapter of Exodus, "And I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob by the name of God Almighty, but by my name JEHOVAH was I not known unto them," he adds the following commentary:—*To the Patriarchs I manifested myself as "the bountiful God." The temporal blessings I conferred upon them being a pledge and a proof that I could redeem my promise of establishing them in Canaan, and realize the conditions of the covenant of mercy through atonement of the Messiah. Ye shall see me manifested, as "the God who giveth effect" to his promises. Moreover your deliverance and subsequent establishment shall be a type of the spiritual deliverance and "eternal inheritance," Heb. ix. 15, of the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, Gal. iii. 26.*

This passage, as translated in our version, is at variance with many parts of the preceding narrative; from which it appears, that God was known to the Patriarchs by the name Jehovah, as well as by the appellation of God Almighty.

For instance, Abraham called the place where he went to offer up Isaac, Jehovah-jireh (Gen. xxii. 14), which we imagine he would not have done had he not, at that time, known God by his name Jehovah. In the vision of Jacob, recorded in Gen. xxviii. 13, he saw the Lord standing before him, and the Lord said, "I am the Lord God," or, literally, "I am Jehovah the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac." Here God expressly revealed himself to Jacob by his name Jehovah. We therefore consider the latter part of the third verse of

the sixth chapter of Exodus an erroneous translation, and agree with that portion of the learned who would read it interrogatively, thus—
 “By my name, Jehovah, was I not known unto them?”

The LXX agrees, however, with our English translation, *καὶ τὸ ὄνομα μου κοπιος οὐκ ἐδηλώσα αὐτοῖς*, but in some manuscripts, the *οὐκ* is omitted, and the passage would, therefore, read “My name Jehovah I made known unto them;” which interpretation is favoured by the Arabic version.

To the fifteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter, the Doctor annexes the following beautiful commentary:—*If we receive as authentic the various narratives of scripturę, which, as Christians, we are bound to do, we shall find in every account of a miracle some particulars which prevent the possibility of the miracle being explained away; there are certain conditions in these problems which restrict the solution of them within the limits which God has prescribed. Thus in the passage of the Red Sea, by the Israelites, “The waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.”* Exod. xvii. 22. *A circumstance which precludes any explanation but that of a miracle, as the details, respecting the manna, show that no vegetable production of Arabia, with which the natives are still familiar, was the type of “the living bread which came down from Heaven,”* John vi. 51, see 2 Kings xx. 11.

Upon the whole, we think that the Doctor has been eminently successful in the work he has undertaken. The learned researches in which his life has been spent, have been brought to bear upon the subject; and many passages, otherwise obscure, have thus been rendered clear to the biblical student.

His brief hermeneutic and exegetical commentaries are also excellent, whether we consider them as bringing out, in a clearer point of view, the meaning of the text, or connecting the particular passage with the doctrines of our church. We can equally recommend the work to the learned and the unlearned reader; for the latter will find it a great assistance to the study of the Scriptures, and will, through its aid, discover the meaning of many passages, which formerly appeared to him obscure; while the former will derive much pleasure in recognising the substitution of more perfect renderings, for passages which he knew to be incorrectly translated; and though he may not always agree with the Doctor, he will find so little cause to differ, that we feel sure he will be satisfied with the whole, and exclaim,

— Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit natura.

Rev. H. H. H.

~~LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.~~

LIVES OF THE PRINCES OF WALES.*

AMONG the characteristics of the reading public in the present day, the interest which is felt, not merely in the history of our land, but in whatever can throw light upon the pursuits, habits, and tastes of our forefathers, or illustrate the more obscure or controverted portions of their history, is perhaps the most prominent.

Each year and each season is providing us with new contributions to the general history of the past, and while much curious and interesting information is supplied illustrative of the condition of the people in former times, much attention has been paid to the private histories of our monarchs, and many a valuable elucidation of their public character, or of some obscure point, has been obtained from this source.

In few of these instances, however, has the history of the monarch been traced up to a much earlier period than that of his accession to the throne; and therefore, if, as Wordsworth has said, (and who shall gain-say the words of that gifted poet, that "old man eloquent?")

The boy is father to the man,

a work like the one before us was still wanting. For the mere narrative of political events, the mere chronicle of sieges and battles, court intrigues, and the crooked policy of diplomatists, the history of the king from the day when the crown was placed on his brow, is sufficient; but for the work that aims at being somewhat superior to a catalogue of events, the history must begin with that earliest period, when the busy gathering of the palace *ménagé*, the shouts of largesse, the scattered coins, the merry bells, and the bonfires blazing in each street, and crowning each height proclaimed the birth of an heir to the crown. And beside the cradle, and closely watching the first associations of the infant prince,—the first indications of character,—must the philosophical historian take his stand, and mark each varied influence of good or of ill, which in future years should render the monarch a blessing or a curse to his people.

The volume now before us presents the biographies of the first three Princes of Wales, Edward of Caernarvon, Edward of Windsor, and lastly and greatest, though crownless, Edward the Black Prince.

The first of these affords little in his personal character, or the circumstances of his reign (except in the advantages which his weak and wayward rule afforded to a people, who, in the preceding century, had steadfastly maintained their rights, and now stood ready to demand additional), to interest the general reader. But to the historical inquirer, not only the reign of the king, but the life of the prince, is

* Lives of the Princes of Wales, Heirs to the British Throne. With notices of the Court and Camp of England from the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth Century. Now first published from the most authentic public and private sources. By Robert Folkestone Williams, Esq., author of "Shakspeare and his Friends." Volume the First.

important. Bereft of a most excellent mother (Elinor of Castile) when only six years old, neglected, of necessity, by a father engaged during the later years of his life in incessant warfare, Edward of Caernarvon seems to have passed the first years of his childhood (those important years) among low and worthless associates. Probably he was scarcely known personally to his father, when he received from his hands the gift of knighthood, and thus, that imposing ceremony, when three hundred young nobles received the same honour, and when the aged king pronounced his vow over the swans, that he would advance into Scotland, and never draw back until he had avenged the murder of Comyn, made little impression on a prince accustomed to play at "cross and pile," with his gardener, or to amuse himself with the antics of "Maude Makejoye," or "Jack of St. Alban's." The society of Piers Gaveston, too,—the Gascon upstart, so bitterly and so justly hated by the people, who welcomed the news of his death with songs of triumph,—was fatal to the prosperity of the future king; and thus when Edward of Caernarvon ascended the throne, he found the people ready not only to chafe at his rule, but to scorn his authority.

The succeeding years of strife and civil warfare, contrasted with the brilliant reign of the Third Edward, seem like a gloomy morning, heralding the bright day; and we willingly pass from scenes of deposition, and harsh imprisonment, and bloodshed, to those which the inimitable Froissart has painted with such grace and spirit.

Edward of Windsor presented, in character, the strongest contrast to his father. Not only was he most carefully brought up and placed under the tutorship of one of the most illustrious scholars of the day, Richard of Bury (who subsequently became Bishop of Durham), but he seems to have evinced, from a very early age, a considerable degree of talent. Brought up too in the midst of strife, he early acquired those habits of decision so necessary to a military commander, and there seems little doubt that it was in Mortimer's splendid castle of Wigmore, that the restorer of the Round Table, and the founder of the Order of the Garter, imbibed his taste for those splendid chivalric observances which is so marked a feature of his character. The first acts of the young monarch of sixteen gave promise of his future renown; he led an army into Scotland, and that expedition, though unsuccessful, afforded gratifying proof of his early prowess; while his spirited conduct when summoned to do homage to the French king for his possessions in France was prophetic of the hero of Cressy. On the subject of his claim to the kingdom of France Mr. Williams enters largely, and proves, we think with complete success, "that a more satisfactory cause, maintained by force of arms, the records of the middle ages can scarcely produce."

Once embarked in this enterprise, Edward of Windsor bent every energy to secure its success. The splendid victory at Sluys over the combined fleets of the French, Spanish, and Genoese, was hailed as a favourable omen by his confederates, and he pressed onward to the siege of Tournay. The truce, which was soon after concluded between the two kings, put a stop for the present to his views; but when, at the request of the heroic Jeanne de Montfort (that most interesting and delightful of Froissart's many interesting heroines), he led an army into Brittany, "the results of the campaign must have afforded

him more satisfaction than either of the preceding; for although there had been no great victories, several of his captains had led distinct bodies of his troops against the French, and obtained such decisive advantages, that he could not but place increased confidence in their valour."

The whole story of Edward's exploits, from the time when, at the Round Table at Windsor, before the knights assembled from all parts of Europe, he "made his avow" that he would persist in his claim to the kingdom of France, reads like an old heroic romance. The wild adventures of many of his knights, the daring valour of them all, the graceful courtesy, the picturesque mingling of religious and military observances,—above all, the enthusiasm of all ranks, from the knightly leader of the numerous band of vassals, to the bold and steadfast bowman,—invest the story of Edward's great expedition into France with a sustained interest which scarcely any other page of our military history presents. The war was, indeed, as Hallam justly remarks, "like a great tournament, where the combatants fought indeed *à l'outrance*, but with all the courtesy and fair play of such an entertainment, and almost as much for the honour of their ladies." Nor to the knights alone was the honour of the victories of Cressy and Poitiers due. The English bowmen, with their well-aimed shafts, shot "so wholly together," and with such effective aim, that their showers of "deadly snow," as Froissart poetically terms the flight of their white-fledged arrows, discomfited the practised Genoese arbalisters, and even caused dismay among the well-disciplined chivalry of France. "Not the nobility of England, not the feudal tenants alone, won the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, for these were fully matched in the ranks of France; but the yeomen, who drew the bow with strong and steady arms, accustomed to its use in their native fields, and rendered fearless by personal competence and civil freedom."

It was at the battle of Cressy that Edward's heroic son, although only in his sixteenth year, "won his spurs;" and it adds much to the romantic interest of this contest, that the king should have committed so important a trust to him as the vanguard of the English army. We may well imagine with what anxious, though exulting feelings, the father looked out from the windmill as "the combat deepened," and Warwick, and Vere, and Chandos, and Cobham (proud names even then among the English chivalry), followed their valiant boy-leader through the thickest of the strife. And when Thomas of Norwich drew near to pray for conditional aid, "for they are so fiercely fought withal, and so hard put to it by the French, that they are in much danger," the spirited answer of the king; "Go you back, and bid them that sent you trouble me no further while my son is alive, but let him win his own spurs, and deserve the honour of knighthood; for I am resolved, by the grace of God, that the fame of this glorious day shall fall to his portion, and to those that are with him;"—we feel that so heroic a father deserved an Edward of Woodstock.

From the day of the victory of Cressy, all eyes were turned upon the gallant young prince, who had won his spurs so bravely; nor did his after career belie those high expectations. In repelling the attack on Calais, in his engagement with the Spanish fleet, above all, in his second invasion of France, where victory followed each step of the

advancing army, from Bourdeaux to the proud field of Poitiers, the "Black Prince" (so named from the colour of his surcoat) achieved a name "of which all Europe rung from side to side."

An interesting spot is Poitiers, as our author justly remarks,—and perhaps there is not a spot in the known world, which, like it, can claim to have been the site of three sanguinary battles—battles, from each of which resulted important consequences to Western Europe. It was at Poitiers that Clovis defeated the Goths; at Poitiers the most signal victory,—that which regained northern Europe from the Saracen yoke, when Charles Martel drove back the advancing paynim, after a three days' contest—was obtained; and here Edward the Black Prince achieved his most splendid triumph. But even more splendid than the conquest was the conduct of the prince and his companions in arms. The generosity, the delicate courtesy, the actual kind-heartedness of the victors on this occasion, forcibly prove that chivalry, so far from being "a mere fauciful institution," was a living, and influential principle. Many a battle both before and since, has exhibited the bold daring, and steadfast valour of the combatants of Poitiers; but never was mildness and gentleness, kind consideration and sympathy for the vanquished—those genuine fruits of the chivalric principle—displayed so emphatically as in the tent of the victor on the evening of that eventful day.

The marriage of the Black Prince with his second cousin, the "fair maid of Kent," as she was originally called, followed on his return to England, and after residing some time on their estate at Berkhamstead, they set out for the south of France, the prince having been appointed by his father ruler of the southern provinces; and the court of the Black Prince became as distinguished for splendid magnificence, as that of the king in England. The interval of repose was, however, short, for the death of John, King of France, ere long was the signal for fresh hostilities. Here the same valour characterized the Black Prince as in earlier days, and whether maintaining the cause of his old ally, and now relation by marriage, John de Montfort, or the more questionable claim of Pedro the Cruel, his characteristic gallantry shone as brightly as ever.

The truly chivalrous character of the Black Prince (as Mr. Folkestone Williams justly remarks) saw only in Don Pedro a fugitive monarch, unjustly deprived of his kingdom; and as in his distress he had thought proper to appeal to him, this was not a season in which he could take cognizance of the ill conduct which had been laid to his charge.

But the cause of Don Pedro was bad; and we may well lament, not only the disastrous results of the war undertaken to replace him on the throne, but that the victor of Cressay and Poitiers, and his gallant companions in arms, should have embarked in so objectionable an enterprise. The chivalrous character of the leader and his knights, was however illustriously maintained on the field of Najara; and when on the evening of the victory, in answer to the thanks of Pedro, he replied, "Sir, render your thanks to God, for to him alone belongs the praise," we may well regret that the battle had not been fought for a worthier cause.

This was the last victory of the illustrious Black Prince in Spain. After waiting four months for the payment of his army, which had been

brought at such great expense from beyond the Pyrenees, during which time, pestilence made great ravages among troops already enfeebled by fatigue and unaccustomed diet, the prince—himself suffering from illness so severe, that the agency of poison was suspected—retraced his march.

It was true that his success had been most signal and complete, and yet it is doubtful whether the greatest reverse his arms could have met with, would have placed him in a worse position than that in which he now found himself.

There was, however, one source of consolation, and it was indeed great to the Knight of the Fourteenth Century—he had never been defeated.

Returned to Bourdeaux ere he had recovered his health and strength, the Black Prince found himself attacked by Charles the Wise, who, in defiance of the treaty of Bretigny, again made war upon England. In this, the last struggle of the valiant prince, all his former high qualities were still observable. With Chandos, Knolles, Audley, and a valiant army, he passed from castle to castle, and from town to town, reducing each, and pressing onward, as though indeed about to fulfil his threat of marching direct to Paris, with a company of sixty thousand men. The whole of this portion of his history will prove highly interesting to the general reader, since the exploits of the Black Prince, in the popular histories of England, are seldom traced further than the battle of Poitiers.

It was during this campaign, that the gallant Sir John Chandos so highly distinguished himself; but at the bridge of Lussac, this “flower of knighthood,” received his death-wound.

“God have mercy on his soul!” exclaims Froissart; “for never since a hundred years, lived there among the English a braver, a more courteous, or more bounteous knight.”

The lamentation pronounced by the chronicler of chivalry over the gallant Chandos, was echoed, probably in almost similar words, by his gallant leader. Du Guesclin was now in the field; the provinces of Aquitaine in a state of revolt; and the death of his mother, the excellent Philippa, and that of his eldest son, added to the sorrows and anxieties of the Black Prince. Still, he fought on bravely, and only when so enfeebled by sickness as to be unable to rise from his bed, did he at length accede to the wishes of his friends, and return, as a last chance of health, to his native land.

There are few passages in our history more melancholy, than the closing scenes both of Edward III., and of his son. The king, even at sixty, appears to have been a feeble old man; and that his mind soon after became enfeebled in an equal degree, there can be, we think, no doubt. We are happy to find Mr. Folkestone Williams of that opinion, since it seems evidently alluded to in the proceedings of the parliament against the infamous Alice Perrers.

On his return to England the prince retired to Berkhamstead; and after an interval of repose he was again enabled to embark with an army for the relief of Trowars; but the fleet was delayed so long by adverse weather, that the time had passed and the army returned to England.

“The prince could not hold up against such a blow to his hopes;

his illness increased; and when he again partially recovered, he found the state of things in England so deplorable, that anxiety and vexation eventually accomplished what the disappointment of his hopes had begun. His sickness now rapidly advanced; and a very interesting account of his last days is given by Mr. Folkestone Williams, from a manuscript in the Harleian collection. On his deathbed the prince displayed a spirit of contrition, and humble trust in the mercy of Heaven, and asking forgiveness of God and man, the flower of all chivalry, the illustrious Edward of Woodstock, breathed his last on Trinity Sunday, 1377. The aged father, from imbecility, was probably saved the acute sorrow of knowing the death of his illustrious first-born; he did not, however, long survive him, and his death bequeathed to the nation, the severe disadvantages of an infant king, and a turbulent regency.

The life of the son and grandson of the two illustrious princes, whose career we have been contemplating, will follow, we understand, in the next volume; and as a good life of the unfortunate Richard of Bordeaux (unfortunate in his fame no less than in his career) is still wanting, we shall look forward with much interest to it, as we think *contemporary* authorities will prove that unfortunate prince to have been far more "sinned against than sinning."

We are also promised a life of the only prince who can compete in military fame with the hero of this volume—Henry, the Victor of Agincourt; and from the interesting account which has been given of the Black Prince, we feel assured that the life of the successor, not only of his title, as Prince of Wales, but of his prowess, will furnish "right pleasant" reading.

THE LIFE OF SIR DAVID WILKIE.*

WE have here another instance of the good effects of allowing a distinguished man to tell his own story, so far as the papers he may leave behind him, whether in the form of journals, or of letters to or from friends, will enable him to do so: for it is clear that in default of such documents, these volumes would have possessed little of personal interest, and still less of permanent value; whereas, with them, they form a very tolerable, if not a very complete and satisfactory record of the life, character, and works of by far the most original, remarkable, and gifted artist of the nineteenth century—not merely in England, but in Europe.

So far as the biographer is concerned, the chief merits of these three portly volumes are confined to a few score pages of the first—which delineate the boyish life of Wilkie, and his youthful struggles when he left the paternal roof to seek his fortunes in London: though even this latter is chiefly effected through the medium of his own letters to his father and his Scottish friends. The remainder of the work consists

* The Life of Sir David Wilkie; with his Journal, Tours, and Correspondence. By Allan Cunningham. 3 vols.

almost entirely of the journals and letters of Wilkie, written both in England and in the many foreign lands he visited : and, as at the period of the latter, he was not merely (in his line) an accomplished artist, but a distinguished, a thoughtful, and a calm-minded man, his remarks, on objects of art, are of great value and interest ; and the more so, rather than the less, that they relate to various styles and manners of art to which he did not addict himself. His remarks about the Spanish painters, in particular, are especially valuable, from his having subsequently adopted a modified imitation of their style, though without abandoning that peculiar mode of handling, which marked his own works throughout his whole career, and so grievously deteriorated them in the latter part of it.

Wilkie was the son of a Scotch-presbyterian minister, and early exhibited a tendency towards the art in which he at length became so famous ; but it was not till his persevering inclinations, rather than his precocious talents, made him a painter by profession, that he exhibited any of that real and strong original genius, which marked and illustrated his whole public career. Unlike the only other great genius of our day—Lawrence—there seems to have been little in his early sketches that indicated, or gave the most remote glimpses, of those extraordinary powers which developed themselves so immediately on his acquiring the mechanical skill for which that development was alone waiting, but which, to Lawrence, came as if by inspiration. Having studied for a short time at Edinburgh, until he reached the age of eighteen years (at which age Lawrence was established in London, painting all the Beauties and celebrities of the metropolis), he returned to his father's manse on Edenwater, and shortly afterwards made up his mind, with the (not unreluctant) consent of his family, to seek his fortune in London—which he did in May, 1805, with about seventy pounds in his pocket, the proceeds of several successful exertions of his pencil, both in portrait-painting, and in that peculiar line of humour and character in which he so soon afterwards surpassed any other painter that ever lived. On reaching London, he for some time made little progress in turning his talents to pecuniary account,—for we find him a year afterwards, and notwithstanding all his Scotch economy, minus his seventy pounds, and with little to show for it but a desultory acquaintance with several young artists like himself, and the benefit (very small, we imagine) that he had acquired, first, as a probationer, and secondly, as a student, of the Royal Academy.

At length, by a lucky visit to Stodart, the celebrated pianoforte maker,—a visit which, being solely inspired by kindness to his sister, the fairies seem to have rewarded by making it the foundation of his future fortunes,—he was introduced to the Earl of Mansfield, who *magnificently* commissioned him to paint a picture at the price of 15*l.*, and for which, on its throwing the whole town into raptures of admiration and delight, under the now famous title of “The Village Politicians,” the said earl magnificently paid him double that sum ; there being as many score persons ready to clutch it at ten times that amount ! Such, it appears, is the “patronage” of the great and noble, when they have to deal with small people : when the latter grow great it is different. Immediately after this, Wilkie fell into the hands of a very different sort of patron—Sir George Beaumont—and from this time his career became the bril-

liant one which it is the pleasant task of these volumes to recount,—chiefly, as we have said, in the modest and simple words of the artist himself; the record being every here and there interspersed with remarks—journal-wise—on art and artists, which, coming as they do from such a source, and couched in such simplicity of language and of thought, will be read with strong interest and curiosity. In 1809 Wilkie was appointed associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1811, on the death of Sir Francis Bourgeois, he was elected a Royal Academician. Commissions now flowed in upon him quicker than he could (with his extremely slow method and habit of execution) possibly fulfil them, yet from quarters whence he could as little refuse them, including George the Fourth, William the Fourth (then Duke of Clarence) and his duchess, the Duke of Wellington, &c., and even a foreign monarch—the King of Bavaria—between whom indeed and George IV. there was a diplomatic contention, as to which had the most legitimate claim to that exquisite result of his labours of this period—“The Opening of the Will”—which was ultimately obtained by the former monarch. This uninterrupted success attended Wilkie’s efforts till the year 1824, at which period a change took place in his health, which compelled him to abandon his hitherto incessant labours, and seek relaxation in foreign travel, and from this period it is that that sinister change came over the spirit of his genius which turned it to the delineation of saints washing pilgrim’s feet, and maids of Saragossa turning artillerymen—a change from which it never recovered, any more than the shattered health and fortunes of its owner. After an absence of three years, Wilkie returned to London in 1828, bringing with him several of the results of his new method and line of art, and not materially departing from that line during the remainder of his residence in London—namely, until the autumn of 1840—when he again departed for foreign lands, nobody seems to have known why or wherefore; and Mr. Cunningham himself (as in numerous instances of a similar kind throughout the work) does not help or enlighten us on the point. Suffice it that he never returned; dying on board ship, off Malta, on his way home, June 1, 1841: having in his few months’ absence, visited the Hague, Cologne, Munich, Vienna, and Constantinople, and having painted those two of his works which afterwards, on this account, excited an attention in England, which they scarcely deserved—viz., “The Letter-Writer,” and “The Tartar relating the news of the Capture of Acre.”

We must conclude by repeating that these volumes owe nearly all their permanent value to Wilkie’s own pen; and that by far the most valuable portion of them, in an artistical point of view, is the essay entitled “Remarks on Painting,” which occupies nearly a hundred pages of the third volume, and which was written at a period of Wilkie’s life when, if ever, he had attained the highest competency he was capable of reaching as a teacher of his noble and beautiful art.

THE KING'S SON.*

AN axiom that has grown obsolete in regard to the art which gave rise to it—oratory—has become true in regard to that of romance-writing,—the three first essentials of which, if it would command popular favour, must be—1st. Action.—2d. Action.—3d. Action. And it is long since we have met with an example of the art more thoroughly answerable to this tri-unity of requirements than the “King’s Son,”—which is one interminable series of Action from the first page to the last. Moreover, the action is so intimately blended with some of the most strange and stirring events, and connected with some of the most interesting and important characters, belonging to our own historical annals, that, in reading the innumerable minute details by which the various scenes are worked out, and the incidents are brought about, we can half fancy we are perusing the pages of some contemporary journal or chronicle.

The period of our history chosen by the author is that which immediately follows the one adopted by Sir Edward Bulwer in his “Last of the Barons;” and it is a little singular that, although (as we learn from the preface) the present work was completed more than three years ago, the unusual view taken by the author of one of his principal historical personages—Richard III.—in many respects corresponds with that taken of him by our great novelist in the above-named romance—to which admirable production therefore, so far as regards the succession of historical events, as well as the progress of social change in England, “The King’s Son” may be considered as a sequel—a sort of *Smollett’s* continuation of *Hume*.

The title of this romance—“The King’s Son”—points to another particular in which its author has broken from the leading-strings and escaped from the go-cart of ordinary historical annals, and examined, thought, compared, and finally judged for himself. We must not moot this point, as it would necessarily lead us far away from our purpose; but merely state its nature, and look at its results. “The King’s Son,” then—the mainspring and hero of the present romance—is no other than Perkin Warbeck—by most historical authorities supposed to be an impostor, set up by the Duchess of Burgundy, in the hope of restoring the fallen fortunes of the House of York; but by many believed to be the veritable son of Edward IV., and upheld as such in his pretensions to the throne of England, by no less than five crowned heads—namely, Charles, King of France; Maximilian, Emperor of Germany; James, King of Scotland; John, King of Portugal; and Philip, Archduke of Austria; and his cause espoused by a large body of the nobles and people of England. A personage so situated, and his supposed rights denied and successfully withheld from him by an “adverse faction,” is eminently qualified to serve the purposes of the romance-writer;—and in this instance he is especially so, by reason of every

* The King’s Son: a Romance of English History. Edited by Mrs. Hofland. 3 vols.

personal appliance being conformable with his position, and the actual adventures and difficulties through which he passed being as strange, as stirring, as romantic, and above all, as influential on the positions of a large portion of the rest of the world, as fiction itself could have imagined them.

In the choice of his subject, then, the author of "*The King's Son*" has been eminently happy. The view he has taken of the character and pretensions of his hero is equally happy for his purposes; for an opposite one would have been wholly inconsistent with that sympathy which the reader is called upon to feel with his movements and whereabouts. No less judicious is the plan the author has adopted, of adhering as much as possible to historical accuracy in the incidents which fill his pages—which fill them to an extent not surpassed by any similar production of late years, and to a result so exciting and entertaining, that when once the thread of the narrative is taken up it will rarely be laid down again till the end of it is reached. This rare and desirable effect is mainly accomplished by means of every thing in the shape of action being placed before the reader in the most minute detail,—so that we literally *see* its progress, step by step, as we do an action on the stage. In this particular, "*The King's Son*," resembles the historical romances of Ainsworth, which owe much of their attraction to the same cause that will doubtless commend this work to popular favour: it resembles them, but without bearing the least marks of imitation, in this or in any other respect.

The historical personages who chiefly figure in this romance, in addition to the hero, Richard Plantagenet, are Richard the Third, of whose character, &c., as we have hinted, the author takes the same view as that promulgated by Horace Walpole in his "*Historic Doubts*," and in some measure adopted by Bulwer in his "*Last of the Barons*;" Henry the Seventh, whom the author treats as a usurper, and paints in the blackest colours; James of Scotland, whose noble kinswoman, Katherine Gordon, married the Pretender, and is the heroine of the story throughout; Lord D'Aubigny, Sir James Tyrrel, Sir Robert Clifford, and many other noble adherents of the Pretender; the Duchess of Burgundy, the Marquis of Huntley, the Earl of Warwick, Lord Audley, the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Shaw, &c. &c., not to mention the subordinate persons of the drama,—some of whom, however, play very important parts in it—such as Harry Skelton and his wife, the devoted friends and followers of the Duke; Master Robert Herne,—an amusing citizen who is always "in a quandary;" Astley, the captain of a band of Robertsmen, but a faithful adherent of the Plantagenet cause; Dighton and Forrest, the authentic bravoos of the story; and a host of other incidental characters, who contribute more or less to give life and motion to this "strange, eventful history"—history, be it observed, in its strict and formal sense; for there is scarcely a known incident in the actual life of the hero, that is not introduced into this version of his singular career.

HANDLEY CROSS ; OR, THE SPA HUNT.

THE tables are turned. Cockneys and their "Sayings and Doings," are no longer at a discount, but at a premium: even their sporting exploits—that "last infirmity" of the cockney mind—are recorded in immortal prose, to the tune of three volumes, foolscap 8vo, by a crack Northumberland Squire—himself, if we mistake not, a brother M. F. H.!

The explanation of this change is probably to be found in the fact that, with all its vices and vulgarities, there is something essentially good in the cockney character—that notwithstanding its conceit, its self-complacency, its contented ignorance of every thing but what concerns and touches itself personally, its profound disbelief in the value and virtue of any character and condition of social or intellectual being beyond the precise sphere in which itself is destined to move;—notwithstanding these and numerous other blunders and deficiencies, there is a heartiness about the genuine cockney—a jollity—a spirit of good-fellowship—an enthusiasm for that which it admires—an *abandon*—which are worth all the *finery* of "exclusive" English life, or the *fripserie* of French.

In all these particulars, the cockney not a little resembles Brother Jonathan, even as the latter is depicted by those who have taken the least favourable view of his social character: witness the homage he is ever ready to pay to skill and intellect, however it may testify against his self-love. His *theory* is, that nothing good can be born or bred out of his own "glorious" country, or unfostered by his own peculiar institutions; but his *practice* is to go out of his head about any species of merit that tops his own notion of excellence: witness his "midsummer madness" about Fanny Ellsler, and his late reception of Dickens.

Doubtless it is an admiration of the essentially good and generous qualities of the cockney character which has induced the author of this infinitely amusing book to devote his whole literary efforts to an illustration of them—first in the celebrated "Jaunts and Jollities" of Mr. John Jorrock; and now, in the entirely original work of which the said John is not only the hero, but the Aaron's rod—swallowing up all the rest of the *dramatis personæ*—or at least acting among them the part of Gulliver in Lilliput. In the "Jaunts and Jollities," the sporting grocer is known to mankind only in that narrow sphere which is included in the bills of mortality; but in the work before us, thanks to railroads and the exigencies of an embryo Spa, we see him reach at last the *ultima thule* of his sporting ambition—a regularly installed M. F. H., or Master of Fox-Hounds; "fate and metaphysical aid" having completed the consummation under the following felicitous circumstances. To complete the attractions of a newly-discovered Spa, a pack of fox-hounds is a *sine quâ non*. But what is a pack of fox-hounds without a master? And what is a master of fox-hounds without a sporting reputation? Under these circumstances the eyes of the Spa finders (of course the two doctors who are to derive the chief be-

neft from the waters—by other people drinking them—and the militia captain who aspires to the mastership of the ceremonies), are naturally turned to the celebrated person just referred to, who, after due consideration and calculation as to the cost of the proffered honour, ultimately enters upon the office; and, having transported himself and suite to the spot, the *sport* begins in all senses of the phrase, and only ends with the concluding page of the book; and even there we get a glimpse of “fresh fields and pastures new” to sport over in after-time.

To give an account of the plot of a work which has none, were something worse than superfluous: suffice it on this head to say, that the events arise out of the one leading incident above referred to, and that the *personæ*, in addition to the family belongings of “glorious John” himself (with most of whom the sporting reader has doubtless already formed an intimacy in the “Jaunts and Jollities”), comprise the rival doctors aforesaid—both of them capital sketches in their way; the M.C. Captain Miserrimus Doleful; a Cheshire Squire, and his considerably better half—the lady patroness of all the Spa doings, and rival of Mrs. Jorrocks; Belinda Jorrocks, the resident beauty of the locality; Benjamin, the boy-of-all-work of the Great Coram-street establishment—now invested with the additional office of second whip to the hunt; James Pigg, the north-country huntsman—a capital character in his way—one of those caricatures which are so perfectly natural, that people are afraid or ashamed to believe them so; and a whole host of incidental persons, all more or less original and entertaining, but not taking that position on the canvass which warrants a separate reference to them.

To *describe* the peculiar style of humour in which this work so richly abounds, would probably leave the reader just where it found him: we are therefore peculiarly called on to let the author speak for himself. Here are the rival doctors of the rising Spa. In the sketches from actual life, which we find in the amusing pages of Dr. Granville’s “Spas of Germany,” or of England, there is nothing half so like nature.

The Rival Practitioners.—Roger possessed every requisite for a great experimental (qy. quack) practitioner,—assurance, a wife and large family, and scarcely any thing to keep them on.

Being a shrewd sort of fellow, he knew there was nothing like striking out a new light for attracting notice, and the more that light was in accordance with the wishes of the world, the more likely was it to turn to his own advantage. Half the complaints of the upper classes he knew arose from over eating and indolence, so he thought if he could originate a doctrine that with the use of Handley Cross waters, people might eat and drink what they pleased, his fortune would be as good as made. To this end, therefore, he set himself manfully to work. Aided by the local press, he succeeded in drawing a certain attention to the water, the benefit of which soon began to be felt by the villagers of the place; and the landlord of the Fox and Grapes had his stable constantly filled with gigs and horses of the visitors. Presently lodgings were sought after, and carpeting began to cover the before sanded staircases of the cottages. These were soon found insufficient; and an enterprising bricklayer got up a building society for the erection of a row of four-roomed cottages, called the Grand Esplanade. Others quickly followed, the last undertaking always eclipsing its predecessor, until that, which at first was regarded with astonishment, sunk into insignificance by its more pretending brethren.

The doctor's practice "grew with the growth" of Handley Cross.

His rosy face glowed with health and good living, and his little black eyes twinkled with delight as he prescribed for each patient, sending them away as happy as princes.

"Ah, I see how it is," he would say, as a gouty alderman slowly disclosed the symptoms of his case. "Shut your potato-trap! I see how it is. Soon set you on your legs again. Was *far* worse myself. All stomach, sir—all stomach, sir—all stomach—three-fourths of our complaints arise from stomach;" stroking his corpulent protuberancy with one hand, and twisting his patient's button with the other. "Clean you well out, and then strengthen the system. Dine with me at five and we will talk it all over."

To the great and dignified he was more ceremonious.

"You see, Sir Harry," he would say, "*it's all done by eating!* More people dig their graves with their teeth than we imagine. Not that I would deny you the good things of this world, but I would recommend a few at a time, and no mixing. No side dishes. No liqueurs—only two or three wines. Whatever your stomach fancies, *give it!* Begin now, to-morrow, with the waters. A pint before breakfast—half an hour after, tea, fried ham and eggs, brown bread, and a walk. Luncheon—another pint—a roast pigeon and fried potatoes, then a ride. Dinner at six, *not later mind*; gravy soup, glass of sherry, nice fresh turbot, and lobster sauce—wouldn't recommend salmon—another glass of sherry—then a good cut out of the middle of a well-browned saddle of mutton, wash it over with a few glasses of iced champagne; and if you like a little light pastry to wind up with, well and good. A pint of old port, and a devilled biscuit can hurt no man. *Mind*, no salads or cucumbers, or celery, at dinner, or fruit after. Turtle soup is very wholesome, so is venison. Don't let the punch be too acid though. Drink the waters, live on a *regimen*, and you'll be well in no time."

We beg pardon for not having drawn a more elaborate sketch of Mr. Swizzle before. In height he was exactly five feet eight, and forty years of age. He had a long, fat, red face, with little, twinkling, black eyes, set high in his forehead, surmounted by fullish eyebrows and short, bristly, iron-gray hair, brushed up like a hedgehog's back. His nose was snub, and he rejoiced in an ample double-chin, rendered more conspicuous by the tightness of an ill-tied white neckcloth, and the absence of all whisker or hair from his face. A country-made snuff-coloured coat, black waistcoat, and short, greenish-drab trousers, with high-lows, were the adjuncts of his short, ungainly figure. A peculiarly good-natured smile hovered round the dimples of his fat cheeks, which set a patient at ease on the instant. This, with his unaffected, cheery, free and easy manner, and the comfortable nature of his prescriptions, gained him innumerable patients. That to some he did good, there is no doubt. The mere early rising, and exercise he insisted upon, would renovate a constitution impaired by too close application to business and bad air; while the gourmand—among whom his principal practice lay—would be benefited by abstinence and regular hours. The water no doubt had its merits, but, as usual, was greatly aided by early rising, pure air, the absence of cares, regular habits, and the other advantages, which mineral waters invariably claim as their own. One thing the doctor never wanted—a reason why it did not cure. If a patient went back on his hands, he soon hit off an excuse—"You surely didn't dine off goose on Michaelmas-day?" or, "Hadden't you some filberts for dessert?" &c., all of which information he got from the servants or shopkeepers of the place. When a patient died on his hands, he would say, "He was as good as dead when he came."

* * * * *

Determined to be Swizzle's opposite in every particular, he was studiously attentive to his dress. Not that he indulged in gay colours, but his black suit fitted without a wrinkle, and his thin dress-boots shone with patent polish; turned-back cambric wristbands displayed the snowy whiteness of his hand, and set off a massive antique ring or two. He had four small frills to his shirt,

and an auburn hair-chain crossed his broad roll-collared waistcoat, and passed a most diminutive Geneva watch into his pocket. He was a widower, with two children, a boy and a girl, one five, and the other four. Mystery being his object, he avoided the public gaze. Unlike Roger Swizzle, who either trudged from patient to patient, or whisked about in a gig, Dr. Sebastian Mello drove to and fro in a claret-coloured fly, drawn by dun ponies. Through the plate-glass windows a glimpse of his reclining figure might be caught, lolling luxuriously in the depths of its swelling cushions, or musing complacently with his chin on a massive gold-headed cane. With the men he was shy and mysterious ; but he could talk and flatter the women into a belief that they were almost as clever as himself.

As most of his fair patients were of the serious or blue-stocking school, he quickly discovered the bent of each mind, and by studying the subject astonished them by his genius and versatility. In practice he was also mysterious. Disdaining Roger Swizzle's one mode of treatment, he professed to take each case upon its merits, and kept a large quarto volume, into which he entered each case, and its daily symptoms. Thus, while Roger Swizzle was inviting an invalid to exhibit his tongue at the corner of a street—lecturing him, perhaps, with a friendly poke in the ribs, for over-night indulgence—Dr. Mello would be poring over his large volume, or writing Latin prescriptions for the chemists. Roger laughed at Sebastian, and Sebastian professed to treat Roger with contempt—still competition was good for both, and a watering-place public, ever ready for excitement, soon divided the place into Swizzleites and Melloites.

Portraits appeared at the windows, bespeaking the characters of each—Swizzle sat with a patient at a round table, indulging in a bee's-winged bottle of port, while Mello reclined in a curiously carved chair, one beringed hand supporting his flowing-locked head, and the other holding a book. Swizzle's was painted by the artist who did the attractive window-blind at the late cigar-shop in the Piccadilly Circus, while Sebastian was indebted to Grant for the gentlemanly ease that artist invariably infuses into his admirable portraits.

Here follow the effigies of Mr. Jorrocks himself, and his spouse and niece, together with the framework of the picture.

At the time of which we speak Mr. Jorrocks had passed the grand climacteric, and balancing his age with less accuracy than he balanced his books, called himself somewhere between fifty and sixty. He was a stiff, square-built middle-sized man, with a thick neck and a large round head. A woolly broad-brimmed lowish-crowned hat sat with a jaunty side-long sort of air upon a bushy nut-brown wig, worn for comfort and not deception. Indeed his gray whiskers would have acted as a contradiction if he had, but deception formed no part of Mr. Jorrocks's character. He had a fine open countenance, and though his turn-up nose, little gray eyes, and rather twisted mouth, were not handsome, still there was a combination of fun and good humour in his looks that pleased at first sight, and made one forget all the rest. His dress was generally the same—a puddingy white neckcloth, tied in a knot, capacious shirt-frill (shirt made without collars), a single-breasted, high-collared buff waistcoat with covered buttons, a blue coat with metal ones, dark-blue stockinet pantaloons, and Hessian boots with large tassels, displaying the liberal dimensions of his well-turned limbs. The coat-pockets were outside, and the back buttons far apart.

His business place was in 'St. Botolph's-lane, in the city, but his residence was in Great Coram-street. This is rather a curious locality, city people considering it west, while those in the west consider it east. The fact is, that Great Coram-street is somewhere about the centre of London, near the London University, and not a great way from the Euston station of the Birmingham railway. Approaching it from the east, which seems the proper way of advancing to a city man's residence, you pass the Foundling Hospital in Guildford-street, cross Brunswick-square, and turning short to the left, you find

yourself in "Great Coram-street." Neat, unassuming houses form the sides and the west end is graced with a building that acts the double part of a reading-room and swimming-bath—"literature and lavement" is over the door.

In this region, the dazzling glare of civic pomp and courtly state are equally unknown. Fifteen-year-old footboys in cotton velveteens and variously-fitting coats, being the objects of ambition, while the rattling of pewter-pots about four o'clock denote the usual dinner-hour. It is a nice, quiet street, highly popular with Punch and other public characters. A smart confectioner's in the neighbourhood leads one to suppose that it is a favourite locality for citizens.

We may as well introduce the other inmates of Mr Jorrocks's house, before we return to our story, premising that they are now going to act a prominent part.

Mrs. Jorrocks was the reverse of her husband in all, except figure. She was a commonish-minded woman with great pretension and smattering of gentility. She had been reckoned a beauty at Tooting, but had outlived all, save the recollection of it—she was a dumpy figure, very fond of fine bonnets, and dressed so differently, that Mr. Jorrocks himself sometimes did not know her. Her main characteristics were a red snub-nosé, a profusion of false ringlets, and gooseberry eyes.

She had married Mr. Jorrocks for his money; and he, like many mercantile men in early life, not having much leisure to look about him, had taken her without any very exact knowledge of her character. Fortunately most of her female acquaintance being like herself, the worthy man never discovered the inferiority of his spouse.

No children blessed the union, and a niece, the orphan daughter of a brother of Mr. Jorrocks, formed their family circle. Belinda Jorrocks was just entering upon womanhood—young, beautiful, and guileless, even the polishing properties of a finishing seminary had failed to contaminate the innate goodness of her heart. In person she was of the middle size, neither too slim nor too stout, but just of that plump, and pleasantly rounded form that charms all eyes, whether admirers of the tall or short. Her light-brown silken hair clasped the ivory forehead of a beautiful oval face, while the delicate regularity of her lightly-pencilled eyebrows, contrasted with the long rich fringe of her large blue eyes—rosy lips and pearly teeth appeared below her Grecian nose, while her clear though somewhat pale complexion, brightened with the flush of animation when she spoke. Her waist was small, and her feet sylph-like.

We have purposely chosen our extracts from the miscellaneous portions of this most amusing book, in order that the general reader may perceive that it is no less suited to his taste than to that of the sportsman. It is, in fact, choice reading for every class who can appreciate broad humour, and enjoy rich and ripe fun, and we anticipate for it an unusual share of circulating-library popularity.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MRS. GARDINER :

A HORTICULTURAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAP. I.

What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks.

L. HUNT.

Each flow'r of tender stalk whose head, tho' gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd, them she upstays.

MILTON.

How does my lady's garden grow ?

OLD BALLAD.

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars.

RICHARD II.

I LOVE a Garden !

"And so do I, and I, and I," exclaim in chorus all the he and she
Fellows of the Horticultural Society.

"And I," whispers the philosophical Ghost of Lord Bacon.

"And I," sings the poetical Spirit of Andrew Marvel.

"Et moi aussi," chimes in the Shade of Delille.

"And I," says the Spectre of Sir William Temple, echoed by Pope
and Darwin, and a host of the English Poets, the sonorous voice of
Milton resounding above them all.

"And I," murmurs the Apparition of Boccaccio.

"And I, and I," sob two Invisibles, remembering Eden.

"And I," shouts Mr. George Robins, thinking of Covent Garden.

"And I," says Mr. Simpson—formerly of Vauxhall.

"And I," sing ten thousand female voices, all in unison, as if.

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drilled by Hullah,—but really, thinking in concert of the Gardens of Gul.

[What a string I have touched !]

“We all love a Garden !” shout millions of human voices, male, female, and juvenile bass, tenor, and treble. From the East, the West, the North, and the South, the universal burden swells on the wind, as if declaring in a roll of thunder, that we all love a Garden.

But no—one solitary voice—that of Hamlet’s Ghostly Father, exclaims in a sepulchral tone, “I don’t !”

No matter—we are all but unanimous ; and so, Gentle Readers, I will at once introduce to you my Heroine—a woman after your own hearts—for she is a Gardiner by name, and a Gardener by nature.

CHAP. II.

AT Number Nine, Paradise-place, so called probably because every house stands in the middle of a little garden, lives Mrs. Gardiner. I will not describe her, for looking through the green-rails in front of her premises, or over the dwarf wall at the back, you may see her any day, in an old poke bonnet, expanded into a gipsy-hat, and a pair of man’s gloves, tea-green at top, but mouldy-brown in the fingers, raking, digging, hoeing, rolling, trowelling, pruning, nailing, watering, or otherwise employed in her horticultural and floricultural pursuits. Perhaps, as a neighbour, or acquaintance, you have already seen her, or conversed with her, over the wooden or brick-fence, and have learned in answer to your kind inquiries about her health, that she was pretty well, only sadly in want of rain, or quite charming, but almost eaten up by vermin. For Mrs. Gardiner speaks the true “Language of Flowers,” not using their buds and blossoms as symbols of her own passions and sentiments, according to the Greek fashion, but lending words to the wants and affections of her plants. Thus, when she says that she is “dreadful dry,” and longs for a good soaking, it refers not to a defect of moisture in her own clay, but to the parched condition of the soil in her parterres : or, if she wishes for a regular smoking, it is not from any unfeminine partiality to tobacco, but in behalf of her blighted geraniums. In like manner she sometimes confesses herself a little backward, without allusion to any particular branch, or twig, of her education, or admits herself to be rather forward, quite irrelevantly to her behaviour with the other sex. Without this key her expressions would often be unintelligible, to the hearer, and sometimes indecorous, as when she told her neighbour, the bachelor at Number Eight, *à propos* of a plum-tree, that “she was growing quite wild, and should come some day over his wall.” Others again, unaware of her peculiar phraseology, would give her credit, or discredit, for an undue share of female vanity, as well as the most extraordinary notions of personal beauty.

“Well,” she said one day, “what do you think of Mrs. Mapleson ?” meaning her hydrangea. “Her head’s the biggest—but I look the bluest.”

In a similar style she delivered herself as to certain other subjects of the rivalry that is universal amongst the suburban votaries of Flora :

converting common blowing and growing substantives into horticultural verbs, as thus :

"Miss Sharpe crocussed before me,—but I snowdropped sooner than any one in the Row."

But this identification of herself with the objects of her love was not confined to her plants. It extended to every thing that was connected with her hobby—her gardening implements, her garden-rails, and her garden-wall. For example, she complained once that she could not rake, she had lost so many of her teeth—she told the carpenter the boys climbed over her so, that he should stick her all over tenter-hooks—and sent word to her landlord, a builder, the snails bred so between her bricks, that he must positively come and new point her.

"Phoo! whoo!" exclaims an incredulous, gentle Reader—"she] is all a phantom!"

Quite the reverse, sir. She is as real and as substantial as Mrs. Baines. Ask Mr. Cherry, the newsman, or his boy, John Loder, either of whom will tell you—on oath if you require it—that he serves her every Saturday with the *Gardeners' Chronicle*.

CHAP. III.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Gardiner, was formed when she was "in populous city pent," and resided in a street in the very heart of the city. In fact in Bucklersbury. But even there her future bent developed itself as far as her limited ways and means permitted. On the leads over the back warehouse, she had what she delighted to call a shrubbery : viz.—

A Persian Lilac in a tea-chest,
A Guelder Rose in a washing-tub,
A Laurustinus in a butter-tub,
A Monthly Rose in a Portugal grape-jar,

and about a score of geraniums, fuchsias, and similar plants in pots. But besides shrubs and flowers, she cultivated a few vegetables—that is to say, she grew her own sallads of "mustard and crest" in a brown pan; and in sundry crockery vessels that would hold earth, but not water, she reared some half dozen of Scarlet Runners, which in the proper season you might see climbing up a series of string ladders, against the back of the house, as if to elope with the Mignonette from its box in the second-floor window. Then indoors, on her mantelshelf, she had hyacinths and other bulbs in glasses—and from a hook in the ceiling, in lieu of a chandelier, there was suspended a wicker-basket, containing a white biscuitware garden-pot, with one of those pendent plants, which, as she described their habits and sustenance, are "fond of hanging themselves, and living on hare." But these experiments rather tantalized than satisfied her passion. Warehouse-leads, she confessed, made but indifferent gardens or shrubberies, whilst the London smoke was fatal to the complexion of her mop rose and the fragrance of her southernwood, or in her own words,

"I blow dingy—and my old man smells suttly."

Once, indeed, she pictured to me her *beau idéal* of "a little Para-

dise," the main features of which I forget, except that with reference to a cottage *ornée*, she was to have "a jessamy in front, and a creeper up her back." As to the garden, it was to have walks and a lawn of course, with plenty of rich loam, that she might lay herself out in squares, and ovals, and diamonds—butter-tubs and tea-chests were very well for town, but she longed for elbow room, and earth to dig, to rake, to hoe, and trowel up,—in short, she declared, if she was her own missis, she would not sleep another night before she had a bed of her own—not with any reference to her connubial partner, but she longed, she did, for a bit of ground, she did not care how small. A wish that her husband at last gratified by taking a bit of ground, *he* did not care how small, in Bunhill Fields.

The widow, selling off the town house, immediately retired to a villa in the country, and I had lost sight of her for some months, when one May morning taking a walk in the suburbs, whilst passing in front of Number Nine, Paradise-place, I overheard a rather harsh voice, exclaiming, as if in expostulation with a refractory donkey.

"Come up! Why don't ye come up?"

It was Mrs. Gardiner, reproaching the tardiness of her seeds.

I immediately accosted her, but as she did not recognise me; determined to preserve my incognito, till I had drawn her out a little to exhibit her hobby.

"Rather a late spring ma'am!"

"Wery, sir;—wery much so indeed. Lord knows when I shall be out of the earth, I almost think I'm rotted in the ground."

"The flowers are backward indeed, ma'am. I have hardly seen any except some wall-flowers further down the row."

"Ah, at Number Two—Miss Sharp's. She's poor and single—but I'm double and bloody."

"You seem too to have some fine stocks."

"Well, and so I have, though I say it myself. I'm the real Brompton—with a stronger blow than any one in the place, and as to sweetness, none of 'em can come near me. Would you like to walk in, sir, and smell me?"

Accepting the polite invitation, I stepped in through the little wicket, and in another moment was rapturously sniffing at her stocks, and the flower with the sanguinary name. From the walls I turned off to a rosebush, remarking that there was a very fine show of buds.

"Yes, but I want sun to make me bust. You should have seen me last June, sir, when I was in my full bloom. None of your wishy washy pale sorts (this was a fling at the white roses at the next door)—none of your Provincials, or pale pinks. There's no maiden blushes about me. I'm the regular old red cabbage!"

And she was right, for after all that hearty, glowing, fragrant rose is the best of the species—the queen of flowers, with a ruddy *embon-point*, reminding one of the goddesses of Rubens. Well, next to the rosebush there was a clump of *Polyanthus*, from which by a natural transition we come to discourse of *Auriculas*. This was delicate ground, for it appeared there was a rivalry between Number Nine and Number Four, as to that mealiness which in the eye of a fancier, is the chief beauty of the flower. However, having assured her, in answer to her appeal, that she was "quite as powdery as Mr. Miller," we went

on very smoothly through Jonquils, and Narcissuses, and Ranunculus, and were about to enter on "Anymonies," when Mrs. Gardiner suddenly stopped short, and with a loud "whist!" pitched her trowel at the head of an old horse, which had thrust itself over the wooden fence.

"Drat the animals! I might as well try flowering in the Zoological, with the beasts all let loose! It's very hard, sir, but I can't grow nothing tall near them front rails. There was last year,—only just fancy me, sir—with the most beautiful Crown Imperial you ever saw—when up comes a stupid hass and crops off my head."

I condoled with her of course on so cruel a decapitation, and recovered her trowel for her, in return for which civility she plucked and presented to me a bunch of Heartsease, apologizing that "she was not Bazaar (pro Bizarre) but a very good sort."

"It's along of living so near the road," she added, recurring to the late invasion. "Yesterday I was bullocked, and to-morrow I suppose I shall be pigged. Then there's the blaggard men and boys, picking and stealing as they go by. I really expect that some day or other they'll walk in and strip me!"

I sympathized again; but before the condolence was well finished there was another "whist!" and another cast of the missile.

"That's a Dog! They're always rampaging at my front, and there goes the cat to my back, and she'll claw all my bark off in scrambling out of reach! Howsomever that's a fine lupin, ain't it?"

I assured her that it deserved to be exhibited to the Horticultural Society.

"What, to the flower show? No thankee. Miss Sharp *did*, and made sure of a Bankside Medal, and what do you think they gave her? Only a cerkittift!"

"Shameful!" I ejaculated, "why it was giving her nothing at all," and once more I restored the trowel, which, however, had hardly settled in it's owner's hand, than with a third "whist!" off it flew again like a rocket, with a descriptive announcement of the enemy.

"Them horrid poultry! Will you believe it, sir, that 'ere cock flew over, and gobbled up my Hen-and-Chickens!"

"What! '*all your pretty chickens and their dam*'?"

"Yes, *all my Daisy*."

[Reader!—if ever there was a verbal step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous,—*that* was it.]

CHAP. IV.

My mask fell off. That destructive cock was as fatal to my incognito, as to the widow's flowers: for coming after the cat and the dog, and the possible pigs, and the positive bullock, and the men, and the boys, and the horse, and the ass, I could not help observing that my quondam acquaintance would have been better off in Bucklersbury.

"Lord! and is it you," she exclaimed with almost a scream; "well, I had a misgiving as to your voice," and with a rapid volley of semi-articulate sounds the Widow seized my right hand in one of her own, whilst with the other she groped hurriedly in her pocket. It was to

search for her handkerchief, but the cambric was absent, and she was obliged to wipe off the gushing tears with her gardening glove. The rich loam on the fingers, thus irrigated, ran off in muddy rivulets down her furrowed cheeks, but in spite of her ludicrous appearance I could not help sympathizing with her natural feelings, however oddly expressed.

"She could not help it," she sobbed—"the sight of me overcame her. When she last saw me,—*He* was alive—who had always been a kind and devoted husband—as never grudged her *nothing*—and had given her that beautiful butter-tub for her laprustiny. She often thought of him—yes, often and often—while she was gardening—as if she saw his poor dear bones under the mould—and then to think that *she* came up, year after year—"flourishing in all her beauty and *fla-grance*"—and *he* didn't.—"But look there"—and smiling through her tears, she pointed towards the house, and told me a tale, that vividly reminded me of her old contrivances in Bucklersbury.

"It's a table-beer barrel. I had it sawed in half, and there it is, holding them two hallows, on each side of the door. But I shan't blow, you know, for a sentry!"

Very handsome indeed!

"Ain't they? And there's my American Creeper. Miss Sharp pretends to creep, but Lor bless ye, afore ever she gets up to her first floor window, I shall be running all over the roof of the willa. You see I'm over the portico already."

A compliment to her climbing powers, was due of course, and I paid it on the spot; but we were not yet done with creepers. All at once the Widow plucked off her garden bonnet, and dashing it on the gravel began dancing on it like a mad woman, or like a Scotch lassie trampling her dirty linen. At last when it was quite flat she picked the bonnet up again, and carefully opening it, explained the matter in two words.

"A near-wig!"

And then she went on to declare to me that they were the plagues of her life—and there was no destroying them.

"It's unknown the crabs and lobsters I've eaten on purpose, but the nasty insects won't creep into my claws. And in course you know what enemies they are to carnations. Last year they ruined my Prince Albert, and this year I suppose they'll spoil the Prince of Wales!"

CHAP. V.

A PROPOS of names.

I do wish that our Botanists, Conchologists, and Entomologists, and the rest of our scientific Godfathers and Godmothers would sit soberly down, a little below the clouds, and revise their classical, scholastical, and polyglottical nomenclatures. Yea, that our Gardeners and Florists especially would take their wateringpots and rebaptize all those pretty plants, whose bombastical and pedantical titles are enough to make them blush, and droop their modest heads for shame.

The Fly-flapper is bad enough, with his Agamemnon butterfly and Cassandra moth.

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba ?

but it is abominable to label our Flowers with antiquated, outlandish, and barbarous flowers of speech. Let the Horticulturists hunt through their Dictionaries, Greek and Latin, and Lempriere's Mythology to boot, and they will never invent such apt and pleasant names as the old English ones, to be found in Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare.

Oh how sweetly they sound, look, and smell in verse—charming the eye and the nose, according to the Rosicrucian theory, through the ear ! But what is a Scutellaria Macrantha to either sense ? Day's Eyes, Oxeyes, and Lippes of Cowes have a pastoral relish and a poetical significance—but what song or sonnet would be the sweeter for a Bruns-vigia ?

There is a meaning, in Windflowers, and Cuckoo-buds, and Shepherd's clocks, whilst the Hare-bell is at once associated with the breezy heath and the leporine animal that frequents it. When it is named, Puss and the blue-bell spring up in the mind's eye together—but what image is suggested by hearing of a Schizanthus retusus ?

Then, again, Forget-me-Not sounds like a short quotation from Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," Love-lies-Bleeding, contains a whole tragedy in its title—and even Pick-your-Mother's-Heart-out involves a tale for the novelist. But what story with or without a moral, can be picked out of a Dendrobium, even if it were surnamed Clutterbuckii, after the egotistical or sychophantical fashion of the present day ?

There was a jockey once who complained bitterly of the sale of a race-horse, just when he had learned to pronounce its name properly—Roncesvalles—but what was that hardship, to the misfortune of a petty nurseryman, perhaps, losing his Passion Flower, when he had just got by heart Tacksonia Pinnatistipula ?

"Reform it altogether !"

It looks selfish, in the learned, to invent such difficult nomenclatures, as if they wished to keep the character, habits, origin, and properties of new plants to themselves. Nay, more, it implies a want of affection for their professed favourites—the very objects of their attentions.

"How—a want of affection, sir ?"

Yes—even so, my worthy Adam ! For mark me—if you really loved your plants and flowers—

"Well, sir ?"

Why, then, you wouldn't call them such *hard names*.

CHAP. VI.

To return to Mrs. Gardiner.

The widow having described the ravages of the earwigs, beckoned me towards her wall, and was apparently about to introduce me to a peach-tree, when abruptly turning round to me, she inquired if I knew any thing of chemicals, and without giving time to reply, added her reason to the question,

"Cos I want you to poison my Hants."

Your aunts !

"Yea, the hemmets. As to Doctor Watts, he don't know nothing

about 'em. They won't collect into troops to be trod into dust, they know better. So I was thinking if you could mix up sum-mut luscious and dillyterious—"

She stopped, for a man's head suddenly appeared above the dwarf wall, and after a nod and a smile at the widow, saluted her with a good morning. He was her neighbour—the little old bachelor at Number Eight. As he was rather hard of hearing, my companion was obliged to raise her voice in addressing him, and indeed aggravated it so much, that it might have been heard at the end of the row.

"Well, and how are *you*, Mr. Burrel, after them East winds?"

"Very bad, very bad indeed," replied Mr. Burrel, thinking only of his rheumatics.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Gardiner, thinking of nothing but her blight: "I'm thinking of trying tobacco-water and a squinge."

"Is that good for it?" asked Mr. B., with a tone of doubt and surprise.

"So they say: but you must mix it strong, and squirt it as hard as ever you can over your affected parts."

"What, my lower limbs?"

"Yes, and your upper ones too. Wherever you're maggotty."

"Oh!" grunted the old gentleman, "you mean vermin."

"As for me," bawled Mrs. G., "I'm swarming! And Miss Sharp is wus than I am."

"The more's the pity," said the old gentleman, "we shall have no apples and pears."

"No, not to signify. How's your peaches?"

"Why, they set kindly enough, ma'am, but they all dropped off in the last frosty nights."

"Ah, it ain't the frost," roared Mrs. G. "You've got down to the gravel—I know you have—you look so rusty and scrubby!"

"I wish you good morning, ma'am," said the little old bachelor, turning very red in the face, and making rather a precipitate retreat from the dwarf wall,—as who wouldn't thus attacked at once in his person and his peach-trees.

"To be sure, he was dreadful unproductive," the Widow said, "but a good sort of body, and ten times pleasanter than her next-door neighbour at Number Seven, who would keep coming over her wall, till she cut off his pumpkin."

She now led me round the house to her "back," where she showed me her grassplot, wishing she was greener, and asking if she ought not to have a bit of a roll. I longed to say, on Greenwich authority, that about Easter Monday was the proper season for the operation, but the joke might have led to a check in her horticultural confidences. In the centre of the lawn there was an oval bed, with a stunted shrub in the middle, showing some three or four clusters of purple blossoms, which the Widow regarded with intense admiration.

"You have heard, I suppose, of a mashy soil for roddyandums? Well, look at my bloom,—quite as luxuriquas as if I'd been stuck in a bog!"

There was no disputing this assertion; and so she led me off to her vegetables, halting, at last, at her peas, some few rows of Blue Prus-

sians, which she had probably obtained from Waterloo, they were so long in coming up.

"Backard, an't I?"

Yes, rather.

"Wery—but Miss Sharp is backarder than me. She's hardly out of the ground yet—and please God, in another fortnight, I shall want sticking."

There was something so comic in the last equivoque, that I was forced to slur over a laugh as a sneeze, and then contrived to ask her, if she had no assistance in her labours.

"What, a gardener? Never! I did once have a daily jobber, and he jobbed away all my dahlias. I declare I could have cried! But its very hard to think you're a valuable bulb, and when summer comes, you're nothing but a stick and a label."

Very provoking indeed!

"Talk of transplanting, they do nothing else but transplant you from one house to another, till you don't know where you are. There was I, thinking I was safe and sound in my own bed, and all the while I was in Mr. Jones's."

It's scandalous!

"It is. And then in winter when they're friz out, they come round to one a beggin for money. But they don't freeze any charity out of me."

All ladies, however, are not so obdurate to the poor Gardiners in winter—or even in summer, in witness whereof, here follows a story.

CHAP. VII.

AN elderly gentlewoman of my acquaintance, on a visit at a country house in Northamptonshire, chanced one fine morning to look from her bedchamber, on the second story, into the pleasure-ground, where Adam, the Gardener, was at work at a flower-border, directly under her window. It was a cloudless day in July, and the sun shone fervidly on the old man's bald, glossy pate, from which it reflected again in a number of rays, as shining and pointed as so many new pins and needles.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the old lady, "it's enough to broil all the brains in his head," and unable to bear the sight, she withdrew from the casement. But her concern and her curiosity were too much excited to allow her to remain in peace. Again and again she took a peep, and whenever she looked, there, two stories below, shone the same bare round cranium, supernaturally red, and almost intolerably bright, as if it had been in the very focus of a burning glass. It made her head ache to think of it!

Nevertheless she could not long remove her eyes, she was fascinated towards that glowing sconce, as larks are said to be by the dazzling of a mirror.

In the mean time, to her overheated fancy, the bald pate appeared to grow redder and redder, till it actually seemed red hot. It would hardly have surprised her if the blood, boiling a gallop, had gushed out

of the two ears, or if the head, after smoking a little, had burst into a flame by spontaneous combustion. It would never have astonished her had he danced off in a frenzy of brain fever, or suddenly dropped down dead from a stroke of the sun. However he did neither, but still kept work, work, working on in the blazing heat, like a salamander.

"It don't signify," muttered the old lady, "if he can stand it I cant," and again she withdrew from the spectacle. But it was only for a minute. She returned to the window, and fixing her eyes on the bald, shining, glowing object, considerably pitched on it a pot of beer—not literally indeed, but in the shape of five penny pieces, screwed up tight in brown paper.

MORAL.—There is nothing like *well-directed* benevolence!

CHAP. VIII.

"Yes, all gardeners is thieves!"

As I could not dispute the truth of this sweeping proposition from practical experience, I passed it over in silence, and contented myself with asking the Widow whence she acquired all her horticultural knowledge, which she informed me came "out of her Mawe."

"It was *him* as give me that, too," she whimpered, "for he always humoured my flowering, and if ever a grave deserved a strewing over it's his'n—There's a noble old helm!"

Very indeed.

"Yes, quite an old antique, and would be beautiful if I could only hang a few parachutes from its branches."

I presume you allude to the American parasites?

"Well, I suppose I do. And look there's my harbour. By and by, when I'm more honeysuckled I shall be waterproof, but I ain't quite grown over enough yet to sit in without an umbrella."

As I had now pretty well inspected her back, including one warm corner, in which she told me she had a good mind to caw-cumber—we turned toward the house, the Widow leading the way, when wheeling sharply round, she popped a new question.

"What do you think of my walk?"

Why that it is kept very clean and neat.

"Ah, I don't mean my gravel, but my walk. At present you see I go in a pretty straight line, but suppose I went a little more serpentine—more zigzaggy—and praps deviating about among the clumps—don't you think I might look more picturesque?"

I ventured to tell her, at the risk of sending her ideas to her front, that if she meant her *gait*, it was best as it was; but that if she alluded to her path, a straight one was still the best, considering the size of her grounds.

"Well, I dare say you're right," she replied, "for I'm only a quarter of a haker if you measure me all round."

By this time we were close to the house, where the appearance of a vine suggested to me the query whether the proprietor ever gathered any grapes.

"Ah my wine, my wine," replied the Widow, with as grave a shake

of the head, and as melancholy a tone as if she had really drunk to fatal excess of the ruby juice. "That wine will be the death of me, if somebody don't nail me up. My poor head won't bear ladder work; and so all training or pruning myself is out of the question. Howsom-ever, Miss Sharp is just as bad, and so I'm not the only one whose wine goes where it shouldn't."

Not by hundreds of dozens, thought I, but there was no time allowed for musing over my own loss by waste and leakage, I was roused by a "now come here," and lugged round the corner of the house to an adjacent building, which bore about the same proportion to the villa as a calf to a cow.

"This here's the washus."

So I should have conjectured.

"Yes, it's the washus now—but it's to be a greenus. I intend to have a glazed roof let into it for a conservatory, in the winter, when I can't be stood out in the open air. They've a greenus at Number Five, and a hottus besides—and thinks I, if so be I do want to force a little, I can force myself in the copper!"

The Copper!

"Yes. I'm uncommon partial to foreign outlandish plants—and if I'm an African, you know, or any of them tropicals, I shall almost want baking."

These schemes and contrivances were so whimsical, and at the same time so Bucklersburyish, that in spite of myself, my risible muscles began to twitch, and I felt that peculiar internal quiver about the diaphragm which results from suppressed laughter. Accordingly, not to offend the Widow, I hurried to take my leave, but she was not disposed to part with me so easily.

"Now come, be candid, and tell me before you go, what you think of me altogether. Am I shrubby enough? I fancy sometimes that I ought to be more deciduous."

Not at all. You are just what you ought to be—shrubby and flowery, and gravelly and grassy—and in summer you must be a perfect nosegay.

"Well—so I ham. But in winter, now,—do you really think I am green enough to go through the winter?"

Quite. Plenty of yews, hollies, box, and lots of horticultural laurels.

[I thought now that I was off—but it was a mistake.]

"Well, but—if you really must go—only one more question—and its to beg a favour. You know last autumn we went steaming up to Twitnam?"

Yes—well?

"Well, and we went all over Mr. What's-his-name's Willa."

Pope's—well?

"Well then, somebody told us as how Mr. Pope was very famous for his Quincunx. Could you get one a slip of it?"

CHAP. IX.

"WELL, for my part," exclaims Fashion, "those who please may garden; but I shall be quite satisfied with what I get from my Fruiterer, and my Greengrocer, and my bouquets. For it seems to me, Sir, according to your description of that Widow, and her operations, that gardening must be more of a trouble than a pleasure. To think of toiling in a most unfashionable bonnet and filthy gloves, for the sake of a few flowers, that one may buy as good or better, and made artificially by the first hands in Paris! Not to name the vulgarity of their breeding. Why I should faint if I thought my orange flowers came out of a grocer's tea-chest, or my camellia out of the butter-tub!"

No doubt of it, Madam, and that you would never come to if sprinkled with common water instead of Eau de Cologne.

"Of course not. I loathe pure water—ever since I have heard that all London bathes in it—the lower classes and all. If *that* is what one waters with, I could never garden. And then those nasty creeping things, and the earwigs! I really believe that one of them crawling into my head, would be enough to drive out all my intellects!"

Beyond question, Madam.

"I did once see a Lady gardening, and it struck me with horror! How she endured that odious caterpillar on her clothes without screaming, surpasses my comprehension. No, no—it is not Lady's work, and I should say not even Gentleman's, though some profess to be very fond of it."

Why as to that, Madam, there is a style of gardening that might even be called aristocratical, and might be indulged in by the very first Exquisite in your own circle.

"Indeed, Sir?"

Yes, in the mode, Madam, that was practised in his own garden, by the Poet Thomson, the Author of the "Seasons."

"And pray how was that, Sir?"

Why by eating the peaches off the wall, with his hands in his pockets; or in other words, gobbling up the fruits of industry, without sharing in the labour of production.

"Oh, fie! that's Radical! What do you say, my Lord?"

Why, 'pon honour, your ladyship, it doesn't touch me—for I only eat other people's peaches—and without putting my hands in my pockets at all.

CHAP. X.

"BUT do you really think, Sir," asks Chronic Hypochondriasis, "that gardening is such a healthy occupation?"

"I do. But better than my own opinion, I will give you the sentiments of a celebrated but eccentric Physician on the subject, when he was consulted by a Patient afflicted with your own disease.

"Well, Sir, what's the matter with you?" said the bluff Doctor.

"Why nothing particular, Doctor, if you mean any decided complaint.

Only I can't eat, and I can't drink, and I can't sleep, and I can't walk—in short, I can't enjoy any thing except being completely miserable."

It was a clear case of Hypochondriasis, and so the Physician merely laid down the ordinary sanitary rules.

"But you haven't prescribed, Doctor," objected the Patient. "You haven't told me what I am to take."

Take exercise.

"Well, but in what shape, Doctor?"

In the shape of a spade.

"What—dig like a horse?"

No—like a man.

"And no physic?"

No. You don't want draughts, or pills, or powders. Take a garden—and a Sabine farm after it—if you like.

"But it is such hard work?"

Phoo, phoo. Begin with crushing your caterpillars—that's soft work enough. After that, you can kill snails, they're harder—and mind, before breakfast.

"I shall never eat any!"

Yes you will, when you have earned your grub. Or hoe, and rake, and make yourself useful on the face of the earth.

"But I get so soon fatigued."

Yes, because you are never tired of being tired. Mere indolence. Commit yourself to hard labour. Its pleasanter than having it done by a Magistrate, and better in private grounds than on public ones.

"Then you seriously suppose, Doctor, that gardening is good for the constitution?"

I do. For King, Lords, and Commons. Grow your own cabbages. Sow your own turnips,—and if you wish for a gray head, cultivate carrots.

"Well, Doctor, if I thought—"

Don't think, but do it. Take a garden, and dig away as if you were going to bury all your care in it. When you're tired of digging, you can roll—or go to your walls, and set to work at your fruit-trees, like the Devil and the Bag of Nails.

"Well, at all events, it is worth trying; but I am sadly afraid that so much stooping—"

Phoo, phoo! The more pain in your back, the more you'll forget your *hyps*. Sow a bed with thistles, and then weed it. And don't forget cucumbers.

"Cucumbers!"

Yes, unwholesome to eat, but healthy to grow, for then you can have your *frame* as strong as you please, and regulate your own *lights*. Melons still better. Only give your melon to the melon-bed, and your colly to the collyflowers, and your Melancholy's at an end.

"Ah! you're joking, Doctor!"

No matter. Many a true word is said in jest. I'm the only physician, I know who prescribes it, but take a garden—the *first remedy in the world*—for when Adam was put into one he was quite a new man!

CHAP. XI.

BUT Mrs. Gardiner.

I had taken leave of her, as I thought, by the washhouse door, and was hurrying towards the wicket gate, when her voice apprised me that she was still following me.

"There is one thing that *you* ought to see at any rate, if nobody else does."

And with gentle violence she drew me into a nook behind a privet hedge, and with some emotion asked me if I knew where I was. My answer of course was in the negative.

"It's Bucklersbury."

The words operated like a spell on my memory, and I immediately recognised the old civic shrubbery. Yes, there they were, the Persian Lilac, the Guelder Rose, the Monthly Rose, and the Laurustinus, but looking so fresh and flourishing, it was no wonder that I had not known them; and besides the chests and tubs were either gone, or plunged in the earth.

"Not quite so grubby as I were in town," said the Widow, "but the same plants. Old friends like, with new faces. Just take a sniff of my laylock—it's the same smell as I had when in London, except the smoke. And there's my monthly rose—look at my complexion now. You remember how smudgy I was afore. Perhaps you'd like a little of me for old acquaintance," and plucking from each, she thrust into my hand a bouquet big enough for the Lord Mayor's coachman on the Ninth of November.

"Yes, we've all grown and blown together," she continued, looking from shrub to shrub, with great affection. "We've withered and budded, and withered and budded, and blossomed and sweetened the air. We're interesting, ain't we?"

O very—there's a sentiment in every leaf.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean. I often come here to enjoy 'em, and have a cry—for you know *he* smelt 'em and admired 'em as well as *us*," and the mouldy glove might again have had to wipe a moistened eye, but for an alarm familiar to her ear, though not to mine, except through her interpretation.

"My peas! my peas! old Jones's pigeons!"

And rushing off to the defence of her Blue Prussians, she gave me an opportunity of which I availed myself by retreating in the opposite direction, and through the wicket. It troubles me to this day that I cannot remember the shutting it: my mind misgives me that in my haste to escape it was most probably left open, like Abon Hassan's door, and with as unlucky consequences.

Even as I write, distressing images of a ruined Eden rise up before my fancy—cocks and hens scratching in flower borders—pigs routing up stocks or rolling in tulips—a horse cropping rose-buds, and a bullock in Bucklersbury! and all this perhaps not a mere vision! That woeful Figure, with starting tears and clasped hands contemplating the scene of havoc, not altogether a fiction!

Under this doubt, it will be no wonder that I have never revisited the Widow, or that when I stroll in the suburbs my steps invariably lead me in any other direction than towards Paradise-place.

CHAP. XII.

I HAVE told a lie !

I have written the thing that is not, and the truth came not from my pen. There was deceit in my ink, and my paper is stained with a falsehood. Nevertheless, it was in ignorance that I erred, and consequently the lie is white.

When I told you, Gentle Reader, that any day you pleased, you might behold my heroine, Mrs. Gardiner, I was not aware that Mrs. Gardiner was no more !

“No more !”

No—for by advices just received, she is now Mrs. Burrel, the wife of the quondam little old Bachelor at Number Eight.

“What !—married ! Why then she did go over the wall to him as she promised !”

No, miss—he came over to her.

For a long time it appears, without giving utterance to the slightest sentiment of an amorous nature, he had made himself particular, by constantly haunting the dwarf wall that divided him from the Widow, —overlooking her indeed more than was proper or pleasant. For once, however, he happened to look at the right moment, for casting his eyes towards Number Nine, he saw that his fair neighbour was in a very disagreeable and dangerous predicament—in short, that she was in her own water-butt, heels upwards.

He immediately jumped over the brick partition, and bellowing for help, succeeded, he knew not how, in hauling the unfortunate lady from her involuntary bath.

“Then it was not a suicide ?”

By no means, madam. It was simply from taking her hobby to water. In plainer phrase, whilst endeavouring to establish an aquatic lily in her waterbutt, she overbalanced herself and fell in.

The rest may be guessed. Before the Widow was dry, Mr. Burrel had declared his passion—Gratitude whispered that without him, she would have been “no better than a dead *lignum vitæ*”—and she gave him her hand.

The marriage day, however, was not fixed. At the desire of the bride, it was left to a contingency, which was resolved by her “orange-flowering” last Wednesday—and so ended the “Horticultural Romance” of Mrs. Gardiner.

TWO PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF LOVE.

WHEN will the unwelcome, dreary day be done ?

Time loiters ever when we'd have him fly ;

The sun lags on his course—the sands unrun ;

The glare of daytime will not leave the sky.

Ah ! the gray twilight floateth up on high,

And the dumb night steals over ;—one by one

The pale stars start to life and quivering light ;

I watch the last glance of the sinking sun,

And hail the hour and bless the hiding night ;

My glad heart leapeth to that graceful height,

And gentle footstep—whose it is I wis.

I still the heaving of that bosom white,

And taste the honey of that blissful kiss ;

Keep Heaven, ye wrangling priests—but only leave me this.

Ah ! light of being, Love, that is no more,

What sighs,—what tears, what vain regrets are mine !

What foolish grief, for it cannot restore

Quiet unto my breast,—or tenderness to thine.

Must I remember, and can you forget

All that we felt, and promised, and avow'd :

The dreamy kiss that met us when we met,

The bliss that spake, yet never spake aloud ;

The cherish'd hand—the closely clasped waist—

The swimming eye—the step that moved so slow,

And yet, home reach'd, we chided for its haste :

Have we known these, and now we do not know ?

Must I remember, and have you forgot ?

And can such things have been, and now, ah ! me, are not ?

W. H. B.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF MR. JONAS JENKINS.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

PRECISELY forty-five years ago this year, Mr. Jonas Jenkins was returning from Islington to his lodgings, after an Easter Sunday dinner with a maiden aunt. He had already descended the hill at Pentonville, then but little encumbered with buildings, and had arrived nearly opposite to the Smallpox Hospital, where in those days arose pyramids of cinders, each huge as that of Cheops, pointing their jetty apexes to the moon, and "rendering night hideous." The watchmen of the locality deeming it an insult to any of the king's subjects ever to say "stand," were not so superfluous as to remain awake. Mr. Jonas Jenkins therefore moved forward unchallenged, ruminating upon his situation at that late hour, and not free of fears lest he should be taken unawares, not, indeed, by "bogles," but by thieves, of whom he had a peculiar dread. Presently he heard footsteps behind, approaching at a very brisk pace, and instinctively began to quicken his own; but in vain, unless he advanced at running speed, which, he argued with himself, would exhibit fear, and infallibly attract the pursuit of one who might be able to run faster than himself.

"Good morning," said the stranger; "it is a drizzly time of it—we shall have a heavy fall presently."

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Jonas, wishing the stranger at Old Nick; "I had no idea it was past twelve o'clock."

"It will be twelve no more until noonday," replied the stranger. "Perhaps you have some way to go?"

"To Cecil-street," said Mr. Jonas Jenkins.

"I am going to Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields," rejoined the stranger.

"You are in the law, then, I presume," said Mr. Jonas, countrymen in London being always more inquisitive than the town bred—"you are in the law?"

"I am not called to the bar yet," replied the stranger.

"A student still it may be—an attorney?" said Mr. Jenkins, still curious.

"You are near the mark—I am a conveyancer, and am proud to say, in very active business."

"I am studying anatomy for country practice, as a surgeon—physic won't do alone—one must be able to write and mingle our own prescriptions there—attend midwifery cases, amputate, trepan, reduce, and operate generally, or we don't get both ends to meet at the year's close. Here the profession is a pleasanter thing—every branch separate—'twon't do in the west. So I am just now skimming the hospitals."

"From the west, eh? I thought you were, by your speaking—though it's dark—I don't guess you are above twenty-one years old? We are a sort of connexion by birth."

"Are you, too, from the west?"

"I am, and I am not," said the stranger, "unless a man is a horse because he happens to be born in a stable."

"I am Welsh, from Cardiff, where my father was born; he emi-

grated to Padstow, and there married my mother. My family is one of the most ancient in South Wales; we, the Ap Jenkinses, are descended through the Ap Reeses, from the Ap Llewelyns, who were princes in Wales before England was inhabited."

"You are a sort of noble, then, in Wales, I suppose? My mother was from Launceston, but she left the town when she was young, and completed her education here in London," observed the stranger.

"The best place for education too," said Mr. Jenkins; "she was accomplished, I dare say?"

"You are right," said the stranger, "my mother was very accomplished, and crossed the sea, seeing more of foreign parts than I have done—I shall go abroad some day, myself."

"I envy you the prospect of that pleasure," rejoined the surgeon. "I love the sea—many a charming trip have I had from Padstow to Swansea Bay. I should like to visit America, but the passage money is considerable—it costs a vast deal."

"When you go at your own expense," observed the stranger; "I shall go in a king's ship when I visit the colonies, as I shall be sent upon the public account."

"Well, I wish I had been bred to the law too; there are capital places to be had in the colonies, only make a little parliamentary interest—I should then have no need to put my nose into dissecting-rooms, or to wheedle resurrection-men when I want a subject, or a 'head for the bones,' or any little thing of the kind—fingering the knife and fork in term time, and carrying a good face, make a lawyer without further trouble."

"You are right—the naked fingers and a brow of brass are every thing in my profession—but the rain begins to fall heavily!"

During this conversation, they had turned up what was then called the Duke of Bedford's New-road, and through Southampton-row into King's-street, where, just at the top of Theobald's-road, the stranger stopped at a watchbox, and giving two or three hearty tweaks at the red-worsted nightcap of the somnolent Argus, awoke him with the question—

"Old boy, show us a house where we can turn in out of the rain."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the obliging watchman, "just come with me across the way."

So saying, the trio crossed the street, and the guardian of the night giving a peculiar knock at a door, over which a faint light was perceptible, and from within which a confused hum of voices issued, it was unbolted, and Mr. Jonas Jenkins, with his two companions, quickly found themselves in a room sashed and glazed at one end, where stood a man and woman, surrounded with barrels and bottles in goodly array; before two or three benches along the walls, were seated half a dozen persons, their chins dropped upon their bosoms in that apoplectic slumber which is indicated by a breathing of a peculiar character, as if the head of the sleeper were bound with iron. There was a room some distance down a passage opposite the bar, whence discordant sounds issued occasionally—sounds of half-anger, half-mirth—the effect of inebriation subdued into helplessness by its own excess, the hour of excitement being passed, and exhaustion triumphant over stimulated passions and vociferations that, too violent

to be continued, subsided into broken sentences, feeble curses, faint exclamations, frowns that were involuntary, and smiles that came and went without reason.

Ordering a couple of glasses of brandy-and-water for himself and Mr. Jonas Jenkins, in return for the hospitality afforded them, the watchman taking his reward in a glass of neat spirit, the stranger led the way into the apartment spoken of, which had a back communication with another street. It was not a fourth part filled, bearing the impress that the orgies celebrated there a few hours before were passed, and that the dregs alone remained. The stranger seemed familiar with the scene, but Mr. Jonas Jenkins lifted up his eyes in surprise, exclaiming,

"This beats Padstow! I never saw the like before!"

"It's only London life," said the stranger; "there are hundreds of such places here, this is not the largest. Is that wench dead, I wonder?"

So saying, he put his hand on the shoulder of a woman who appeared in a deep sleep, and suffered her scantily-clothed infant to fall upon the floor, strewn over as it was with fragments of tobacco-pipes, begrimed with dirty feet, and the overflowings of jugs and glasses, among which the unconscious, sickly-looking creature lay sprawling.

"Is the wench dead!—do you see your brat?"

No reply was made to the appeal; the infant continued to wallow, and the mother to sleep insensible to her position. In another place two unwholesome children in rags had followed their mother, who having replenished a potsherd with the burning draught, was waiting the termination of the shower to return to their miserable cellar for the night, having parted with their coin destined for to-morrow's bread. In a broken chair, supporting his folded arms on the back of a second, and now and then raising his head, which dropped involuntarily again into its former position, sat a man once possessed of vigour and an athletic frame, his limbs shrunk, his head palsied and bloated, a living object upon which the grave's noisomeness was already anticipated. To his wife's supplications that he would return home after so many hours sitting, he answered sometimes with a vacant stare, at others, with an unconscious, half-articulated curse—for unconscious he was even of his own being. One female still drank on, regardless of the prayers of her offspring, and their supplications for food, which she repaid by curses, obedient to no call but the brutality of her own stomach. Here were a couple of old men puling over their cups, stupid from the excitement, that kindled the blood of youth into fever. There were two females who exhibited the remains of beauty, boisterous from their continued potations with a third, who appeared to be half-frantic.

Mr. Jonas Jenkins returning towards the bar, again expressed his surprise at the scene, in a morning hour too, repeating, "This beats Padstow!"

The stranger laughed.

"What are people to do in their misery?—it kills thought!"

"They must be bad thoughts that require to be killed," observed Mr. Jonas Jenkins.

"That's as it happens," said the stranger; "it's done, as you see, every day, and will be done again. All who have trouble try to forget it, and they that can't forget, drown it—troubles don't kill, if they did 'twould be well—then who will bear their thoughts when they come down black as hell upon them, scaring, crushing, torturing, and tearing every string of the heart, when they can cure the pain with a glass?"

"For a time," said Mr. Jonas Jenkins.

"For a time!" said the stranger, "and any time, ever so short, is a relief. Can one man tell how another wrestles with his own tortured spirit—how long and bitterly? No, no; it is done as you see, and will be always done, while people have thoughts that wither up their flesh and dry their very marrow—I don't see the harm of it—for bad as it is, 'tis by far the best of two evils—here's to your health, Mr. Jenkins."

The shower having by this time ceased, Mr. Jonas Jenkins and his new friend proceeded towards Queen-street.

"You are a good hand at setting a limb or cutting off an arm now, I dare say, Mr. Jenkins?"

"It will not do to praise myself," said Mr. Jonas Jenkins, "or I might truly say—but no!—I think I can reduce a fracture or amputate a limb with any one of my standing in England—it's my trade, you must consider."

"I ask pardon, Mr. Jenkins, and am corrected," rejoined his companion.

Upon reaching the end of Queen-street, they parted, the stranger saying rather significantly,

"We shall meet again very soon!"

"He might have told me his name," thought Mr. Jonas Jenkins. "I wish I had demanded it."

The stranger was a man of the middle height, squarely made, and muscular, but not so overloaded with strength as to impair activity. He had a low, firm forehead, shaded by coarse black hair, eyes dark and deeply set, a broad-hooked nose, thin lips, teeth white and strong, and an expression of visage that bespoke a cold, calculating character, capable of exertion when roused, and of most determined purpose. His limbs were well-shaped, except that he was somewhat bow-legged. His conversation betrayed an unimproved mind, gifted with great natural shrewdness, while his easy manners and acquaintance with every thing around him, as well as an imprecation that now and then broke through the evident restraint he had placed upon his natural habit of conversation, showed that he was playing a part of which a countryman, like Mr. Jonas Jenkins, must have been wholly unconscious from lacking that knowledge of life which nothing but experience can obtain. It was clear he had an intuitive perception of Mr. Jonas Jenkins's provincial character before he was three minutes in his company.

The next morning Mr. Jonas Jenkins was entering the Strand from Cecil-street, when he met his quondam friend as if by accident.

"I said we should meet again soon, and I intended it," said the latter, "but not quite so soon as this. Are you engaged, Mr. Jenkins?"

The latter replying in the negative, the stranger added, "Then you can spare an hour?"

Getting an affirmative reply, they proceeded to a coffee-house in King-street. Covent Garden, and the stranger leading the way upstairs into a room not quite as public as another through which they entered, he ordered a bottle of old port, Mr. Jonas Jenkins taking his seat *vis-à-vis*.

"I have something to say," said the stranger; "but I must first ask a few questions."

"By all means," said Mr. Jonas Jenkins.

"Do you take any part in politics?"

"I have never thought much about them. In the country I declared myself for church and state, as most of my friends used to do—that means Pitt, just now, I believe."

"Then you never really cared much either for one side or the other?"

"No more than people do in general, who follow the party by which they will get the most—that's what we call in Padstow the sunny side of the harbour," said Mr. Jenkins.

"Ha! ha! sound sense you western folks have—wise fellows! What are politics nowadays to any if they don't bring profit—the hard money, too!—but where nothing is to be lost or gained, you would not let your regard for Pitt or Fox interfere with a good and kind action?"

"Certainly not; Pitt, church and state, or Fox and liberty, all mean one thing, I believe, and that thing of no benefit to me."

"I find you have got the right view of the matter. May I trust you with a secret which, if it leads to what you disapprove, you will not divulge should you not see fit to act upon it?"

"I swear to keep it to myself, whatever it be," said Mr. Jonas Jenkins, who was by no means displeased at what he deemed the romantic turn which the adventure was taking.

"But to keep or divulge the secret in question may equally cause you trouble, and yet there is no call but upon your humanity in the whole affair."

"Then I promise solemnly to adventure, if humanity be all it involve; no one can be blamed for the exertion of a Christian virtue."

"Mr. Jenkins, you are one of the right sort—see clearly, and have not a lawyer's view—no Old Bailey one-sided sort of a glance, or any side, or two sides, if paid for!"

A few glasses of wine were swallowed, and Mr. Jonas Jenkins being between curiosity, elevated spirits, and good fellowship, primed to the utmost nicety for the disclosure of the important secret, his companion looking around carefully that there might be no one to overhear him, said,

"What I require is perhaps the performance of an amputation."

"Not of a head, I hope," said Mr. Jonas Jenkins, "that would hardly be within the circle of humane dealing."

"It may prevent the amputation of a head perhaps," said the stranger.

"Well, that would be humane dealing," replied Mr. Jenkins.

"I don't know that with a good many heads," laughingly responded

the other. "No, it is not a head, but a limb; and the secret I would have kept is the knowledge of the performance of such an operation, because it would betray the person to the vengeance of the law, and then—"

"Well," said Mr. Jenkins, "and then?"

"He would be hanged, but not until dead; be embowelled in a most Christian manner before his own eyes, quartered, and what portions were not to be stuck up for public admiration, to be burned, and 'all that sort of thing,' just as you practise upon dead bodies; only what you do for surgery sake, they do out of revenge, and all because rebelling is not successful;—that failing, d'ye see, makes the guilt of the thing. Well, to my story. You have heard of the terrible battle of Vinegar Hill, I suppose?"

"To be sure, somewhere in Ireland, was it not? I don't know, nor do I believe any body in England knows whereabouts it is, whether in Dublin or Londonderry."

"Then I will explain. Vinegar Hill lies in Waterford City, close to the harbour, which you know looks upon the wide sea—a small hill, in shape like a Dutch cheese, or about the size of Primrose Hill going to Hampstead—you know that, Mr. Jenkins?"

"Perfectly well; I was there last Sunday."

"Though I describe the battle, mind, I do not say I was present when it happened—for truth with me is every thing—there's nothing like plain, stark-naked truth, Mr. Jenkins. Well, the brave fellows fighting for their freedom, were drawn up in a solid square on the top of the hill close by, partly behind a vinegar manufactory, from whence the hill took its name. Two or three rusty old cannon, and a few poor pikes or fowlingpieces, were all they had to fight a regular army, that came on thundering and clattering through the town of Waterford at a good rate. First came the artillery advancing up the hill, and firing grape-shot from a hundred twenty-four pounders at once; next came the infantry, firing volleys as fast as rain-drops; and last of all, the cavalry, cutting and slashing. Nothing could stand it, Mr. Jenkins; the vinegar manufactory, d'ye see, was knocked up rather than down in no time, all the cannon rolled over it, and the infantry marched over it, and the cavalry rode over it, and so down the other side of the hill. The brave patriots had selected that place because they could not be attacked from behind, the water preventing that."

"They should have secured a way of retreat," interrupted Mr. Jonas Jenkins.

"Retreat! they never dreamed of such a thing," said the stranger; "they scorned the thought."

"Brave indeed," said Mr. Jenkins; "worthy Greeks and Romans—that scorn of retreat was worthy of the Spartans—it must have been a terrible battle indeed!"

"Then it was that my friend Colonel O'Rourke, after having killed seventeen English artillerymen, and taken two cannon with his own hands, was dragged down the hill by his men to the water's edge.

"'Brave Irish patriots,' he said; 'who would die in cold blood? Let us sell our lives dearly—our faces to the foe!'"

"Then lifting up his hand to cheer them on, it was struck by a ball and shattered. His friends seeing the blood, pulled him into a boat which lay close to the shore, and off they pushed, having only a couple

of oars with a ragged lug-sail. Showers of cannon-balls were fired after them, but not one touched the boat. God protects the right, you know, Mr. Jenkins."

"Truly," said Mr. Jonas Jenkins.

"They got out to sea as fast as they could, and saw their friends cut and shot down by hundreds before they lost sight of the land. Without provisions, and with his wound undressed, my dear friend O'Rourke landed near Bristol, and for security, while his companions dispersed over different roads, came up to London, the place of more danger being in such cases that of most safety. What was wonderful, too, Mr. Jenkins, although the Irish government declared it to be high treason for any one, young or old, to wear a green handkerchief, O'Rourke found his way to me in London wearing a very conspicuous green handkerchief, dotted with shamrocks, which rendered the wearer liable in Dublin to two indictments, both for 'overt acts,' I think they slang it in law. Now my poor friend is lying ill in a secret lodging. I fear his hand is mortifying—I dare not call in a London surgeon, but I venture to solicit a generous countryman, without London prejudices, that so often make a sin of a kind act."

"Oh, if that be all, I will readily attend and keep your secret—no time should be lost."

"Remember, though I have told you it is but an act of humanity, the English lawyers for ages have said, the greater the humanity extended towards Irishmen, the greater the crime."

"Well then, that is a motive binding me to secrecy upon my own account. I can't bear to know people are suffering when I may be able to relieve them."

"Another glass, Mr. Jenkins; you are a generous young man. I am afraid the world that cures all generousities, will cure yours by and by—here's to ye. In half an hour's time we'll go and see the patriot in his hiding-place. I wish he had ten thousand well-trained men, he'd make General Lake run away faster from him than from the paltry handful of Frenchmen,* who took all his cannon. You will know what a fine fellow O'Rourke is presently—a true hero—and heroes are very scarce just now."

The stranger insisted upon paying for the wine, and then with Mr. Jonas Jenkins proceeded towards Drury-lane, which they crossed, but instead of continuing their way towards Lincoln's-inn-fields, after going a short distance in that direction, they turned up on the left hand into Wild-street. First passing into a shop filled with all sorts of second-hand goods, externally of very unprepossessing appearance, they entered a small room behind, and then went up some narrow stairs, where on a gloomy landing-place stood a spacious wardrobe, that upon being pushed at the end rolled on one side, and disclosed a small door, which before had been concealed.

The stranger entered first, and bade Mr. Jonas Jenkins follow him. They now found themselves in an apartment of a tolerable size, lit from the roof, having a smaller chamber on the opposite side, which was entered by a glass-door, before which a curtain of dingy green stuff was suspended.

By the fire in the first room sat a pale, handsome girl, apparently

about twenty-two years of age, neatly dressed — in stature, of the middle size, who rose, and addressing the stranger, said,

“Ah, Mr. Oliver—he is suffering a good deal.”

“I have brought a doctor to him, Jeannette—we shall soon know how the matter stands. Is he asleep?”

“No,” replied the girl, who appeared to Mr. Jonas Jenkins the prettiest creature he had ever seen, “no—draw back the curtain—I must go into the next room—I cannot bear to see the wound.”

“Sweet sensitive creature,” thought Mr. Jonas Jenkins.

“Well, comrade,” said Mr. Oliver, for that was the stranger’s name, “I have brought a right one to look at your hand.”

Upon this, the recumbent O’Rourke, who had lain down under the coverlid with his coat off, put his hand out of the bed; it was his left hand, and they undid the bandage.

He was a stern-looking man, with a forehead corrugated—perhaps by suffering. He spoke in monosyllables, and exhibited by the pressure of his lips, and a convulsive twitch of the muscles round the mouth occasionally, that he was in acute pain.

Mr. Jonas Jenkins examined the appearance of the wound, which he pronounced to be so bad from neglect, that nothing could save the hand, and impressed the necessity of having it taken off as soon as possible. He felt the pulse, wrote down the medicines to be procured and how to be taken, bound up the limb, and proclaimed how happy he was to render assistance to one of such distinguished patriotism and courage as Colonel O’Rourke.

“I’m much obliged to you, indeed, sir,” was the laconic reply.

Jeannette now came back, placed glasses upon the table and a decanter of sherry, then seating herself and bidding Mr. Jonas Jenkins sit and take a glass of wine, while his friend went out to procure the medicine, she inquired if the operation would be very painful.

“The pain will be but for a few minutes,” replied Mr. Jonas Jenkins, “the colonel has suffered much more many times over already. We must have your assistance in the operation.”

“Mine! Oh no, not mine—I shall go away while it is done.”

“But we may require you for the colonel’s sake.”

“No, no, I cannot bear to see those I love suffer. Life is suffering enough in our circumstances.”

“You love him more than is good; your sisterly aid might be valuable to him.”

“I could suffer for him—I can’t help another in making him suffer. I have a woman’s heart for others, for myself I heed nothing. Tear me limb from limb, Jeannette would flinch at no self-suffering—I cannot bear that of those I love—no—no!”

Here the wounded man uttered a groan.

“I fear he is in deeper pain,” said Jeannette, and rising, went towards the bed, inquiring in a sweetly soft tone of voice, “I hope you are not worse?”

“No, no, Jeannette; leave me,” was the reply.

She returned to the table, a tear stole over her cheek, she filled a glass of wine to the brim, and drank it off as if unconscious of what she was about—she did this a second time.

Mr. Jonas Jenkins was half in love with the girl, she was so unlike any other of her sex whom he had seen—there was something so wild

in her dark eyes, so sadly sombre in the expression of her countenance; and then was she not solacing a brave man in danger of his life, a brother of whom she might be well proud in having fought and bled for his country's freedom!

Such were the unsophisticated thoughts passing through the pericranium of Mr. Jonas Jenkins, as he sat with the interesting girl until the medicine was brought, when, in order to prolong his stay, Mr. Jonas Jenkins insisted on mixing it himself.

Soon afterwards he took his leave with Mr. Oliver, who conducted him cautiously to the top of the street, that they might not be seen returning by the way which they had come, and agreeing to meet the next evening after dark, that Mr. Jonas Jenkins might perform the operation, they parted.

"Suffering virtue," thought Mr. Jonas Jenkins, "patriotism unsuccessful is still the highest quality. What an escape Colonel O'Rourke must have had!—hope blighted—life forfeited—and now in a miserable place of refuge—in pain of body, and mentally dreading every wind of heaven. Then his pretty sister, too, exposed to privations and sufferings, that are enough to weigh down so gentle a spirit. Were I but in good practice, I'd take her to my bosom—she would make a treasure of a wife. Pshaw! what am I about castle-building in this way!"

Such were Mr. Jonas Jenkins's cogitations, as he returned home from his visit to the wounded patriot.

The next evening he went with his instruments, duly prepared for the operation. He was compelled to state to his patient the necessity of an assistant being procured.

"On no account," said the wounded man, "I am undone if I trust further—I shan't flinch—I do not want to be held—I could do it myself with an axe!—Better do it thus than lose my head, doctor."

Mr. Oliver was then appealed to—profuse bleeding might follow the amputation, and the pain might cause by flinching, an insecure tying of the vessels.

"Pain!" said the patient, "pain! I can bear any—Oliver shall assist you—pain—ha! ha! I can bear it down to my last gasp if I determine to do so, and no woman's whine escape me."

"You will acquit me of being the cause if any accident happen. I can do my part; but my doing it well, colonel, must depend upon your steadiness."

"I'll risk that—but I will not risk discovery by the bloodhounds of the law—they will track me if I am too confident. I'll trust you, doctor; do you put confidence in me!"

"Tis but a wrist amputation," thought Mr. Jonas Jenkins, "I must do it how I can I suppose."

So mentally saying, he began to prepare his instruments, lint, silk, and plasters, arranging them in proper order. Next calling Mr. Oliver, he said,

"You must assist me, pray take your lesson. When the colonel is seated—his arm resting upon this table, you must draw back the skin and muscles, thus—as forcibly as you can, thus."

"I perceive—and hold them steady."

"Yes, and hold them steady—resist all motion in the limb, leaving the rest to me."

"Ha ! ha !" said the wounded man : " you neither of you know me. I am no screaming woman—ha ! ha ! Come then to work, gentlemen."

Seated facing one side of a narrow table, over the further edge of which from himself his arm projected, and where it was firmly held in the iron gripe of his friend Oliver, the colonel—tall, swarthy, fierce-looking, and rendered fiercer by his fixedness of stoicism at that moment—sat in perfect composure.

Mr. Jonas Jenkins having applied the tourniquet on the arm, showed Mr. Oliver how to grasp the limb, an inch or two above the wrist.

" Very well done—that will do," said Mr. Jonas Jenkins. " We will now go to work in earnest."

So saying, he dissected off a flap of skin from the back of the wounded hand—the most painful part of the operation—it was flaying the living man—but no muscle of the colonel's face changed—it was evident he had called up all his resolution, and that it was victor. Then quick as thought the young surgeon separated the hand at the joint with a continuous turn of the knife—no groan was heard—vessel after vessel was hooked and tied—the blood cleared—the tourniquet slackened, to see that all was right—the flap brought over and well secured—in short, the operation was completed, and the wounded arm placed in a sling on the owner's breast.

The sufferer had not spoken, now he essayed to speak, but a deathly pallor came upon his countenance, and he felt the reaction of his manly conduct in a faintness, which he could not control. A cordial was given to him, and he was advised to repose on the bed.

" Have I not redeemed my promise—did I flinch or play the woman—ha ! Speak, doctor," said the colonel.

" You acted manfully indeed, colonel—but we can talk of this to-morrow—recline on your bed for an hour or two, and you will feel better."

Persuaded also by his friend Oliver, the patient laid himself on his bed—the former demanding Mr. Jonas Jenkins's opinion of his talents as an assistant, and declaring he thought he could operate himself. The floor of the room, that was covered with blood, was cleansed ; Mr. Jonas Jenkins packed up his instruments, and with them the hand he had severed, which Oliver remarked would never more cut pudding, then a bottle of good old sherry wine being produced the operator and his assistant sat down to solace themselves after their fatigues.

A deep sigh now and then came from the colonel—for Nature will vindicate herself with those who would fain take a pride in braving her dictates, when Mr. Jonas Jenkins gave his companion an opiate to be administered in case of his patient becoming restless ; which he had scarcely done, when with gentlest step, she for whom Mr. Jonas Jenkins had looked in vain upon his arrival, entered, anxiety in her countenance.

" Is it over ?—is he well ?"

Satisfied upon these points, she stole to the bedside, looked at him whom she regarded with so much affection for several minutes, but spoke not—retired into the next room, where she disembarrassed herself from her bonnet and cloak, and returned to the table. She then renewed her inquiries.

"Did he bear it bravely?—was he in much pain?—Did he suffer long?"

All which questions Mr. Jonas Jenkins found pleasure in answering.

"Is he not a noble fellow?" she asked with a sort of triumph, and eyes glistening with tears. "Thank God, it is past—he will soon be himself again, if we can keep him quiet a little longer."

• A knock at the door of the room, and a low whisper called away Mr. Oliver; his sudden departure seemed to this faithful girl a source of anxiety.

"I fear some one is on the search for us, Mr. Jenkins—we are in continual alarm—what a life is ours!—And yet here we can hardly be suspected, the people of the house are stanch."

"Your brother never ventures out, he cannot therefore be traced—your fears are groundless, without treachery."

"That *fear*, Mr. Jenkins—that fear is woman's heritage—she lives and dies in fear."

Mr. Oliver at this moment returned—he had been called to observe some of the myrmidons of Bow-street, who were prowling about, but all anxiety on this account was relieved by their being seen soon afterwards, lugging away a couple of youths on a charge of larceny, who resided on the opposite side of the street.

Mr. Jonas Jenkins now took his departure, more than ever enamoured with the fair one whom he had just left; he could not tell wherefore,—perhaps, thought he, from some mysterious sympathy in our natures. Yet, it must be acknowledged that the lady exhibited no return of the like sentiments towards Mr. Jonas Jenkins—her aspirations were all for him who lay in suffering—though nothing more in Mr. Jonas Jenkins's view than an untainted sisterly attachment.

The next day Mr. Jonas Jenkins visited his patient again, and found him seated in a chair, and in much less pain than before the operation.

"Good day, doctor—I owe you something heavy for my lost limb—soldiers are light in the purse."

"Not a word, my dear colonel, not a word—a patriot is an universal benefactor, and I am happy to express my gratitude to the virtue in a professional mode."

"Well, it is past now—I can eat—I have ordered some oysters and a beefsteak. I don't feel inclined to fast any longer."

"My dear colonel, you must not live so high—we must be cautious—allow me to feel your pulse. Very comfortable—little fever—but I must forbid the beefsteak just yet—to-morrow or the day after—an oyster or two now may suffice."

"What starve as well as be slivered—it's doubling a hardship. I may drink a glass of wine, Mr. Doctor?"

"A couple of glasses, no more, if you desire to be well speedily."

"And don't I!" said the colonel, with a tremendous oath, which shall not be repeated. "I must be at business again with the only hand I have left. Is a man—"

"Brother, brother," said the fair spirit already mentioned, who just then entered, "remember! You will alarm our kind friend, the doctor—remember!"

The last word she repeated with emphasis.

"Vinegar Hill must have been a blow to your cause, colonel; but now the French have landed and beaten General Lake, who had four times as many men as they had—your countrymen will rally."

"I don't know much about that—I am too far away now, and, am obliged to keep too snug to learn any news; but I do know if I ever catch the fellow who hit my hand, I'll make a sieve of him."

"Brother, *remember!*" said Jeannette again. •

"I'll riddle him, I'll be bound; all Vinegar Hill to a service-apple."

"Come, brother, don't be revengeful—think if the ball had gone through you."

"Why, then I should not want oysters—where the devil are they so long?"

"You knew Father Roche—he was killed, I think, in the late battle?" said Mr. Jonas Jenkins.

"Father Roche—Father Roche—let me see—Roche—zounds, I forget—"

"He commanded your party at Vinegar Hill—you must have known him."

"Father Roche—oh, you mean Father Rock, you have a different way of speaking here—he commanded us—how he fared, I can't tell—he did not escape with me, I can swear *that*."

"Why, he was killed by a cannon-ball," said Mr. Jenkins.

"Poor Rock! no flam—he's gone to glory, poor fellow! Those hundred cannon did the business—how they peppered us, the balls dashing about my legs as thick as small shot into a covey of partridges—some were as big as my head—how they tumbled over the vinegar manufactory! There was not one stone upon another to be seen as we pulled out of the harbour—you would have sworn it had never been there at all."

"A battle must be a terrible thing, too," said Mr. Jonas Jenkins.

"It all depends upon whether you are used to it—every body must have a learning, afterwards it's nothing at all. A good many are lost in the schooling, and must be put down as waste materials; for my part I never think about the matter when I begin. I pick out my man and get my spite out of him. I have a choice pair of wolves-pups, I always carry with me. Jeannette, show the doctor my skin-borers—they hang up in the next room."

Jeannette produced the pistols.

"Now, you see, doctor, they are not large," said the colonel, "neither do I use them always, for they are my army of reserve—bosom friends I fly to when others fail, and I am hard pushed. Good articles, aren't they? Rifled—hair-triggers—stops—as good as the best duelling pistols, let the price be what it may, and employed in no affairs that are not equally honourable with those of gentlemen seeking to be riddled in the way of 'satisfaction,' as they call it. There, Jeannette, hang them up again!"

"But come, doctor," said the colonel, pouring out a glass of wine, "I pledge you, wishing you long life, and returning hearty thanks for your kindness towards one whose head sits loosely upon his shoulders,

as if hanging to death were not enough ! Your prime ministers and great ones are as revengeful as children upon what can't feel. Come, doctor, some oysters. I don't mind the pain now. What was pain invented for, I wonder.—Come, doctor, the 'Ladies!' "

"Colonel, colonel, you must take but two glasses, I cannot permit more—you wish to be well?"

"I do; but two glasses! Well, here is the second to the ladies. Jeannette, come, my dear, few are better among the women—eh, Jeannette!"

"You are doing well, colonel, and lost your hand but yesterday—do not get over-excited. •

"I told you, doctor, I defied pain—a man like myself who—"

"Remember!" said Jeannette.

At this moment, Mr. Oliver came in, whose influence over the colonel was potent, the regimen was enforced, and Mr. Jonas Jenkins, obtaining promises of regularity, applauding in a most enthusiastic manner the surpassing virtue of patriotism, and to display his acquirements, comforting the colonel with Lord Lovat's last words on the scaffold—

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori—

should the worst event happen to so brave a man that chance could bring about—took leave of his patient—his last glance upon quitting the room being cast upon the fair Jeannette, followed by three heavy and audible sighs as he descended the stairs.

For ten successive days Mr. Jonas Jenkins visited the suffering patriot. The stump healed by the "first intention," and his visits became superfluous—he felt they were so; but Jeannette! No matter, he would call once more, and *then* cease his visits.

He did call, and found, horror-stricken, that the colonel had been taken away by Bow-street officers.

Jeannette and Mr. Oliver had escaped.

"What will become of that sweet, peerless girl, his sister!?" thought Mr. Jonas Jenkins. "I would fain gather her under my wing if I could—a brother to be hanged, beheaded, quartered—how must a sister feel!"

In deep sadness, Mr. Jonas Jenkins entered the Northumberland coffee-house at Charing Cross about an hour afterwards, and there taking up the *Oracle*, then a morning paper, read as follows:

"Yesterday, the notorious highwayman, O'Driscoll, alias Mc Sweeny, was arrested in Wild-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, by Bow-street officers. His companion, named Oliver, but suspected to be the notorious Bob Tyke, made his escape. Jeannette, the *chère amie* of O'Driscoll, was taken with him, but discharged, there being no warrant against her, though she is a well-known character. This desperate villain has had his hand amputated, it is supposed in consequence of a pistol fired at him, when he made off after his attack on the carriage of Mr. Howard upon Hounslow Heath."

Mr. Jonas Jenkins is now in his sixty-sixth year.

CHARADE.

Oh! what a glorious city! behold
 Its obelisks, pyramids, sphinx-guarded fanes ;
 You gaze on Bubastis in Egypt of old,
 And hark! to those sacred, melodious strains!
 The dulcimer, harp, shawm, and tabret combine
 With the choral rejoicings, and anthems that burst
 From yon temple's august and magnificent shrine,
 Where prostrated crowds are adoring my *First*.

How strange the conflicting caprices and whims
 Of blind superstition! Some ages are fled,
 And the object which living was worshipp'd with hymns,
 And graced with an apotheosis when dead,
 In Europe is marked for proscription and ban,
 As leagued with the foul and unsanctified crew,
 Who ply the black art that's forbidden to man,
 And with spirits of darkness dark courses pursue.

And where is my changeable *Second* display'd?
 In the belle and the bird, in the damsel and crone,
 In the foul and the fair, in the mistress and maid,
 In the dabbler in mud, in the queen on her throne.
 Who can reckon its changes of form and abode?
 Arch'd and square, low and lofty, distorted and strait,
 It is seen in the ditch, on the dunghill, the road—
 In the huts of the poor, in the halls of the great.

It is pure flesh and blood, when from Nature's own hand ;—
 Made by man its diversified substance is found
 In the fish of the deep, in the beast of the land,
 In the trees of the field, in the ore underground.
 If sometimes 'tis worn unembellish'd and plain,
 By the wives or the daughters of niggardly churls,
 At others 'tis deck'd with a glittering train
 Of diamonds and amethysts, rubies and pearls.

In my populous *Third*, what a withering change
 From the busy Bubastis my first gave to sight!
 No sunbeam, no moon gifts its desolate range,
 All is silence profound, and perpetual night.
 It has numberless houses, and each one contains
 A single inhabitant ever asleep ;
 No footfall is heard in its streets and its lanes,
 In the midst of a crowd there is solitude deep.

Here lovers who long have in severance sigh'd,
 Often meet—but no love-breathing whisper is heard ;
 Here bitterest foemen are placed side by side,
 But their warfare is over :—there's peace in my *Third* !

H.

THE GOLDEN SPOON ;

OR,

MEMORANDA OF THE LIFE, WRITINGS, AND OPINIONS OF
THE CELEBRATED RT. HON. JOHN HORNER, &c. &c. &c.

Qu'avez vous fait pour tant de biens ? vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître.
LE MARIAGE DE FIGARO.

• Ἐν ὀλίβῳ ὀλβία πάντα.

THEOCRITUS.

"THE work which is well begun, is half done," says the Italian poet ; and we know no better way of beginning this, our sublunary career, than by being born with a golden spoon in the mouth. We should therefore be disposed to recommend, advise, admonish, and comfort all whom it may concern, before all things, to achieve such a beginning, could we only point out to them any means, the most remotely calculated to ensure the desiderated result. But as the ancient philosopher observes, "*quis observationi locus, ubi eligendi facultas non supersit.*" Alas ! and alas ! and three times alas ! that the quotation should be so applicable to the matter in hand ; that the wisest design should thus come a day after the fair ; and (in this instance, beyond all others), that the best conditioned wishes should decidedly not belong to the genus *Equus*.*

There are many who in estimating the *pros* and *cons*, which go to striking a balance between Democritus and Heraclitus, esteem it a heavy blow, and a great discouragement, that a man should be brought into a world in which he must play so deep a stake, without so much as "by your leave or with your leave;" as if nature were no better than the lieutenant of a pressgang : that, being fierce, he cannot choose his own path, but must jog on to the end, in defiance, it may be, of reason and common sense, under the influence of a miserable animal instinct, which he must obey, however little he may approve it ; and lastly, that when his time is up, when go he must, whether he likes it or no, he is predestined to—(we forbear to say what), if perchance his godfathers and godmothers should have promised for him something, which does not meet the approbation of a Dominican inquisitor, a Calvinistic fatalist, or a casuistical discriminator between black gowns and white surplices.

If such be the sentiment of some *esprits forts*, it is not ours ; and we beg not to be held answerable for it, in *quocunque foro* : on the contrary, we hold that at the worst, these evils, if evils they be, are but speculative ; and that the question, like the knights' shields, has two surfaces for consideration. But the matter of the golden spoon is another guess-matter altogether. The being deprived of a voice in the choice of parents, and being utterly without appeal against the basest and most despicable wretches, who may bestow a transient mo-

* If wishes were horses, beggars would ride, &c.—*Old Proverb.*

ment of idleness in the practical denial of Malthusian theories,—is no joke: it is a real, substantial, material, tangible, and positive outrage,—a misfortune of the very deepest misery,—a nuisance worse than selling apples on a Sunday, or ringing a muffin-bell in the ears of the lieges. It is not merely that we are thus bound to honour some snob of a father, or some quiz of a mother, whom a man of any taste, or self-respect, would cut, more promptly than a tailor-creditor. It is not because we thus run a chance of being beat to a jelly by some “unnatural brute of a man,” or some “monster in female shape,” to point a moral in a police-court, or to adorn the tale of a newspaper penny-a-liner; nor worse still, that we may be spoiled (as the phrase is) by a doting idiot, rendered miserable through life, by the misplaced indulgence of that worst of mortal enemies, a fond mamma. It is not even because that by this law of nature, we stand a chance (shall we say, or a certainty?) of inheriting from one side the house the temper of a devil, or from the other a gouty shoe, or a tuberculated lung. These, it can hardly be denied, are causes of some dissatisfaction—grounds of some justifiable complaint against the dispensation: but there remains worse still behind. The true grievance, the really intolerable hardship of the case is, that it allows of no escape (none, that is to say, worth speaking of), from the many worldly inabilities that may be entailed on us by unlucky parentage,—inabilities, which not only cling to our helpless infancy, eclipse the gaiety of our childhood, overshadow our blighted adolescence, but pursue us through life, impede our manhood, cloud our sorrowful old age, accompany us to a pauper's grave, and sometimes are absolutely remembered (by the ordinary) in our epitaph.

Bad enough it is, as all reasonable people must confess, to be a poor man's dog, notwithstanding the great humanity (or *caninity* rather) of the legislators of this nineteenth century. It is not necessary to be harnessed to a baker's bread-cart, or condemned to draw Bob in a bowl on his mendicant excursions, to render a poor man's dog the saddest dog in creation. Without any such aggravation, it is enough that he starves with his master, bides the pitiless pelting of the storm with his master, gets kicked with his master, besides standing a chance of being hanged for a lurcher, or shot on a sweeping order against hydrophobia,—that he is only better off than his master in not encountering the bullying of the magistrate, or the thousand tyrannies of the keeper of the workhouse, and in not being liable to be condemned “for something or, for nothing” to the treadmill, or taught manners in the solitude of a penitentiary.

So also is it a sad thing to be a poor man's horse;—worse, indeed, than to be a rich man's “ass, or any thing that *is* his;” that is to say, provided always that your rich man has no love for doing miles against minutes, no ambition for breaking his neck in a steeple-chase. We have heard indeed of clever animals escaping out of carts, and being promoted to tilburies and chariots; which is at least a chance in the favour of pauper horseflesh. But rarely, indeed, is there any such good luck in store for the poor man's child. The poor man's child is the predestined sharer, and more than sharer, in all the poor man's calamities; he is (like the dog) a devoted son of want, of cold, and of hunger; but he is also doomed to premature labour, ill-health, ignorance, contempt, baffled desires, checked aspirations, to be the especial mark of one-

sided legislation, and (to sum up all in one comprehensive formula) the appointed receiver-general of more kicks than ha'pence. For the poor man's child, nuts ripen in vain, and apples grow ruddy in autumn to no purpose. To him the pastrycook's tarts are a mystery;* and to be dry-shod, more incomprehensible than the unknown tongues. The misfortunes of the pauper's child begin before he is born; poverty has prepared for him the feeble constitution of an overwrought mother, or the ill-developed misproportions, which attest her fidelity to a stunted, attenuated husband. Nay, his very vices are predestined consequences of the poverty which greets his entrance into a hard world. The streets are a bad university for moral training. It is with regard to virtue more than to fortune, that *haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat* proletarian penury, with its thousand disqualifications: so that there is every reason in the world for believing, that he who was hanged on Wednesday for being born in a workhouse and bred in a gaol, might (as Juvenal surmised), have earned a coronet for his pains, had he robbed in a higher sphere, and been taught by a vigilant parent to spell speculation with an S.

Thus it is that a man's birth is his destiny; that the original sin of the pauper's conception sticks to him through life; that the first false step he takes in the world is the *pas qui coute*, scarcely ever to be retrieved; and that his entire life is one long careering of misfortune, logically dependant on his primitive ill luck. If by one of those strange caprices of fortune, sometimes heard of upon 'Change, —caprices too rare to affect the general rule,—a poor devil is enabled to throw off the curse thus entailed on him at his birth, if he stumbles on a plum, a gold chain, and a baronetcy,—still the Queen herself, though she could make a noble of the *parvenu*, cannot wash out his plebeian blood, and bestow on him a brevet of gentility.

For these, and many other reasons, again and again we say, *gaudeant bene nati*,—thrice blessed are they who are born with a gold spoon in their mouths; and such was the happy condition which destiny had prepared, to usher into this vale of tears, Mr. John Horner. This gentleman, whose biography we have undertaken to indite, was remarkable for having illustrated in his most respectable person, all the happy circumstances attendant on an *aureo cochlearic* nativity, an accident well worth all the conjunctions of all the planets that ever shone on the greatest favourite of destiny and the fairies: his story, therefore, merits attention.

In making this statement, it is incumbent upon us to combat *in limine* a false inference, which hasty reasoners are too prone to draw in the like cases—namely, that the worthy parent of one, thus fortunately circumstanced, must have perished somewhere between heaven and earth. Folks are so apt to put more into their conclusions than they find in the premises! Where could the authors of the patibulary proverb have learned that the realizers of fortunes are so determinately *des gens pendables*? The whole current of worldly experience sets the other way. When the Roman poet reminded of certain penal consequences on the road to fortune, he of course was

* Two little children were paddling down the street, one saying to the other, "Once I had an halfpenny, and bought apples with it."—TITMARCH'S *Irish Sketch Book*.

thoroughly aware of the smallness of the risk ; nothing more being necessary for safety, than to succeed. Success is a most efficient and durable varnish, in much worse cases than that of Falstaff at Gad's Hill.

In asserting, however, that Mr. Horner, senior, did not die with his shoes on, it does not indeed follow that he might not have deserved as much. Our *New Monthly* readers have been made too thoroughly acquainted with the secrets of "Sheer Industry," not to be aware that justice, like Tartuffe's heaven, has its compositions ; and that if punishment sometimes halts a little in the case of humbler rogues, it is oftener "dead lame" where their compeers in ruffles are concerned. If every one had their deserts, heaven help the wicked. It is not with a whipping the most of them would be dismissed : but let that go.

There is no mystery, then, in the fact, that Mr. Horner, senior, at the time of his son's birth, bore some resemblance to the Thane of Cawdor, inasmuch as he still "lived a prosperous gentleman ;" and he was then happily employed in completing the set of his family gold plate, in the expectation that other scions might shoot forth, and require other spoons : for the worthy old gentleman was no partisan of the rights of primogeniture, and had made his will on the citizen principle of "share and share alike." In this, however, he counted his chickens not merely before they were hatched, but before they were egged. No more little Horners came to discountenance their parent's enemies in the gate ; and all the family spoons, past, present, and to come, were predestined to fall into the possession of the happy Horner.

It is useless to state, that the gold spoon destiny prevailed from the starting-post ; and that Master Horner was surrounded in his cradle with all the attributes of wealth. The frock in which he was christened, was valued at two hundred guineas ; and he was sprinkled by a prelate, who had his reasons for the condescension. Some have added that, on this occasion, the font was replenished with rose-water ; but as the christening occurred before puseyitism was invented, such a dandyism of religion is probably *controuvé*, and the statement apocryphal.

Certain moreover it is, that the gold spoon was matched with a gold pap-boat ; and that the favourite of fortune might have died of an infant apoplexy from too much nourishment, if Providence had not balanced one evil by another, and placed beside the nurse, an active apothecary. As it was, a leech now and then took off the superfluous blood, castor oil alternated with a too plentiful diet ; and in addition to this medical good fortune, the rich man's baby escaped altogether those death-dealing potions of pauper infants, so commonly employed by their toiling mothers to induce a convenient sleep.

As soon as he could go alone, the young stranger was inducted into many other of the easements of his station. He had a carriage drawn by a goat, to raise him above the plebeian infantry ; and his embroidered tunic and well-feathered straw-hat early taught him to set a proper value on his own person. As he advanced in age, he was made acquainted with the most fashionable virtues, by a diligent comparison of his own conduct with that of others. If he daubed his frock, he was told that such indiscretion was only appropriate in a chimney-sweeper ; and if he applied to his own use the *œtæ* which "wasn't hisen," the felony,

he was told, was the offence of a beggar. He was duly admonished not to speak like the common people, and above all things, was warned against dangerous association with the children of his unequals. By this identification of virtue with aristocracy, he was early seduced into thinking nobly on the subject. As he was naturally of a passive, unexcitable temper, he was not very much spoiled by habitual indulgence; while being placed above all temptations to the coarser offences, he was inevitably led to form a high estimate of his own good qualities. Selfish he was, and gluttonous;—all children are so: and at seven years old, he had not given many striking indications that he cared for any body but himself. But then he was so staid, so composed, so satisfied that he had a character to maintain, that he was esteemed by nurses and parents (and daily told as much), a perfect model of infantile morality. It will not therefore surprise the judicious observer, when he learns that at this very early period of young Master Horner's experiences, he had already begun *puerorum volitare per ora*, as the hero of that nursery rhyme, which proposes him as a standard of excellence, to all childkind, to the end of time. Whether he was himself the author of the lines, we cannot undertake to assert; but it is not expected of a hero that he should always be his own baid—blowing one's own trumpet is another thing.

Be this, however, as it may, we will recall the verses to memory, for the sake of a comment; and thus it is they run:

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
Saying, what a good boy am I.

In these verses many things may be remarked; but the main point, the great lesson to be derived from them, relates to the moral influence of the mince-pie. Some persons, perhaps, may see in Master Horner's inference a defect of logic, *d'ailleurs* sufficiently pardonable in so youthful an Aristotilian. What on earth (they will say) is there in the situation, to warrant an assertion of so much goodness. Most people are good when they are seriously occupied; and Horner evidently was deeply intent upon eating his pie,—since he picked it plum by plum, the better to *raisonner principes*, as the French *gourmet* has it; that is, the more surely to prevent any of its sweets from escaping him. Besides, where was the merit of being good, when his appetite (he had not yet arrived at the dignity of a plurality of them) was amply gratified? Any poor boy could have told him that it is easy to be good on Christmas pie; the difficulty is to be so, when the pie is absent without leave. Then again, was there not something decidedly wrong in selfishly retiring to a corner to enjoy his morsel, lest peradventure, his nurse, or his mother, or some hungry child in the street, should put in their claim to a share?

This opinion, however short-sighted, is plausible; and we may go so far as to say, that *cæteris paribus*, there is more merit in a poor man's morality, than in that of his more fortunate neighbours, who have less to resist. Still it must be admitted that on this point, the poem is in

perfect accordance with the world's estimate of things, which not only gives the rich credit for all the good that circumstances force on them, but belabours the poor for a thousand vices, which grow out of their position, and for which they are no more answerable than for their sallow complexion and sunken eyes.

An opinion so general, can hardly be without some foundation ; and we, for our parts, have such faith in the mince-pie theory, that we hold it nothing less than sheer folly in governments, to expect that a race of half-starved paupers can, by any system of schoolhouses, workhouses, meeting-houses, by any of the most scientific combinations of preachers and teachers, be made such perfectly "good boys," as the Master Horners, to whom mince-pie is as their daily bread. That legislators so often lose sight of the truth, makes nothing against it. Facts are facts ; and they who are satisfied with effects, have little motive for inquiring too curiously into causes. The value of any thing in use has nothing to do with its money price ; and when a rich man contributes largely to the maintenance of the queen's peace, by the restraints he imposes on himself, why should he pause to ask how much or how little his abstinence may have cost him ?

If, indeed, philosophy looks a little deeper, it will perceive that severe penal laws are not made to punish those actions to which the rich are prone ; and that the same thing assumes very different aspects according to the circumstances attending it. This shows, beyond all denial, that wealth is really a good thing in a moral, as it is in a sensual sense ; and that the gold spoon is as much a patent of virtue as it is of respectability. It is not, then, without much show of reason, that the sons of prosperity complain of the ignorant impatience of the lowly, and of their murmurings against Providence ; they themselves having so little cause of a like dissatisfaction : nor should we be surprised, when we find them taking credit for giving their sons a good education, and denouncing their pauper neighbours who fling their children on the parisk. It is true, that all these boasters do, is to pay the schoolmaster, without a thought of what he may or may not teach ; unlike the pauper, who, though he finds it difficult to procure either money or time for schooling his child, may do more by setting a good example, to discipline his offspring, than the loudest of his vituperators can easily conceive. Still it is a fact undeniable, and we must admit it, that the rich know Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, more or less,—of all which the poor man's child is generally ignorant : their education, therefore, has not been provided for ; and their parents are negligent,—“and no mistake.”

The influence of the gold spoon thus felt in the nursery, was not confined there ; and when, in due time, Master Horner was removed to Eton, being placed under the roof and special guardianship of a private tutor, the road to learning was most elaborately macadamized for him, its course shortened, and at the same time directed through the most flowery regions. By this isolation, too, he was relieved from a large part of the fagging, and the battling a way to consideration. Horner, moreover, had plenty of money ; which, in schools, as in the world, has a decided influence on the multiplication of friends, and facilitating desired ends. Thus the young gentleman was spared the necessity for much lying and cribbing (we must not call it stealing),

and for adopting the fawning sycophantic meannesses,* which humbler boys must practise, if they mean to spare their bones.

At college the same good luck awaited him. Every means and appliance was at hand to lift him up to a good degree; he was preserved intact from the demoralizing effects of raffish associations, and he could not possibly get into debt, that true foundation of all manner of vices in afterlife. By temperament and constitution, he was averse from coarse excesses; and the fortune which placed all the luxuries of life at his disposition, deprived them of that morbid attraction, which pleasures, hastily snatched at long intervals, possess for humbler youths. It is still recorded in the traditions of his college, that Horner was never brought up by a *siste per fidem* from the proctor, nor ever received an imposition at the hands of the college dean; nor was he ever known to sport his oak against tutor or dun, nor to tell a scandalous premeditated falsehood to appease an importunate tradesman. One can hardly be surprised, then, to learn that Horner was on the best possible terms with himself; was perfectly satisfied that he was still "a good boy," and looked down with immeasurable contempt on all those, who, being more closely tempted, pursued a more devious course in their journey through the university.

In narrating these particulars, we are not to be understood as vouching for our hero, that he never indulged in practices pleasant but wrong. Horner was not a perfect Joseph, nor even a Joseph Andrews; but so much, in these matters, depends on the point of view from which things are regarded! If Horner, now and again, indulged in a little chicken hazard, he could afford it, and the offence was always committed in the best company. If in an unguarded hilarity of temper, he got occasionally a *leetle* cut, there is all the difference in life between the exhilaration of champagne, and the riotous madness of brandy punch. Rowing, too (not in a boat, but in the streets), was decidedly *mauvais ton*; and at a gentleman's gentler indecorums, college tutors wink hard. As for hunting, it was an expense which he could pay ready money for; and which he too habitually enjoyed, to allow of the sport always exciting to after-dinner irregularities. In short, Horner permitted himself all things, like Lady Grace, soberly; and it would have required more ingenuity for him, to get into a scrape, than for other lads of equal spirit, but less fortune, to keep out of it. Scandal did certainly propagate some rumours concerning a young lady; but what will not scandal say? This much, however, is certain, that if there were any *scintilla* of truth in the story, the lady did not reside within a walking distance of the jurisdiction of the university; and the intelligence, moreover, never reached the ears of the parish-officers.

Horner accordingly came up to town with an exemplary reputation, and on the strength of certain verses which he had put in for a prize (we cannot say what share the tutor had in them), he passed with the aid of his grave demeanour, for a rising young man, and likely to cut a figure in Parliament. In truth, the obstacles removed from the path of his studies had prevented their becoming thoroughly distasteful to him; and his talents (though not above the average) having been assiduously cultivated, he might justly be considered a scholar among gentlemen (just as he was decidedly a gentlemen among scholars);

if he did not, like Anacreon Barnes, know as much of Greek, as an Athenian blacksmith.*

Such as they were, Mr. Horner's acquirements, did not pine in the cold shade of neglect. For, among the other consequences of the gold spoon, in the unreformed days of Gatton and Old Sarum, was a sure seat in the lower house. His father, too, sat in the same assembly, and largely influenced the return of his county members. Now Horner had ambition; and though in those days, prime ministers were not often chosen from beyond the purlieus of the house of peers, still there were good things in store for humbler candidates, which, with patience, devotion, and industry, led very far.

It is needless to say that for such a career, Horner's antecedents had provided, against all obstacles to preferment on the ground of opinion. Belonging to the proprietary class, he could not but share in the alarms with which the French Revolution had filled the upper classes of those days. Educated too in the bosom of Oxford, and at the feet of its most orthodox Gamaliels, he hated a catholic, despised a dissenter, and worshipped William Pitt, if not as a god, at least as the favourite and chosen servant of heaven. A sharer in the privileges of his caste, and a candidate full of hope to monopolize many of the honours and emoluments of the dominant party in the state, he had not, he could not have, any weak sympathies with the excluded. He was clearly for hanging John Horne Tooke, and thought with Horsley, that the people had nothing to do with the law but obey it. His entry into political life was accordingly made in seconding an address in answer to one of George III.'s war speeches from the throne. He was forthwith placed on the roll of magistrates for his county, elected colonel of volunteer cavalry, and before the session was over, launched in the career of office as a junior lord of the Treasury.

There are who entertain exalted notions of the gratification to be derived from difficulties vanquished by great and able exertions; and there is no doubt that such triumphs have a natural tendency to beget self-confidence, and to give a sort of earnest of successes yet to be won. But however well such achievements may work in communicating *à plomb* to conduct, and making genius feel its own strength, the effect is nothing whatever to be compared with that produced by station and reputation obtained without a struggle. The Italian proverb indeed says, that *vincere senza tirargli è un vendemmiaur nebbia*. But Mr. Horner had practical proof to the contrary. A man who suddenly finds himself to be something, without knowing precisely why—who attains to importance and consideration by any of fortune's short cuts, may begin by thinking himself a very lucky fellow; but he must be far above the ordinary weaknesses of humanity, if he does not, ere long arrive at another conclusion; and feel that he's a fellow of most uncommon abilities, a heaven-born genius, and perfectly fit by nature for any of the highest places, in which it may please his own good intentions towards himself to place him. •

Four times a year at least, when Mr. Hörner received his official salary, did he apply to himself, *sotto voce*, the judgment of his infancy;

* This was Bentley's disparaging criticism on his brother pedant.

and "What a good boy am I!" became, as advancement followed advancement, at once the fixed creed and the guiding pole-star of the fortunate youth. How, indeed, could he deem it otherwise of himself? Horner possessed all the virtues requisite to his peculiar position; and like the man, who could not tell whether he could or could not play the fiddle, because he had never tried, he had no reason to doubt of his possessing all those virtues, which as yet he had never been called on to exercise.

Still more fortunate was he in his adaptation to the circumstances in which he was placed, inasmuch as that he possessed not a particle of that forbidden knowledge taught in the schools of adversity, or in the healthful arena of the labour market. He knew nothing (how could he?) of the wants and feelings of the multitude for whom he was destined to legislate or administer. He, lucky dog, had never felt the pressure of taxation; and when the multitude murmured (or, in his own phrase, rebelled), he was ready to cry out with Lord Foppington's Crispin, "If that shoe pinches you, I'll be d—d."

In the happy days of which we write, political economy was a sealed book to the people; or rather it was a book, of which the better part was yet to be written. Bentham, too, was as yet an unhonoured prophet: and the steam-engine, an adolescent Hercules, was putting out all its strength, to produce capital faster than foreign war or domestic improvidence could scatter it. In those days, figures of speech had not been dethroned by figures of arithmetic; Joseph Hume was, politically, but in the category of possibilities; and an epigram, a joke, or a Greek quotation, was more powerful in debate, than a statistical table, or a demonstration that might rival Euclid's. To have possessed any of those gunpowder sciences, which a minister, nowadays, must at least understand sufficiently to talk with plausibility of them, would have then been in a subaltern official an advance beyond the age, and consequently would have incapacitated the party for public service; but the Universities then taught no such turbulent philosophy; and if Horner could not spout Cicero quite like Lords Brougham and Wellesley, he had ample prosody for teaching Burke how to pronounce "*Vectigal*." What more could have been required of a legislator or a statesman? Yes, one thing was still regarded as a *sine quâ non* for debate;—a readiness with the pistol.

In those days a hair trigger was still thought to argue conclusively on all political subjects, and was deemed a necessary adjunct to the speaker's wig in preserving order and decorum. The admirable system, now carried to perfection, of spreading the most unfounded calumnies, hazarding the most flimsy falsehoods, and indulging in the most offensive invectives, and then making an abject or a sulky apology, under the plea of deference to the house, was only dawning on the intellects of mankind. Nay, it may be doubted whether, having committed such offences against good manners, the culprit would have been rehabilitated in society, and thought fit company for gentlemen, even after placing a bullet in the very thorax of an injured and offended antagonist.

Whether Mr. Horner possessed this quality or not, was never put to

the test of the experiment ; for one of the consequences of his nativity was, that the unbroken flow of pleasant sensations had tempered his disposition to a gentlemanly suavity, which provoked no warfare ; an easiness and good temper that blunted the shafts of malice, or at least turned them aside without evenoming discussion. *He* was not spoiled by his fortunes, soured by the taunts of political enemies, nor goaded by the reproaches of dissatisfied friends. He did not lead his party, nor, pretending to do so, was he led on reluctantly by it. He indeed, knew little of office beyond its sweets ; and he could therefore afford to be contented with himself.

And here, apropos to the virtues of "What a good boy am I!" we may remark that it contains the great secret of the mechanism by which men arrive at distinguished stations, and are enabled, without toil, to discharge the functions of office, no matter into what department "fate and metaphysical aid" (*i. e.* the miracle of the golden spoon) may cast them. Some Frenchman has said *chacun vaut autant qu'il s'estime* ; and certainly self-confidence is the first great element of success. He who thinks himself deficient, really is so ; for while the modest man timidly hangs back, with a "Lord, I am not worthy!" the ready, brazen-faced coxcomb steps into his place, and is carried forward to fortune by the spirit of routine, red tape, and the aptitude of subalterns.

Under these happy circumstances, it would be superfluous to say that Mr. Horner never robbed on the highway, nor marked the kings at *écarté*, or that he never spent his leisure moments in that branch of the fine arts which is directed to the multiplication of respectable copies of original bank-notes. We have it, indeed, under his own hand, in a half-crown pamphlet, that he participated in the universal conviction, respecting the paramount duty of punishing forgery by the rope, and in all cases of treating the sin as irremissible. It did not ever happen, indeed, that Mr. Horner was had before the magistrates for a drunken row in the streets, nor so much as for attending one of Gale Jones's seditious debating-clubs. Of smuggling, too, if we cannot predicate his entire innocence (for he was a married man, and his wife was a woman, and loved contraband goods), at least, he never was detected and exposed in the practice. Laces might have got mixed with despatches, and king's messengers might have carried other things besides red boxes ; but in those days, it was not etiquette in custom-house officers to ask such personages impertinent questions. Completely preoccupied by official and parliamentary duties, Mr. Horner had also little leisure for driving over old women, or half murdering policemen. Still less could he find time for those *affaires de cœur*, as they are called, which lead by the flowery path to Doctors' Commons.

Under the enchantment of the spoon, he had married a wealthy, noble, and beautiful helpmate ; and too busy to be unfaithful himself, he could not spare a moment to indulge in that jealousy, which his necessitated neglect of domestic vigilance and attention, was but too likely to justify. Mr. Horner, moreover, paid his just debts with becoming punctuality, rarely spoke to his servants, subscribed to all proper institutions and charities, and was a member of John Reeves's

association, and of the society for discountenancing vice. Good reason, therefore, had Mr. Horner to call upon conscience to re-echo the cry of "What a good boy am I!"

It follows, of course, that by virtue of his golden spoon, he escaped all those disagreeable inquiries to which inferior practitioners are occasionally exposed, and in which so much depends on the caprices and humours of twelve good men and true. With the criminal justice of his country he had never been at issue. The principal legal danger he had to encounter in the station of life to which it had pleased heaven to call him, was connected with the election laws; and in his days, these had not arrived at that vicious excess of stringency, which exposed a candidate to any very great risk from a critical investigation. Once, indeed, he had placed himself in some danger by what in those times was called a vigour beyond the law, which even magisterial sanctity, and the difficulty of proving malice would not have justified. But the gold spoon preserved its ascendancy even here; and the plaintiff (though one of the most flaming patriots of the day), for some reason or other but known to himself, did not prosecute, and so the matter dropped.

Nor was this all: Mr. Horner was a regular attendant on divine service on Sundays—when he was in the country;—and then he asked the curate home to dinner, when he had none of his ministerial masters staying in the house. He had added a picturesque turret to the parish church, which faced his windows; and had once, on the eve of an election, built a wing to the county hospital; and further, he had proved his zeal for religion, by obtaining a writership in India, for the fourth son of his pluralist rector. Mr. Horner, it must be admitted, improved the opportunities of his destiny; so that he did not, as in his untought infancy, wholly retire into holes and corners, to pick the plums out of his pie, but piously gave a share out of his superfluity on all occasions, in which it was creditable and profitable to be generous.

It will not surprise the intelligent reader, that Horner finding the practice of every virtue under the sun thus easy (shall we say, or so impossible to avoid), should, like his fellows in fortune, have considered the rest of the world exceeding unreasonable, in not placing themselves on his own moral level. He could not conceive the perversity which made his tenants such invincible poachers, nor understand the obliquity of intellect, that made peasants so given to sheep-stealing. He believed it no more than right and fit that the labourer, should dislike the shelter of a workhouse, but he thought it singularly bad taste in him to complain of low wages, or to murmur when employment was not to be had, and bread very dear. So, too, he deemed it innate wickedness in the tax-paying part of the community to show an inapprehensive insensibility to the beauties of the budget, and to manifest distrust of ministers; but, to exhibit a desire for reforms, he considered as nothing short of an unnatural debasement. He had little pity, moreover, for such frailties as were chargeable on the parish; and he did all in his power to preserve the morals of the poor and promote content, by shutting up every place of low amusement, except beer-houses and gin-palaces. Fiddles were to him only tolerable in the hands of well-paid professors; and fairs and statutes were relics of feudal barbarism, worthy of the scantiest toleration. It was further asserted that

he was the original projector of the six acts ; but as we should be loath to deprive any of praise to whom praise is due, we must, on the best authority declare, that such was not the case.

Mr. Horner, blessed as he was by fortune's choicest gifts, did not content himself with the discharge of his legislative and official duties. He contributed to the progress of the age by frequent pamphlets, printed speeches, and "Letters to a Cabinet Minister," or "Hints to a Member of Parliament;" he was also the author of some religious eclogues, a "Whole Duty of Operative Man," and one or two tragedies, not intended for the stage. Such, however, was the eagerness with which these effusions of a great mind were bought up, that they have totally disappeared from the market; and after much research we have been unable to procure any copies for the purpose of extract. We can, however, state that he generally advocated, with great force, the unpopular side of his subjects; and that in the event he might, with much justice, have applied to himself, the motto—

Sed victa Catōni.

After this notice, however, may we not presume that the class of literature in question will, hereafter, be known as the Jack Horner school, just as Byron and Wordsworth have lent their names to the productions of their imitators. We are not also without some hope, that we shall hear of Jack Horner legislation, Jack Horner principles, and Jack Horner dietaries for workhouses; and we put it to the Oxford tractarians, whether they would not do well to ensconce their suspicious doctrines behind an *alias*, and call their very equivocal but very aristocratic creed, the Jack Horner religion.

Perhaps, however, the most singular and astounding influence of the gold spoon over the fortunes of Mr. Horner is yet to be narrated. By the talisman of the spoon, he was enabled to bring to a successful issue a chancery suit which had occupied two generations of litigation. Two ordinary fortunes had been spent in the contest with his family; and the bills filed and interrogatories answered, were said to have been in length sufficient to have gone round the world. But Horner's purse held out against all opposition; and when the adverse parties retreated, baffled and ruined from the field, even chancellors doubted no longer of the merits of the case; while applauding attorneys loudly re-echoed the victor's complacent exclamation of "What a good boy am I?"

It might, perhaps, be attributed to the gold spoon, that under this accumulation of favourable circumstances, Mr. Horner escaped the then prevalent and almost epidemic infliction of an Irish peerage. But the truth is, that he was too useful in an humbler department, to admit of his being disqualified by such elevation. At his death, however, his services were not forgotten. For, whether the spoon was inherited by his son, or its virtues only survived in remembrance, that son, contrary to all usage of ministerial gratitude for past favours, was made a peer of the United Kingdom, by the style and title of Baron Leatherhead.

S P R I N G.

Hark! is there not a voice that loudly cries,
 To life! to life! ye hidden things arise!
 Look up! sees't thou no all-pervading glance,
 That darts lifegiving beams thro' earth's expanse?
 There is a voice—a voice thou can'st not hear,
 A glance, beyond thine eyesight's bounded sphere;
 That wakes each beauty from its wintry sleep,
 As morn revives the hearts that slumbering weep.
 And all rise forth—bare skeletons of trees
 Spread wide their arms to woo each passing breeze,
 Till robed in folds of variegated green,
 Each modest shrub, and forest lord is seen.
 In sprouting copse, where twittering cry is heard
 Of half-fledged nestlings for their mother bird,
 The hazel bough with dancing catkins bends,
 And silver birch its graceful leaflets sends;
 While by the brooks, the willow droops forlorn,
 As tho' she loved mysteriously to mourn:
 Like broken heart that silently conceals
 The bitter sorrows it too deeply feels.
 Ah! lead me hence, thou ever kindly muse,
 Where fall, on gayer things, the sweet May dews;
 Lest on her branch I hang my harp unstrung,
 Its spirit fled;—its Springtime lay unsung.
 Yet ere I go, let soft consoling strain
 Say, "When I'm sad, I'll visit thee again."
 Then lead—but whither? this fair land so wide,
 Displays her countless gems on every side.
 Here, where the hillock turns her blooming cheek,
 Anon so brown and wrinkled, now so sleek,
 While shadows glide in swift phantastic chase,
 Like partial clouds on woman's beauteous face!
 Or yonder, where a thousand sounds unite
 To swell the voice of rapturous delight!
 Rock-bedded stream, and trickling silvery rill;
 The wren's sweet note; the throstle's peerless trill:

The low of kine, the frisking lambkins bleat,
 All these vibrate in harmonies complete.
 But lo! that speckled bank, on whose green bed,
 Her first maternal tears, Spring fondly shed ;
 Where, with the perfume of fast fading flow'rs,
 Rise mystic phantoms of departed hours ;
 Be this our resting-place, while Memory
 Throws o'er the past her veil of mystery,
 That gilds all pleasures, but conceals the pain
 'Twould break our hearts to realize again.
 Here, we can muse on earth, that deep huge nest
 Where man, its noblest bird, finds not his rest :
 But soon as he can flap his wings, he soars
 For higher nourishment from Heaven's own stores.
 Oh, Queen ! to whom an emerald crown is given
 Spangled with dewy pearls just dropp'd from Heav'n !
 Fair first-born of the Sun ! Most glorious Spring !
 How dare I, one by one, thy treasures sing,
 When He, the laureate of thy warbling throng,
 Can tell them all in one spontaneous song,
 And pour to God, his gratitude for thee,
 In full, melodious bursts of extasy ?
 For thou engenderest love—and love uplifts
 The soul unto the Fountain of all gifts.
 But ah ! how, like an arrow dost thou fly,
 Lest on thy charms too deep a shade should lie !
 Pitching thy royal tent from clime to clime,
 Ungrasped by death, unblemish'd still by Time !
 Would thou couldst bring us when thou'rt here again,
 Those, who oft vanish in thy flowery train !
 The friend of years—the holy and the sweet,
 Whom only now in dreams of Heav'n we greet !
 But since my wish is vain, oh, leave us those,
 On whom, to-day, thy quickening zephyr blows ;
 That, year by year, with hearts as warm as ever,
 They still may hail thee Queen, that dieth never !

THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. XLI.

THERE certainly are some people, who either from fortune, or temper, or the influence of both united, seem to swim down the stream of life more gaily than others. Such persons, it is true, will often keep their colours flying, long after fainter spirits would strike, which may often perhaps give them the appearance of being more triumphant than they really are; but if this be sometimes delusive, at any rate it has often the effect of imposing upon the parties themselves, and may perhaps not unfrequently produce that mad sort of luxury which, as the poet tells us, none but madmen know.

Considering the nature of the adventures through which the Barnaby race had passed since their arrival in the United States of America, and the species of catastrophe with which nearly every adventure had concluded, they could scarcely have enjoyed themselves so vehemently as they certainly did at the Franklin Hotel upon Lake Erie, had not their spirits been excited by some portion of the sort of laughing gas above alluded to. The supper at the Washington had been delightfully full of fun, frolic, triumph, and glee; and the dinner at the Franklin was, if possible, more brilliant still. Nobody, unless it had been Asmodeus himself, could have looked upon the group there assembled, and have doubted their being in the possession of some especial cause for rejoicing and merriment.

The harmony that reigned among them seemed as perfect as the contentment; and in short, a merrier party could not easily have been found. Patty, indeed, was a little in the dark as to the nature of the scrape from which her "pap" had just escaped; but this only added to the jocularity of the rest, as she never alluded to the cleverness of her mamma, in managing so beautifully to prevent her papa's being hanged, without eliciting a most cordial burst of laughter from the major and his lady, and a charming simper of answering applause from her Don. But time wore away, and as the hours rolled on towards nine o'clock, Major Allen Barnaby hinted, with an amiable apology to the family group, for marring their mirth by drawing their attention to business, that it would be necessary, or at least prudent, to decide upon where they were to go, and what they were to do next, before going on board.

As he said this very gravely, the effect of it was rather to increase than mar their mirth, for Patty laughed immoderately, and declared that when "pap" put on a preaching face, in addition to his preaching garments, the fun was just perfect.

Whereupon the major, in order to prove his unabated goodhumour, and the reality of his reluctance to substitute business for fun, stood up, and placing the back of his chair before him to represent the front of a pulpit, he began, amidst shouts of applause from Patty and her mamma, to show them how he intended to preach. After devoting a

few minutes, however, to this capital joke, he resumed his seat, and renewed his request that the subject of their next campaign might be taken into consideration.

"Where, for instance," he asked, "where are you to be, all of you, while I am performing the part of a travelling minister at Sandusky?"

"Where?" repeated Patty. "Where should we be, my darling papa, but close to you? and hearing you preach, to be sure."

"This would be the pleasantest scheme for me, my dear Patty, there can be no doubt of that," replied the major. "But I question whether it would be the safest."

"Because of the danger of my laughing, pa? Is that what you mean? If it is, you are just a goose for your pains," said his daughter; "for as I told you before, you shan't come to be hanged, if I can help it; and I'll be bound for it that if you give us a fair trial, mamma will be quite as likely to start off laughing, when you begin to preach, as I should."

"Thank you, my dear Patty, for caring so much about my safety," replied her father, politely kissing her hand. "But I am afraid, Patty, that it is not your laughing, or your mother's either, that will constitute the danger of our being together."

"I fancy not, indeed!" cried Mrs. Allen Barnaby, eagerly. "What can you be thinking of, child, to talk such nonsense? A pretty way it will be for him to remain unknown, to have you, and I, and Tornorino following him about?"

"Alas!" rejoined the major, tenderly, "no man wishing to escape observation, must travel with such handsome faces!"

"And that's true, Mr. Pap, I don't deny it," said the young beauty, with a well-pleased smile. "But what will you do with us, then? Must we set off without you, as we did when we went to the springs?"

"Exactly so, Madame Tornorino," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with decision.

"Indeed, I am afraid that so it must be," quoth the major; "but it will only be necessary to make the separation long enough to ensure my being pretty generally known by sight at Sandusky, as the Rev. Mr. O'Donagough. This will, you know, effectually prevent my being traced thither as Major Allen Barnaby, and it is to this device that I must trust for my security during my future wanderings through this comical country. Having thus thrown out my amiable friend Mr. Gabriel Monkton, I shall have no doubts or fears whatever about rejoining you; and the only question is, as to where this reunion, so greatly wished for by me, shall take place."

"The first thing to consider in settling that point," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, "is how we can, with the least danger of meeting any one whom we desire to avoid, draw gradually nearer and nearer to the coast; for I confess that, notwithstanding all the wonderful success we have met with, I shall be most excessively rejoiced to feel myself once more on the high way towards Europe. I don't care a straw about going back to England; but I certainly do long to be in Europe once more."

"And in Europe once more, my dear, you most certainly shall be before you are a year older, provided, that is to say, that you do not

get tired of my company, and elope in the interval with some such fascinating individuals as Mr. Gabriel Monkton, Mr. John Williams, Mr. Colonel Beauchamp, or Mr. Judge Johnson. As for myself, I honestly avow that I have had quite enough of 'Well, and what may you be called?' and 'Where do you calculate you are going?' and 'What location did you fix in last?' I won't deny that I am tired to death of it all. But I have no great fancy for England either, just at present, at least; and so, if we are all agreed, I expect, as the darlings say, that our pleasantest plan will be to make for Havre-de-Grace, and from thence to Paris. Afterwards, perhaps, we may vary the scene again, by visiting Baden-Baden, you know, Tornorino. There are a thousand pleasant places we may go to, provided we can get off from these confounded States without having our wings clipped."

"And that I will engage for your doing, without let or hindrance," said his wife, "if you don't get tired of preaching too soon, Donny. I got a good deal of information about the western country at the Springs, and that it was, I believe, which first put the notion of your turning preacher into my head. Miss Wigly (that was the name of my principal friend at the Springs), Miss Wigly told me that it was quite past belief how a tolerably good-looking man would be followed in any one of the Western towns, if he did but make noise enough. Now I don't think any body can deny, major, that you are rather more than *tolerably* well-looking still, though I won't say you are quite as handsome as when I first saw you at Clifton; and as for making a noise, as she calls it, if you have but the will, I am sure you will find the way."

"A thousand thanks for all your charming compliments, my dear," replied the major. "Trust me, it shall not be from want of exertion that I will fail. But what else did you learn from your friend Miss Wigly? I think it will be quite as well not to make any particular inquiries here about the country beyond Sandusky. There is no occasion whatever that we should leave a plan of our route behind us. Did the lady mention any considerable towns westward?"

"Oh, mercy, yes!" returned his wife; "more than I can remember, a great deal. But I have a sort of general idea about the way we have got to go, and of the principal towns we must pass, in order to get round again to the sea; for that you know is what we must do before we can set off according to the major's beautiful new plan."

"Most certainly, my dear," he replied, "we must get round again as you call it, to the sea. But there is more than that to be thought of. We have got to make up our minds as to which port will be most agreeable to us. I don't think I should particularly like either New York, Philadelphia, or New Orleans. However, there are many others to choose from; but we need not trouble ourselves about that now. Let us get fairly off to the "wild west," as some of them call it, and we can settle about the port to sail from afterwards."

"To be sure we can," answered his wife, "and you may be sure of something else, too; and that is, if you will go on, dressed as you are now, and let us call all ourselves O'Donagough, we may go safe and sound anywhere. No living soul will ever find us out, particularly if we take care not to stay too long."

"My gracious! how you talk, mamma!" cried Patty, staring at her. "Do you fancy that because pap happened to fight a duel at

New York, like an honourable, brave gentleman as he is, that we are all to be hunted through the country, as if we were wild beasts with a pack of dogs at our heels?"

The rest of the party exchanged looks upon hearing this very sensible question, and it seemed for a moment as if nobody chose to answer it; but at length Major Allen Barnaby replied:

"Nothing can be more natural than your observation, my dear Patty; but the fact is, that the government of the United States, is very remarkable upon this point. The horror in which they hold duelling is so great, that all the States have agreed together, to punish with sudden and prompt vengeance any individual who has been guilty of it, let him have committed it where he may. However, I rest with entire confidence on the opinion of your mother, as to the safety insured by the change of name and appearance, and I really think that once out of this part of the country, we may make our way to the coast by whatever course may eventually appear the most agreeable to us."

"Well then, that's all settled," cried my heroine, gaily, "and there is only one more question to be asked before we make ourselves ready for starting. Where are we to perch ourselves while the reverend major establishes his reputation as a preacher at Sandusky?"

"Upon my word, my dear, it is a question that I think you must answer yourself; for thanks to your Miss Wigly, it seems evident that you know more about that part of the country than I do," replied the major.

"Well then," she replied, with decision, "I vote for our pushing on to Pittsburg at once, because I know that is one of the places at which we may conveniently decide whether we will go to New Orleans or not. It would be, certainly, by far the most convenient; for Miss Wigly told me it was all by water, and monstrous cheap; and the other way, we should have to cross over some tiresome high mountains which would cost double as much."

"Good; that then will be the place and the time for deciding our port of embarkation. Yes, Pittsburg shall be your quarters till I rejoin you," said the major, "which will be, I should hope, in about ten days or a fortnight."

This ended the discussion, and till the steamboat was announced, the party amused themselves by imagining the vexation of Mr. Gabriel Monkton on arriving at Sandusky, and finding the bird he was in pursuit of, flown.

Had any doubts rested on the minds of Major and Mrs. Allen Barnaby, as to the advantages likely to arise from the reassumption of the respectable attire which had been first adopted at Brighton, the very first specimen of their reception on board the boat would have removed them.

Though the day had been bright and warm, the evening air on the Lake was already cold and chilling, and my heroine and her daughter almost immediately descended to the ladies' cabin in search of warmth and shelter. Even before they moved from the gallery, however, the warmth-loving Tornorino had escaped to the smoky sanctuary of the gentleman's saloon, so that when the ladies moved, Major Allen Barnaby, or rather Mr. O'Donagough, would have been left alone, had he not moved with them. He therefore did so, watching with his usual

attention the steps of his charming Patty, whose peculiar style of galloping movement on all occasions, made the operation of descending cabin-stairs somewhat dangerous. Ere she reached the door at the bottom, however, which as it was open displayed a considerable number of females within, she suddenly stopped, exclaiming,

"Oh, goodness, papa! Get up stairs again as fast as you possibly can. Do you know, we were told at the Springs, that it was not at all safe for a gentleman to go into the ladies' cabin after it was the least bit dark; for that if they did, they were very often soused over head and ears with water, and sometimes made wet to their skin, before they could get away."

This advice being given without any mitigation of the speaker's usually well-sustained voice, it reached the ears of two ladies, who at that moment occupied the doorway; and the light of the ample lamp above it, darting its rays at the same moment full upon the comely shaven face, cropped gray hair, and sable suit of the major, they were both instantly seized with a fit of compunction at the idea, that so reverend-looking a gentleman should suppose it possible that, among "American females," he should run any risk of being subjected to the discipline sometimes resorted to, in order to keep persons of a far different stamp in order.

Full of praiseworthy feeling, the eldest of the two ladies exclaimed, "Oh my! Pray, Miss, don't say that to the gentleman, as if what you describe was intended for such as him! It would be twenty times more likely, sir," she added, making the respectable-looking gentleman a low courtesy, "ay, sir, fifty times more likely, I expect, that every female present should quit and be off to the deck to make place to a gentleman of your appearance, than do by you what the young lady mentions. But I calculate she is a stranger in these parts."

Nothing could be better timed than this amiable and conciliating address; for it not only gave cheering evidence of the perfect success of Mrs. Allen Barnaby's happily-imagined project, but most fortunately reminded the principal actor in it of his cue, which, to say truth, he had utterly forgotten, and had not the warning voice reached him at that identical moment, he would have replied to his daughter's speech in a manner which might have very nearly neutralized the effect of his appearance. As it was, however, all went well.

The major was far from being a slow man, and too much depended upon his own adroitness on the present occasion for him not to rally his powers in an instant, so as to perform the part his admirable wife had allotted him, in a manner to do him as well as herself infinite honour. Great indeed would have been the shock to her nerves, if he had *not* done so, for she was on the stair behind him, and her noble bosom heaved with anxiety as she awaited his reply to the words above recorded. But she had no cause to fear; his words were appropriate, but his manner was better still.

"May you meet the reward you deserve, dear lady, for feelings which do you so much honour," he said. "I will not abuse this most exemplary feeling; but if it be shared, as I trust it is, by the amiable-looking group I see behind you, I will enter amongst you with pleasure for a short interval, hoping that my presence may do more good than harm."

The meekness of this reply was exceedingly touching, from the modesty, the humility, and gentleness of its tone, and it instantly received the reward it deserved; for no less than six females more, all of them young, and for the most part well-looking, pressed forward to second the invitation of the first speaker.

The only one indeed, who was neither the one nor the other, was the only one also who did not appear to share the general enthusiasm. She kept herself very decidedly apart from the group that now pressed round the Reverend Mr. O'Donagough, very much after the manner of bees round honey, nor did she open her lips at all, till the stewardess came in to complete her arrangements for the night, and to her she certainly took the liberty of addressing a few observations, but not in a tone sufficiently loud to prevent the eager conversation still going on among the rest of the party, from continuing as uninterruptedly as if she had not spoken at all.

"I guess," said one pretty young lady, about seventeen years of age, "that so kind and pious a gentleman as you seem to be, sir, won't take it amiss if one of the sisters of the Needle Steeple congregation of Sandusky takes the liberty of asking your name?"

"Instead of a liberty, my dearest young lady, I can only look upon it as a beautiful proof of a lovely Christian spirit, seeking fellowship and brotherhood with the godly," replied the Reverend Mr. O'Donagough.

"Indeed, sir," responded the fair sister, "I calculated that you would just say that, or else I'm sure I wouldn't have spoken for the world. Thanks to my pastors and masters, I know my duty better than to put in my oar out of place. And what is your name then, sir?"

Our major was at this moment in imminent danger of exchanging a glance with his wife, so greatly amused was he at perceiving that notwithstanding the decided evangelical tendency of his fair fellow-passenger, the national catechism still evidently superseded all others in her thoughts. But luckily he remembered what he was about, and in such good time too, that the profane smile was perfectly well converted into every thing he wished to make it, and he replied in the very best manner possible,

"My name, my dear young lady, is O'Donagough. I am called the Reverend Mr. O'Donagough."

"Oh my!" exclaimed the charming young creature in return, "I didn't for a single moment doubt your being the reverend, that would have been a sin indeed, that I should have had to confess at the next meeting of the sisters. In course, sir, you have heard tell of the Needle Steeple congregation of Sandusky? I believe our congregation is pretty well known by this time in most parts of the world."

"It would be an ignorance of which I might justly be ashamed, my dear young lady, had I not heard of it; but I rejoice to say that it is long since I first became acquainted with the admirable society to which you allude. Not personally, indeed, that is a happiness to which I am still looking forward with all the eagerness of hope; but it is long since the Needle Steeple congregation of Sandusky has been known to me by the voice of fame."

"My! Isn't it a pleasure and a reward, Mrs. Tomkins, to hear ourselves spoken of in this way by such a pious gentleman, from over the

sea too, as 'tis plain enough he is by his way?" said the young lady, clasping her hands thankfully.

"I am sure, Miss Vanderpuff, I feel it to be so, from the very top of my head to the soles of my feet, and I am thankful for the privilege of conversing with the like. It may not be impossible, sir," continued Mrs. Tomkins, addressing the major with a most engaging look of affectionate humility, "indeed I can't say that I see it should be at all improbable, but what you crossed the water just on purpose to have a look at us. Our revivals are talked of far and near, *that* we all know for a certainty; and our camp-meetings have been taken as a pattern and example for miles and miles."

"My dear ladies!" replied the Reverend Mr. O'Donagough, pressing both his hands firmly upon his heart, and raising his eyes with great fervour to the ceiling of the cabin, "my dear ladies, it is difficult for me to express my feelings at this moment! This lucky chance, this happy, thrice happy accident, inspires me with a degree of joy and thankfulness, that I have no language adequately to express. Your conjecture is perfectly correct, my excellent Mrs. Tomkins. I *did* indeed leave my native land for the express purpose of becoming personally acquainted with the Needle Steeple congregation of Sandusky, in the delightful hope that by the most indefatigable attention on my part to its principles, and all the precious regulations respecting it, I might be enabled to carry home with me, to my own dear, but comparatively benighted country, such hints of holiness and morsels of mercy as might enable me to purify and enlighten my own beloved congregation so as to make them become to Great Britain what the Needle Steeple congregation of Sandusky has become to the United States of America. Think then, dear ladies," he continued, "think what my feelings must be at finding myself thus in the very midst of those, for whose sake I have toiled and tossed across the wide Atlantic!"

"It is indeed a most providential blessing, sir," said a third lady, coming forward and placing herself, with her hands crossed before her, immediately opposite to him. "I am Mrs. General Pedmington, of Mount Lebanon, and these two sisters of the congregation will be able, I expect, to give you very satisfactory reasons for thinking that if you indeed seek to make yourself acquainted with the Needle Steeple and its dependencies, you were pretty tolerably in the right path when you happened to fall in with me."

"Oh my! I expect that you are, indeed," exclaimed Miss Vanderpuff; "isn't he, Mrs. Tomkins?"

"Indeed, sir, and that's what you are," returned the lady thus appealed to. "Mrs. General Pedmington is the very tiptop of the congregation in all respects, and has sat in the front row of the anxious benches for these two years past."

"And it is she, sir, who gives up at Mount Lebanon (and a right down beautiful place it is, too), the very largest and holiest of parties throughout the revivals. It is a privilege just to be present at one of them. I am sure no person of good judgment would ever wish to make one in a worldly-minded party afterwards."

"A privilege, indeed!" returned the major, with a deep-drawn sigh. "I know of none in any country that I should value so highly."

"Then in course, sir, you ought to be one of us, and such I

hope you will be, Mr. O'Donagough,—that, sir, I think is your name?"

Mr. O'Donagough bowed, and looked deeply grateful.

"Well then, sir, when we reach our place of destination, I hope we shall become better acquainted. My residence, as these ladies have told you, is Mount Lebanon, and when you have fixed yourself at your boarding-house, or hotel, as the case may be, you shall be pleased to send me up your address, and I will take care that one or two of our ministers shall wait upon you, and then we will fix an evening for meeting the sisters and a few clerical individuals at my house."

This open and decided patronage on the part of Mrs. General Pedmington, induced the other professing ladies of the company to take courage, and come forward from behind the bed-curtains, where they had concealed themselves on the entrance of the reverend gentleman; and one or two among them even ventured to put into his hands some little tracts, without which, as we all know, such ladies never travel; so that in the course of a few minutes the major found himself the centre of a circle which effectually hemmed him in, and rendered his withdrawing himself from the forbidden precincts where this scene took place, a matter of very great difficulty.

While all this interesting conversation was going on in one part of the little cabin, Mrs. Allen Barnaby and her fair daughter took refuge in another, and that at the farthest possible extremity from the scene of action.

My heroine's motive for thus withdrawing herself was one which at every period of her life, and under all variety of circumstances, had ever maintained too strong and active a hold upon her mind to be entirely laid aside or forgotten. Personal comfort, and the best accommodation for the coming night which the actual state of things permitted, occupied her completely during the interval which the major was employing with so much energy in propitiating the favour of his new friends. But the circumstances in which Madame Tornorino found herself were totally different from those of either of her parents. At this time she had but one sole subject in view, which was to conceal the irresistible fit of laughter which seized upon her, on hearing her father make the various speeches recorded above. Under any other circumstances whatever, the unscrupulous Patty would have laughed out, without caring a single farthing whether "pa" and "ma" were angry or pleased.

But the notion which she had got into her head that her father was in very considerable danger of being hanged, and certainly would be, if discovered to be Major Allen Barnaby, instead of the Reverend Mr. O'Donagough, really terrified her greatly, and she never in her life had exerted herself so strenuously to overcome any feeling, as she now did to check her ill-timed mirth; but it was all in vain. Totally unused to restraint of any kind, she was quite unable to control her rebellious muscles, and after a long and violent struggle, finally broke out into one of the most vociferous paroxysms of laughter that was ever heard, just as her father, urged by his success up to the very enthusiasm of perfect acting, stretched out his hands right and left to receive the offered tracts, with a smile, which many besides Patty, might have found it difficult to withstand.

The effect of this sudden explosion was startling, and might have been fatal, but for the admirable presence of mind of the major. No instant was lost by him in doubting what the sound might be, or what the cause of it, nor did it take him longer to decide how this alarming *contretems* should be met.

The effect of this tremendous burst of merriment was not more startling to himself than to those who stood around, each meekly meditating how best to display before the eyes of so holy a gentleman, their own particular and individual holiness. As the unexpected sound burst upon their ears, they one and all stood with staring eyes, raised hands, and open mouths, as if they had each been touched by an enchanter's hand, and were rapidly passing from flesh and blood to stone.

"Oh my! what's that?" cried Miss Vanderpuff, actually trembling from head to foot.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" groaned good Mrs. Tomkins; "it is right-down awful to hear it; for as sure as the sun is in heaven, it is neither more nor less than somebody just laughing at us."

"And if it is, Mrs. Tomkins," observed the stately Mrs. General Pedmington, with a withering frown, "what is that to us? Are we still so unworthy of our election as to tremble before the idiot roar of a scoffer?"

"But, ma'am, 'tis the very lady he brought down!" screamed another sister, whose eye, following the direction of the sound, caught sight of the unlucky Patty's showy dress, peeping from behind the curtain of one of the little beds, in which she had endeavoured to hide herself.

"Possible?" cried another, looking at the major with an altered eye, and appearing to shudder, as if seized with an ague-fit.

"Possible!" screamed a third.

"Possible!" echoed a fourth.

Alas, poor *Major*! How stood he the while?

In reply to this but too intelligible demand, as to the possibility of his being in any way connected with this irreverent laughter, he looked around him with an eye expressive of such profound melancholy, that ere he had spoken a single word in his own defence, his cause was already half-gained. But he did not his tongue such injustice as to trust only to his eye, although that expressive organ was again called upon to aid him ere he spoke; for drawing a white handkerchief from his pocket, he pressed it to the upper part of his face, and by a slightly convulsive movement about the shoulders, might be supposed for several minutes to be weeping bitterly. No men in the world weep so much as the itinerant preachers of America; and this yielding to the weakness in their military disciple was a fine trait of acute observation. Having recovered himself, however, from this first paroxysm of emotion, he said,

"Pity me, my friends, pity the misery of an unhappy father, whose only child has made herself the wife of a Catholic, and then poisoned the dreadful shaft thus hurled at the very tenderest point of his heart, by giving way to ribald merriment, such as you have just listened to, whenever she hears the voice of evangelical holiness from any one. Oh! what are the tortures of that inquisition which her new faith teaches her to venerate, compared to what she now inflicts upon me?"

It is perfectly impossible to conceive a more touching scene than that which followed this confidential avowal. The five sisters of the Needle Steeple congregation, with the distinguished Mrs. General Pedmington at their head, vied with each other in demonstrating the tender commiseration to which this disclosure had given birth. Sighs, groans, broken sentences, and copious tears, all bore witness to their amiable feelings.

"And your lady, sir?" said Mrs. General Pedmington, making a gulping effort to overcome her emotion, and speak distinctly; "your lady—how does she conduct herself in this trying case?"

"Alas, madam! alas! I have no comfort there," was the melancholy reply. "She is within hearing, ma'am, though she has crept into yonder bed and affects to be sleeping; but however much I may suffer for it afterwards, I will not shrink from avowing to such ears as yours the terrible fate that has fallen upon me. Alas! I am a lonely and most desolate man! having a wife, yet no wife!—having a daughter, and yet being worse than childless! Dear, excellent ladies, I have now opened my whole heart to you, and the comfort of it is great, for I know you will pity me!"

Peculiarly affectionate and endearing as are the manners and feelings of such ladies as the sisters of the Needle Steeple congregation to all persons belonging to their sect, it is a fact, exceedingly obvious to an accurate observer, that no instances of worldly misfortune elicit so much ardent compassion and sympathy among them as matrimonial differences of opinion. This peculiar species of charity was particularly evident on the present occasion, though each of the pitying ladies as she threw a heartbroken sort of glance on the unfortunate gentleman, felt determined to check all verbal expression of her feelings for the present, in consequence of the close proximity of his uncongenial wife.

This feeling, indeed, was so general among them that the only words uttered audibly, were, from the lips of Mrs. General Pedmington, and merely consisted of this cautious phrase, "At a future opportunity, sir, I trust we may meet again."

At this moment the stewardess entered, and the solitary lady passenger, who, as related above, had not joined in making the major free of the cabin, addressed her with some asperity, saying,

"If you knew your business, mistress, I expect I should not be kept out of my berth, when I want to get into it, by having the ladies' cabin turned into a chapel. If you won't turn that male passenger out, I must go and find the captain, that's all."

It will readily be believed that the intrusion of Major Allen Barnaby into the ladies' cabin, did not continue long after this hint. He just paused to give one circular glance of grateful acknowledgment to the fair friends he left there, and then sprang up the narrow stairs with the activity of fifteen.

When the passengers were disembarking on the following morning, the major took care to be on the gangway for the purpose of offering his hand to the ladies of the Needle Steeple congregation as they stepped across the plank; a civility which was graciously received by them all, and in the case of Mrs. General Pedmington, rewarded by a whispered renewal of the invitation to Mount Lebanon.

CHAP. XLII.

ON reaching the first good-looking hotel near the landing-place, the Reverend Mr. O'Donagough entered it, and immediately ordered the best rooms they had, especially mentioning, with some solemnity, the necessity of a quiet and undisturbed sitting-room.

"In course, sir," replied the landlady (for luckily for the major, it was a landlady and not a landlord, to whom he had addressed himself), "in course, sir, I know my duty to a gentleman such as you too well, not to take care of that."

And sure enough the landlady did show them into a particularly snug and quiet room, at the greatest possible distance from the noisy bar, and with so long a passage leading to it that it really seemed as if it had been built on purpose for seclusion. Having entered this room sedately, one by one, closed the door, and listened for a minute to the briskly retreating steps of the busy landlady, the major, his wife, and daughter, simultaneously threw themselves into three chairs, and forthwith indulged in such an unmitigated peal of laughter, as to make the startled and perplexed Tornorino look as if he thought they were all seized with a sudden fit of insanity. Nor did the observing this, either induce or enable them to moderate their mirth, but perhaps had rather a contrary effect; and no wonder, for it is impossible to conceive a much more ludicrous contrast than that offered by the grave and weary-looking Don, and his laughter-shaken companions. At length, however, the convulsion past, and then amidst the mutual compliments which were exchanged upon the perfect performance of the gentleman, the admirably discreet forbearance of his wife, together with a few gentle reproaches to Patty upon her dangerous want of self-control, the mystery was explained, and Tornorino made to understand all that had happened.

Another gay supper followed this triumphant recital of the clever scene; when it was agreed on all sides, that with such an admirable talent, and such brilliant success in the use of it, the major owed it to himself and his family to turn it to greater profit than merely throwing dust enough in the eyes of Mr. Gabriel Monkton, to puzzle him as to his identity.

"Upon my honour, Donny, you must make these ladies pay for your preaching, or I shall not be satisfied," said my heroine.

The major looked roguishly at her in return, and said, "I am not sure, my Barnaby, but that you may be perfectly right as to the possibility of my making these exemplary females contribute a few dollars to the expenses of this particularly pleasant journey. But before you set me upon it, dear wife, let me beg you to remember that a good deal of sisterly and brotherly love-making, must in all human probability take place before the result you anticipate can be looked for. Will not your fond heart feel some tender alarms, my dear, during your widowed residence at Pittsburg, knowing that I am thus employed at Sandusky?"

This sally produced a fresh burst of laughter, and Mrs. Allen Barnaby replied in admirable mock-heroic.

"Unquestionably, my love, I shall pine and I shall languish; nevertheless, such is my devotion to the common cause, that I will endure it all, rather than risk the loss of a single dollar. or," gracefully suiting the action to the word, "forfeit a single drop of this sparkling glass of champagne."

* * * * *

It is now absolutely necessary that the narrative should retrograde a little for the purpose of affording the reader a glimpse at some of the other personages introduced in it; and as my only real and legitimate heroine is at this time suspended, as it were, from all action, while awaiting at Pittsburg the arrival of her husband from Sandusky, the present opportunity is particularly favourable for the purpose.

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It is to be hoped that the kind and courteous reader remembers the position of affairs at Big-Gang Bank, at the time the Allen Barnaby party quitted it: and also the scene which followed between our young English friend Egerton, and his unwhilst hospitable entertainers. The result of this was his immediately leaving the house, but not the neighbourhood; for, as may be likewise remembered, he had, while uttering his farewell to his particular friend, Miss Louisa Perkins, contrived to arrange an assignation with her for the evening at the house of Mrs. Clio Whitlaw.

Hurried as was the moment in which this arrangement was settled, he had contrived to make the worthy Louisa understand, that this evening meeting would not be quite perfect unless the fair Annie were made a party to it. It must certainly have been owing to the experience which the elder Miss Perkins had gained in love matters, by having been a looker-on upon the great variety of such affairs in which the heart of her sister had been concerned, that she so immediately comprehended the state of the case respecting Annie Beauchamp and Mr. Egerton. Most certain it is, that they neither of them had ever breathed to her a single syllable explanatory of the state of their respective hearts, and yet the worthy spinster felt as certain of their being exceedingly in love with each other, as if she had been the confidant of both, from the first hour of their acquaintance to the last. In this respect, indeed, she had greatly the advantage of them; for, although each by this time had a pretty tolerable clear idea of the truth respecting his or her own particular heart, they neither of them dared to believe that he or she had made any impression on the heart of the other. But, although Miss Louisa felt as sure as sure could be, that the attachment was equal and mutual, she was not such a blundering agent as to hint this belief to her young friend, when she proposed to her the walk to Portico Lodge; she did not, indeed, even mention the name of Mr. Egerton, and whether Miss Beauchamp had overheard any part of the whisper by which the arrangement was made, it was impossible for Miss Louisa to guess, for the subject was never even alluded to between them. But however this may be, the young lady made no objection to the proposal of the elder one, and they set off, arm-in-arm together, leaving the colonel and his wife expatiating to Miss Matilda upon the extraordinary virtue and talent of Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and the scandalous conduct of their young countryman, Mr. Egerton.

The two walking ladies were, perhaps, about equally well pleased to escape hearing this, and the satisfaction of having done so brought a smile to the melancholy face of poor Annie; but it quickly passed away, for her heart was heavy and sad, and she moved on in total silence, feeling that if her very life had depended upon her talking, it would have been impossible. The good Louisa, however, seemed to understand all about it, and walked on beside her without uttering a sound that might interrupt her pretty companion's reverie.

Having thus reached in silence the entrance of Mrs. Whitlaw's domain, Miss Louisa stopped and looked about her. Annie coloured violently, but she stopped also, but it was only for an instant; for as if some thought had arisen in her mind leading her to disapprove this delay, she suddenly moved forward again, and with a much quicker step than before. But ere she reached the little gate through which they were to pass into Mrs. Whitlaw's shrubbery, Frederic Egerton stood before them.

Annie Beauchamp did not faint, although she became as pale as alabaster, and so strongly agitated was the young man also, that till Miss Perkins broke the silence, not a word was spoken. She did not, however, watch their embarrassment long without doing her very best, good soul, to remove it.

"I see how it is, my dear young friends," she said, "as plainly as if I was in both your hearts. What has happened this morning is certainly very unlucky for you both, but if I leave you by yourselves to talk it over, I hope and trust you will think upon something or other to set it all right again."

Egerton gave one look of gratitude to his kind ally, who instantly stepped forward and then seizing the hand of Annie, he hastily exclaimed,

"Forgive this most involuntary abruptness, dearest Miss Beauchamp! Drive me not from you as I was driven from your house this morning, but believe that if my respect, my reverence, equalled not my love, I should not thus implore you to be my wife in the only moment, and in the only manner that is left me."

There was a something (it is impossible to describe what) in the eyes of Annie as she raised them to the face of Egerton as he spoke, that seemed to save him from despair, though her first act (except looking at him) was to withdraw her hand; and her first words to say, "If indeed you do thus love me, Mr. Egerton, you will instantly overtake Miss Perkins, and bring her back to me."

It is possible that some young ladies might have spoken such words under similar circumstances, without either intending or expecting that they would, or should be obeyed. But there is an intonation in the accents of truth, which when heard by ears intent upon discovering the exact meaning of what they listen to, cannot easily be misunderstood.

Egerton had left the side of his beloved, and had taken the hand of Miss Perkins, in order to make her break in upon the *tête-à-tête*, which he would have given years of life to prolong, in less time, perhaps, than it had ever taken him before to bound over an equal space.

"She will not listen to me, my dearest Miss Perkins," said he,

"unless you are beside her. Come back with me this moment, I entreat you."

The kind-hearted Louisa did not get over the ground with precisely the same sort of flying movement that Mr. Egerton had done, but moved as rapidly as she could towards her young friend; and though in the interpretation of her feelings, she had not now the advantage of any great experience, from having watched similar emotions in her sister, she seemed, somehow or other, to comprehend that it was possible, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, that poor Annie might be in earnest in wishing to have her back again.

When the trio were thus once more reunited, Annie Beauchamp attempted to say something which doubtless would have been very much to the purpose, but she failed, and instead of speaking, dropped her head upon the shoulder of Louisa and burst into tears.

"Poor dear child!" exclaimed the gentle spinster. "She was greatly shocked, Mr. Egerton, by what took place this morning, as I dare say you can guess, sir, pretty well, and therefore you know, she must not be hurried now."

"Hurried!" cried Egerton, clasping his hands, and fixing his eyes upon the weeping girl, with an air and manner that seemed to say he could be contented to stand thus gazing upon her for ages. "Oh, no! she shall not be hurried, Miss Perkins; let her but give me hope for the future, however distant, and she shall see how absolute is her power over me."

Annie raised her head, and fixed her beautiful eyes, all tearful as they were, upon him. The first overwhelming transition from doubting, trembling hope, to delicious certainty was over, and the firm but gentle energy of Annie Beauchamp, immediately displayed itself.

"Not for a knowledge of my sentiments shall you wait, Mr. Egerton," said she; "I have been somewhat over prompt, it may be, in days past, to make you fully comprehend the extent of my prejudices, and I will not be afraid to let you see, that strong as they were, they were not so inveterate as to stand against truth, honour, and generosity. I know nothing of your family or fortune, but I know you, and thus far I will profit by my American freedom. I will promise you, Mr. Egerton, never to be the wife of any other man, so long as it shall continue to be your wish that I should become yours. Nay, nay, you must not thank me thus vehemently," she added, as he seized her hand and covered it with kisses, "for it may be that all I have said, and all I have the power to say, shall mean nothing more than the expression of my gratitude for sentiments so dearly valued, that were my mother and father willing, I would not deem my whole life too long a space to be employed in proving how very precious they are to me. But, alas! Mr. Egerton, how can we hope after what has passed this morning, that I can ever be your wife without ceasing to be their child? And this, at once and for ever, let me declare to you, I never will be! I will not give you as a companion for life, a guilty daughter, whose remorse would grow more bitter every day she lived. This I will never do."

"Nor will I ever ask it of you, Annie," replied Egerton, with sincerity equal to her own. "I could not love you as I do, did I not in

my very soul believe that you are as good as you are beautiful. But, dearest, I do not despair of obtaining the consent of Colonel Beauchamp, and even of your mother, Annie, angry as she is with me at this moment. I have romance enough about me, I confess, to rejoice at having heard the precious words you have uttered, while you were still ignorant of my fortune and position in the world, and as those dear words are recorded where they will endure as long as life and memory are lent me, I may now tell you freely, that my estate, and the settlement I shall propose to your father, are not such as to offer a reason for his rejecting me. My family is honourable and very nobly connected; and what I think will weigh far more with you, dearest Annie, than either, I flatter myself I can refer with honest confidence to the guardians who have had charge of me from the death of my father to the time of my coming of age, as well as to Eton and Oxford, where I received my education, for testimony that my actions have hitherto brought no disgrace upon my name."

"Ah, Mr. Egerton," returned Annie, with both a sigh and a smile, "all this would have gone very far yesterday towards obtaining such an answer as you wish. But I fear that as yet you have no idea of the anger conceived against you, both for your unfortunate parley with the slaves in the rice-grounds, and your accusations against the husband of that terrible Mrs. Barnaby. Indeed, indeed, I fear that you would not be listened to upon such a subject for a single instant."

"Neither will I venture to ask it, dearest Annie," he replied. "I feel perfectly certain of being able to bring evidence of the truth of all I have said respecting this major, and if I do so, my motives for having warned your father of his practices, must surely be justly appreciated; and as to the other offence imputed to me, a very short time must surely suffice to prove that I have at least done nothing productive of any mischievous result."

"You speak so hopefully, Mr. Egerton," she replied, "that you make me think you must know better about it all than I do. But you will allow that time must be given, both for your inquiry about the major, and for the negative proof of your innocence respecting the poor slaves. But this last imputation will, I doubt not, die away, if they all remain quiet."

"And time shall be patiently given by me, sweet Annie, provided you promise that I may now and then hear from you. Of course I shall leave this place to-night, as it certainly would look like plotting and planning mischief were I to be found lurking here, after the scene of this morning. How I bless the speaking paleness of your fair face, dearest, which gave me courage to ask our kind friend here, for this interview! How different will be my departure now, from what in that first dreadful moment I feared it would have been! And you will write to me, Annie? First addressed to the post-office at New York; for it is thither, as I understand, that my precious countryman has taken himself, and it is thither that I shall immediately follow; but you will write to me, and promise to receive my letters in return?"

Annie looked in the face of Miss Perkins, and would at that moment have given a good deal, if the kind feelings she so plainly saw written there, had been more mingled with the tougher quality of good

sense. Poor girl ! She longed for an English opinion that might have been trusted, as to the propriety of complying with the request of Egerton. To refuse him seemed almost beyond her strength ; yet, conscious of her total ignorance of English etiquette in such matters, she shrunk from the idea of consenting to do what was unusual. Egerton saw the struggle, and understood it.

"Are you not my affianced wife, Annie ? Conditionally, it is true ; but still you are pledged to me. And am I not, still more, your affianced husband ? For I have offered my vows unshackled by any condition whatever. Think you, then, that I would ask you to do any thing that I would not sanction in my own sister, were I happy enough to have one ?"

"I will write to you," said Annie, gently, "if you desire me to do it."

"And will you answer my letters, dearest ?" he rejoined, after once again fervently kissing her hand.

"Yes, Mr. Egerton, I will," she replied, with something almost approaching to solemnity in her manner. "But in both cases it must be done by the assistance of Miss Perkins ; for it must not be from me, that my parents first learn what has passed between us."

It will easily be believed that the good Louisa raised no difficulties upon this point, and Frederic Egerton looked quite as happy as it was possible for a man to do who was on the very eve of parting with his beloved.

All this had passed in a shady and obscure retreat in a rustic summer-house, at no great distance from the entrance to Mrs. Whitlaw's grounds, into which Annie, who knew it well, had almost unconsciously entered, immediately after Miss Perkins had rejoined her. And now she rose to leave it, saying to that excellent person as she did so,

"I cannot visit Mrs. Whitlaw now, Miss Louisa—I should not comprehend a single word she said to me. Farewell, Mr. Egerton !" and she held out her hand to him, "Farewell !"

Before this sad word was uttered between them for the last time, the eyes of the whole party bore witness that they did not separate with indifference ; for on seeing the emotion of her young friends, the tender-hearted Louisa wept for company.

But part they did, and part they did at last ; but not till the lovers had confessed to each other, that despite the obstacles which thus drove them asunder, that hour was the happiest of their lives.

ANSWER TO "AN OLD MAN'S PÆAN."

(In the Magazine for March.)

WRITTEN AT THE INSTIGATION OF J. H.

THOU graybeard gay ! whose Muse—(perchance
In second childhood's ignorance,) .
Inspired—" An Old Man's Pæan,"
Hear how a brother senior sings
Sexagenarian sufferings,
In strains antipodean !

Young, I could take a morning's sport,
Play matches in the Tennis Court,
So strong I was and plastic ;—
Dine out, and yet with spirit light,
And body unfatigued, at night,
Could sport the toe fantastic. .

•Behold me now ! —my limbs are stiff,
An open door, an east-wind's whiff,
Brings sharp rheumatic touches.
A chamber-horse, my only nag,
I mope at home, or slowly drag
My gouty feet on crutches.

Once I devour'd whatever came,
And never knew, except by name,
The heartburn, bile, dyspepsy.
Now I must fast—eat what I hate,
Or all my ailments aggravate,
From ache to epilepsy.

Answer to an "Old Man's Pæan."

How starving Tantalus of old
 Was punished by the Gods, is told
 In many a classic stanza,
 And all must recollect the wand
 That whisk'd the viands from the hand
 Of hungry Sancho Panza.

Their fate without their fault is mine.
 Champagne and claret, drinks divine
 As nectar or ambrosia,
 I may not quaff, but—(horrid bore !)
 My sherry from a cruet pour,
 And think of past symposia.

At home my wife *will* supervise
 Each meal I take. I wish her eyes
 Were sometimes touch'd with blindness.
 But no—they move not from my plate:
 God bless her ! how I love, yet hate
 Her ever watchful kindness.

" My dear ! you know you're bilious—pray
 Avoid the turtle-soup to-day,
 And do not touch the salmon.
 Just take a chicken wing, or leg,
 But no rich sauce—and let me beg,
 You will not taste the gammon."

Shell-fish—of yore my favourite food,
 Are now my bane, yet crabs eschew'd
 Might make an angel crabbed—
 No wonder if I quit the treat
 Of dainties that I may not eat,
 Half starving and half rabid.

Debarr'd by fond affection's care
From all my palate yearns to share,
A kindness still more cruel
Gives me a *carte blanche* in all I loathe—
Bread-puddings, sago, mutton-broth,
Rice-milk, and water-gruel.

Patch'd up at home, I seek my club,
Only to find by some new rub
That age has nothing cheering.
"Great news!" bawls one, and seeks the door
For none will parley with the bore,
That's old, and hard of hearing.

I snatch the *Times*, my corner choose,
And hope to read in Indian news
The Somnauth-gate decretal.
Vain hope! of spectacles bereft,
Which in my morning gown were left,
I'm blind as any beetle.

Invited out to meet the wits,
I hear the roar, and mark the fits
Of laughter's rampant eddy,
But miss, alas! Macaulay's joke, •
And Sidney Smith's sly æquivoque;
My trumpet's never ready!

Let greybeards of a happier trim
Sexagenarian Pæans' hymn,
And sing old age's joyance:
For me I should not end till night,
Were I to reckon up aright
Its troubles and annoyance.

A RIDE FROM MOSCOW TO REZAN.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN.

"So Dmitri, *mon frère*, you really are going to explore the heathen land of Rézan, and leave Moscow just as all the gaiety is beginning. Well, *bon voyage mon ami*; but be advised, and at the first station on the road give your yamstchik a sound flogging, for any thing, or nothing, and he will carry you to Rézan like an angel; if you do not, take my word for it, he will get disasterously drunk, and break your neck, or drown you."

Thus spoke my comrade Yermoloff, a hair-brained hussar, as he emptied the last glass of champagne for a stirrup-cup, and while concluding his sentence, the personage who was to be the subject of the discipline he recommended (and practised by the by,) was announced.

My future driver was introduced by his father, with whom I had agreed for the vehicle and horses that were to carry me to Colomna, ninety versts from Moscow, and who was a red-bearded old scoundrel, having no other good quality than that of owning the sturdiest little horses and strongest built kibitkas in Moscow.

"There, Dmitri Andréitch," said he, thrusting forward his young hopeful, making at the same time a profound reverence, and smoothing his beard; "there, your nobility, is my Yashka, who will have the honour of driving you, and you will find him a *molodets* (a smart young fellow), trust me."

"I would not trust you for the skin of a bean-stalk, you old rascal," chimed in Yermoloff; "nor would Mr. Andréef, if he knew you half as well as I do; but mind, if you have not put plenty of hay in the bottom of the kibitka, and given him good horses, I'll introduce you to the notice of the Tchastnoi pristaf (major of police) as sure as you are born, you red-bearded old sinner."

Accustomed to such language from his superiors, my worthy contractor for travelling made a smiling reply, and pushing his son forward again, said,

"Ask Yashka about it, noble sir; Dmitri Andréitch will lie soft and ride fast, will he not, my son?"

Yashka grinned an affirmative, and stood hat in hand, ducking his head like a mandarin in a tea-shop, while I scanned his appearance. He was a tall youth, dressed in a kaftan, or long loose coat of brown cloth, buttoned over the left-breast, and girded at the waist with a sash of blue worsted, the regular costume of the Yamstchiks; his low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat was decorated with a large leaden buckle, set round with coloured pieces of glass, from which dangled a peacock's feather.

The kibitka, in which I was to make my journey, was a conveyance very similar in shape to a longitudinal section of a monstrous barrel, with a board tied upon the front part as a seat for the driver; the hinder half of the vehicle was furnished with an arched head like the tent of

a waggon, over which was stretched a leather covering, with an apron and curtain in front to keep out the rain. This bit of luxury the red-bearded Stepan Ivanitch did not fail to dilate upon, for the more usual material is a piece of matting, or at best a tarpawling, over the ribs of the head. At length all was ready, Yermoloff wished me a safe passage over the ruts and rivers, charging me not to forget the thrashing for Yashka, and as night set in, we rumbled over the stones of Moscow on our way to the Ragoshkaia barrier.

Now be it understood that the conveyance above described is utterly destitute of springs, or of any substitute for them, being merely bolted to the axletrees of four wheels, whose naves, a full yard in length, play upon the long wooden axles with a free lateral motion, producing a mixture of jolts and oscillations while traversing the paved streets of the city, and creating some misgivings in my mind as to the pleasures of my future locomotion. However, the passports examined and the pavement cleared, we went on smoothly enough at a tolerable trot, and having forgotten to leave my flint and steel unpacked, and therefore unable to light my chibook, I laid myself down to doze while the state of the road would permit me to do so. I could not sleep for the constant jolting, and whenever I opened my uppermost eye, the result of my observations generally was, that Yashka was nodding on his seat, and the horses were profiting thereby to walk leisurely. Then I had to shout "*Pashol!*" (go on!) which my sleepy driver, aroused by the sound, translated to his horses by "*Noo!*" whereat they mended their pace until he again dozed, and I had to repeat the process, varied from time to time by sundry raps on the head with my pipe-stick.

If there be any talent beyond pilfering and praying, for which the lower orders in Russia are distinguished, it is that of sleeping. The seven sleepers of Ephesus were undoubtedly Russian moojiks. The coachman sleeps on his box; the postilion in his saddle, or before his horses' feet; the *isvostchik* on his *droschka*; and any day on the Finland road, you may find a string of Finn carts crawling along, the men and horses fast asleep; the former on the top of their carts, the latter mechanically plodding on, until the whole establishment capsize into a ditch, and gradually wakes up, with a vague idea that all is not quite right. They seem to have the faculty of taking at any time naps of from forty to any given number of winks; and I have frequently in the suburbs caught the *bootoshniki*, or watchmen, leaning on their halberts, bolt upright, and fast "as watchmen;" while to come into the hall, on leaving a house, and find your servant awake, forthwith creates a suspicion that he has been after no good in your absence, unless there was some one to gossip with.

At length we stopped at a pond, where the horses watered; Yashka woke himself up thoroughly, and turning out of the main track, put his animals to a brisk trot, and we entered upon a piece of road, of the kind they call in America, *corduroy*. This consists of logs laid transversely, and the reader may possibly imagine more pleasant things in the way of travelling, than being obliged to sit upright in a springless *kibitka*, and be pummelled and pitched about in a style that leads one to expect dislocation as the inevitable result. Right thankful was I when we re-entered the high-road to Colomna, and the specimen of *corduroy* was finished. It was very well as a curiosity, but by no

means sufficiently agreeable to create a desire for further acquaintance ; nevertheless, in the course of my rambles in Russia, I have been in situations where I should have hailed this rough log-road as a god-send.

About midnight we stopped at a little postoiatoi door, or roadside inn, in the village of Astrafitsi, where the kibitka was put under a shed, and the horses unharnessed to feed and rest. Yashka betook himself to the common room to feed also, and sleep before the fire ; while the host appeared to usher me to the state-apartment of his inn, and as I wished to have some tea, shouted to his wife to bring the samováritchka. This is the diminutive for a samovár, which Herr Busch, of Moscow, who professed to teach the Russian language to Englishmen, and *vice versa*, used to translate etymologically, "boil himself." A samovár then is an urn, made of brass or copper, having a cavity for containing lighted charcoal, which is surrounded by the water, and is the universal hot-water generator throughout Russia. Now the article to which mine host applied the diminutive, was a machine capable of containing water enough to make tea for at least fifty people ; and I should like to see the samovár which came up to his ideas of a full-grown one. I followed the innkeeper up some crazy steps, which were a cross-breed between a ladder and a stair, into the gospodskaya komnata, or gentlefolk's room, and a dismal place it was. Behind the remnant of paper-hangings which still lingered on its log-walls, the rats were scampering up and down, squeaking for very joy at the unusual sight of a guest. The one window, with a massive wooden frame occupying a fourth of its area, consisted of four little panes of glass, which dirt and the elements had tinged with dingy, unwholesome-looking prismatic colours, looking as if putrefaction and decay were busy upon them.

A wooden chair, a rickety table, and a rough bedstead made with the axe, all in a high state of dirtiness, formed the furniture of this comfortless room. The candlestick which they placed on the table was of I know not what material, it being carefully preserved in a mixture of dirt and grease that set all curiosity at defiance, and effectually precluded the possibility of carrying about, and flaring the candle, to the loss and damage of the owner.

The tea-equipage consisted of the samovaritchka aforesaid ; of a tumbler which I took the necessary precaution of washing, it having to do duty as a teacup ; of another tumbler, concerning the cleanliness of which I had grievous misgivings, and which was filled with excellent cream ; of a lump of black bread, and a string of barauki. These barauki are rings of dough, covered with salt, and strung on a piece of bass for the convenience of being dangled on the little finger while being eaten.

After tea, the host proposed that I should go to bed for an hour or two ; but even had the bed been more tempting (and there was nothing to lie on but the battens) I was too well experienced in Russian inn-beds to trust myself in such a Quixotic attempt.

Should any of my readers chance to travel in Russia, let them eschew strange beds, for there is such a number and variety of bed-fellows always provided for them, that they will soon discover that going to *bed* and going to *sleep* are two things which are not in the

slightest degree connected with each other. Declining, therefore, the proffered bedstead, I descended, and ensconcing myself snugly in the kibitka, had a sound sleep for three hours, from which I was aroused by Yashka putting the horses to, and we started again to continue our journey.

The morning was breaking freshly over the hills, and the road was alive with long trains of carts, laden with merchandise from the fair of Nijnei Novgorod; or eggs neatly packed in straw; or fresh and cool water-melons from Voroneje. Now and then a caravan from Little Russia crawled slowly along, conducted by swarthy, wild-looking peasants, some singing their monotonous ditties, others sleeping lazily on their carts, the solid wheels of which, creaking on their axles, made a rough accompaniment to the songs, varied from time to time by the lowing of the sturdy oxen which drew them leisurely on.

We passed through Bronnitsi, a tolerably large town, chiefly abounding in pigs, geese, and windmills, and made another halt for three hours at the village of Streltsovoi, our last stage before Colomna.

When we again started, it was hot mid-day, and glad was I, when after a ride of some twenty miles, my driver showed me the distant walls of Colomna, where I trusted to get rid of a little of the dust wherewith I had become reasonably well stuccoed.

The sight of the end of his journey—for I was to take another driver for the remainder of the trip—inspired Yashka and his horses with new vigour, and he forthwith put them into a gallop, promising them unheard of feeds of oats and beds of straw, if they went in good style. They seemed to comprehend him, and galloped up and down the hills, nor could I get other reply to my remonstrances than the ever ready "*Ne bois !*"—(never fear, sir!) So on we went, down a steep hill, with a narrow, rickety bridge over a brook at its foot—Yashka shouting, and protesting that it was absolutely necessary to gallop, in order to get up the hill on the other side.

Well, on we went, helter-skelter, tramp,* tramp, safely over the bridge—but, lo! suddenly comes a stumble, a crash, a cry of "*Kooda*" whither from Yashka, and there I am, landed at the bottom of a dry ditch, with the kibitka turned bottom upwards above me—one of the horses beating the devil's tattoo on the side of the vehicle in very unpleasant proximity to my ribs; another distributing various small samples of the dried mud with his heels, which, if he intended them for my face, duly arrived at their destination.

Yashka was crying, "*Ach ! barin ! barin !*"—(Oh, sir! sir!)—evidently thinking how to get out of the scrape, and avoid the flogging which he anticipated, and with good reason, I should administer to him as soon as I got out. How I regretted that I did not take Yermoloff's advice, and pay him beforehand, thereby removing one chance of such predicaments.

At length, with the aid of some peasants, I was unhoused, and went down to the brook to get some of the dirt out of my eyes and nostrils, preparatory to belabouring my gentleman; but by the time I had washed, my temper was a little smoothed, finding I was unhurt, and the kibitka and horses all in order again, so that when Yashka came to kiss my feet, begging pardon, and vowing that it was all owing to

the off-rein breaking and causing the horses to swerve, I let him off with the promise that if he did not deposit me quickly and safely in Colomna, I would quit the score upon his ribs on our arrival.

The threat had its effect, and about three o'clock we entered the gates of that ancient city. It is situated on a slightly elevated platform, at the confluence of the rivers Moskva and Colomna, and is a place of some commercial importance as being the *entrepôt* of the merchandise carried to and brought from the celebrated fair of Nijnei Novgorod.

Colomna was in the olden time a possession of the Sheremetieffs, and one of that family having been falsely suspected of treasonable intentions by Ivan Grozni (John the Terrible), he was ordered to Moscow by that sanguinary monster, and stabbed by him on the steps of the throne. Three hundred of the principal inhabitants of Colomna were also butchered, and other horrible excesses were committed, the revolting details of which are related with painful minuteness by the Prince Kourbskoi, one of the favourites of the suspicious and revengeful Tsar.

"Our most recent calamity," said a gentleman of Colomna, with whom I was conversing on the preceding subject, "was the appointment of two chiefs of police within eight months."

You, happy Englishmen, with all your taxes, income-tax to boot, cannot feel the force of this observation; those only who know the Russian police will comprehend its full meaning.

I cannot better illustrate the effects of such a misfortune than by requesting you to suppose all the police of London locked up for one night and the thieves to have high holiday. Your goods and chattels would change hands as did those of the inhabitants of Colomna, when two chiefs of police came into office within eight months.

We drove into the inn-yard at last, to the great contentment of all, both man and beast; I verily believe that the kibitka itself partook of the satisfaction, for it squeaked discordant *jubilatés* all the way from the barrier for very joy (or want of grease), and I dismissed Yashka with a present of five roubles, in admiration of which generosity he stooped and kissed my cloak with a profusion of blessings and thanks, lauding me to the skies as a prince of travellers.

After fortifying myself with a bath and a good dinner, I addressed myself to the continuation of my journey. My new driver was by no means so smart a personage as Yashka; for, in default of a kaftan, he wore a sheepskin coat, with a hole in it for every day in the year. He had a broad, flat face, with a huge aperture nearly in the centre, exhibiting a set of teeth that an exquisite might have envied for their whiteness and regularity; but nose had he none, save a diminutive apology, consisting of a pair of nostrils, and little else, deriving thence the cognomen by which he was introduced to me—Vanya the Noseless.

In addition to these charms, he possessed a tongue as long as the great fast, and gabbled out a world of compliments in a snuffing tone; but owing to an impediment in his speech, an oration was a work of time to him, save when he chattered to his horses, which he did almost unceasingly, when he was fluent enough.

I had purchased a consack nagaika, or whip; a formidable weapon,

with a cylindrical thong about a foot in length, and half an inch thick ; as rigid as a piece of wood, and having a bullet plaited into the end. Exhibiting this implement to him as I got into the kibitka, I told him that if he drove me well, he should have a *na vodkou* (drink-money), but that if he played me any tricks, or upset me, he should have a flogging.

"*Ne bois*—never fear, your excellency," said he ; " I will drive you so that you shall give me as good a *na vodkou* as you did to Yashka Stepanitch—you shall go like a courier ; is it not so, my little doves ? (to his horses). Go my little souls, put out your feet like deer !" and on we went, full gallop to the banks of the river.

On reaching the ferry, Vanya began to swagger and talk big to the poor peasants who were waiting their turns to get their carts into the ferry-boat, and his language reminded one of the Philadelphia niggers.

" Now bearded fellow ! make way for his excellency ! " " Where are you driving, old horse-radish ! " " Stand by, you village swine ! "

These were among the complimentary phrases he addressed to the poor people, until I threatened him with the whip if he did not behave more civilly. A few copeeks gained me an early place in the boat, and we reached the opposite bank, directing our course along the borders of the Oka. It is here a broad and beautiful river, winding gracefully among fields and villages, and expanding at times into broad lake-like sheets of water. The sun had set, and large herds of cattle were drinking in the stream : gradually, as the twilight deepened, the river became a gleaming mirror among the dark mazes of trees that lined its banks, and here and there long streams of light checkered its surface, as it reflected the fires of the charcoal barks, or the lights in the huts on shore.

When we left the river-side, we struck into a wood ; following a track made by the carts of the peasants, for there was no other road ; on emerging from this, we entered the wide plains of the Oka, where the traces of traffic were so slight, that it required a practised eye to detect them in the dim light of evening. About midnight we reached a village, where we halted to rest and refresh the horses. The house at which we stopped, consisted of two rooms on the ground-floor, and two above. In one of the lower rooms, the master of the house and his family ate, drank, and slept ; the walls being furnished with shelves all round for the latter purpose ; the other room, which opened into the stable, was that where the guests assembled. A good fire was burning in the stove ; three peasants were drinking vodka out of a square black bottle, or shtof, and smoking tobacco ; while on the floor two cosacks lay sleeping, in spite of the singing which the peasants from time to time indulged in, and were snoring lustily. As the place was somewhat unsavoury, the master of the house conducted me up a ladder to the room above, where I ordered him to bring the apparatus for making tea. Save some shelves for sleeping on, there was no furniture in the room except a short bench, and a barrel, which, with a board placed on the top, served me for a table.

I spread one of my own napkins upon it, and having cut off the outside of the bread, scraped the ditto of the butter, and washed the teapot and tumbler, I made a tolerably clean meal.

I say nothing against all the sticks and stones contained in the bread, for that it is to be considered as clean dirt, and is an evil which one looks for all over Russia. They thrash the corn on earthen floors; and as the grain is not cleaned afterwards, for fear of diminishing the gross weight and bulk, one's mouth is filled after eating black bread in the country, with various specimens of mineralogy and botany, the latter including husks of all the seeds which flourish in such peace and abundance in the Russian cornfields, in the shape of tares, thistles, and weeds of every description.

Tea being despatched, and my chibook lighted, I had leisure to direct my attention to what was going on below. This I had ample means of observing; for independently of the trap by which I had entered, the boards of the floor being planks of old barks, were full of trenail holes; and besides, they were so crooked and so carelessly laid, that there were great spaces of two or three inches between their edges. All that passed below, was therefore perfectly visible and audible.

Round the fire sat the master of the house, Vanya, and the three peasants, regaling themselves with sbeeten, a hot drink made of herbs, honey, and water, for the vodka shtof was empty.

"Whither is the *kozain*, the master (meaning me), going?" said the host.

"To Rézan," answered Vanya.

"Do you go on to-night?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you heard in Colomna that Teekon Oojasnoi (Teekon the Terrible) is out on the roads?"

"God forbid!" said my noseless one, with an expression of countenance that showed he was no fire-eater for courage.

"It is true, *ya Boogo*" (by heaven), said the host; "and two days ago he robbed and murdered a merchant in the wood a little beyond this, and a moojik was also found dead in his cart there last week; these cossacks are out after him, I believe."

"God preserve us," ejaculated Vanya, crossing himself, in which he was joined by the company.

"And who is Teekon Oojasnoi?" asked one of the peasants.

"Who?" said the host, with a look of wonder; "who is Teekon Oojasnoi? Where do you come from not to know him? He is the great robber, the very devil himself they say, for nobody can catch him. He is here to-day—there to-morrow; he takes all sorts of shapes and disguises; sometimes a merchant, sometimes a moojik; sometimes a count, and sometimes a poor soldier; and he speaks all kinds of languages like a native. Isn't it true, brother?"

"Pravda! *it is true*," said Vanya.

"Do you know what happened to Peter Ivanitch Artemieff, a Kvar-talnoi (lieutenant of police), the other day at Voronèje?"

"No! What was that?" said his four auditors together.

"Well, I will tell you," said the host, "swelling with the importance of a story-teller.

"You know that a price is set upon his head; whoever takes him alive is to have a thousand roubles, and a cross; or five hundred if he kills him. Well, Artemieff the Kvartalnoi was a brave fellow, and poor, so

he was always on the look out for Teekon, who was said to be in the neighbourhood, but had never got sight of him.

One day a handsome droschka and pair drove up to the Siéjie (police-station), and a fine man with large mustaches, got off and entered the house. He was dressed in a half-uniform, and announced himself as the retired Colonel Afrasimoff, living in the outskirts of the town, and desired to speak with the Kvartalnoi. When he was ushered into the room, and had taken a chair, he spoke thus to our Artemieff:

"I hear that you are a very active officer, and are on the look out for Teekon Oojasnoi?"

"Just so, colonel; and I would give five-and-twenty roubles only to see him."

"Well, brother, keep your own counsel, and you may not only see him, but take him, and that to-day."

"How? where is he?" said the Kvartashka.*

"Not so fast, not so fast, *batiushka* (my little father), slow and sure; you know that if the *tchostnoi pristaf* (major of the quarter), heard of it, he would be off at once with a body of police, and cheat us out of the thousand roubles. I have no inclination to lose my share of the honour, if you have, so I'll tell you how it is to be done. I know where he is; a little way from the town, and alone. In about an hour it will be dusk, and I will call for you, that we may go together on my droschka."

"No, no," said the Kvartalnoi, "that will cause suspicion; we will go on mine, if you please, for my coachman is well known, and they will think it is some common business."

"As you please," said the colonel.

So the Kvartashka bowed him to the door, very politely, you may be sure.

In an hour the colonel returned, and under his cloak he had a brace of pistols and a yataghan; Artemieff buckled on his sword, and off they drove.

On the road, the colonel told him how he came to know of Teekon Oojasnoi being in the outskirts. His coachman, who was a Tartar, overheard two other Tartars of Teekon's band, talking about it in a kabak, in their own language—

"And," said the colonel, "I wanted to have taken him with us, for he is as brave as a lion."

"Oh, never fear!" said the Kvartalnoi; "trust to me for seizing him if he is alone—and, besides, if there should be one or two more with him, we are three good men, and therefore enough to take them all."

"Well, remember," says the colonel, "*you* are to have the thousand roubles, and *I* the cross, for I don't want money."

"I hear, *vushé auisoko blagorodie*, your high nobility," says the other. "But," thinks he, "if I once get hold of Teekon, I'll have both roubles and cross, and a rank to boot, or I'm no Kvartalnoi."

After a little ride beyond the town, they approached a hut; when suddenly, out jumped two men from behind a fence—the Kvartalnoi

* Diminutive for Kvartalnoi.

was thrown on the ground and his coachman pinioned, the colonel roaring with laughter.

"Hand me your twenty-five roubles," says he, pulling out one of his pistols, "you offered them for a sight of Teekon Oojasnoi, and here I am."

The Kvartalnoi begged and prayed of them not to kill him, and offered all kinds of things to be let loose.

"No, no, I cannot let you go just yet, Master Artemieff," says Teekon, "you must lodge at this verst-post for to-night;" so they stripped the Kvartashka, tied him to the verst-post, stuck his cocked-hat on the top of it, gave him a good flogging, and securing his coachman in the hut, drove off with his droschka, and that is the last that has been heard of Teekon Oojasnoi."

After various comments on this tale, the party separated, lying down in different corners to sleep; and I, making the best bed I could of two trusses of straw, followed their example.

When I awoke, it was past three o'clock; and thinking that it was time to be on the road, I went down to look after Vanya, who had disappeared. Guided by his music—for he managed to snore without a nose, I found him in the stable, sleeping under the kibitka.

On awakening him—which was an unusually difficult task—his first remark was,

"We cannot go on yet, sir; one of the horses is very tired, and will fall lame if he does not have more rest."

This was evidently a mere excuse, so I told him to harness them immediately.

"*Pomilité* (consider, sir)," said he, "Teekon Oojasnoi, sir."

"Devil take Teekon Oojasnoi, what is that to you? Will you have your flogging here or at Rézan? you shall have both if you play any tricks. Mind, if I am not in Rézan by half-past eight to-morrow morning, the moment we get to the governor's I'll have you skinned—that's settled."

In vain he petitioned—I was obstinate; and just as I turned to fetch my nagaika, the host entered.

He joined his expostulations to those of Vanya, always setting Teekon Oojasnoi in the foreground.

I stopped him with a *molchi* (hold thy peace), a command which was reinforced by one of the coastacks, who, awakened by the noise, administered him a grand kick on the leg, asking him why in the devil's name he did not keep quiet, and not wake him.

"You carrot-headed scoundrel," continued he, addressing himself to Vanya, "why do not you do as your master orders you? Do you command me to give him the stick, your honour?"

I thanked him for his polite offer, which I declined; but told Vanya that if the horses were not at the door in five minutes, my nagaika and his back should make close acquaintance.

This threat had the desired effect; I paid my reckoning, lighted my chibook, and got into the kibitka in high ill-humour, having, however, buckled on my sharp kinjal,* and loosened it in its sheath. There

* A Circassian dagger.

was no moon, and our road lay through the wood, so it was gloomy enough. Vanya kept a very sharp look out to the right and left, unceasingly muttering prayers and crossing himself, driving at the same time at a great rate.

I rather congratulated myself on his fright, for I knew that I should get to Rézan so much the sooner in consequence, and was smoking my pipe with tolerable complacency, when suddenly I thought I heard a shout.

Vanya involuntarily checked the horses, and had barely time to say to me, "Did you hear any thing, sir?" when from the wood on the right, a short distance behind us, we distinctly heard some one shouting "*Stoi !*" (stop !)

Vanya waited for no more, but lashed his horses into a gallop, reckless of the stones and stumps of trees ; but still we heard the voice, nearer and nearer, coupled with some name I could not distinguish, and with some epithets, which, if addressed to us, were by no means complimentary. I thought of the merchant and the moojik, both murdered there, and unsheathing my kinjal, put myself in a posture of defence in case of the worst.

Vanya was pouring forth, "*Gospodi pomilui !*" and "*Boje moi !*" at an astonishing rate, when suddenly he shouted, "*Vot on !*" (there he is !) and a horseman sprang out of the wood, a few yards ahead of us, into the middle road, our horses stopping of their own accord.

"Who goes there ?" cried the horseman, whom I saw, by the outline of his cap and lance against the sky, was a cossack.

"Spare me, good sir," cried Vanya, falling on his knees in the kibitba, fully believing in his terror that the redoubted Teekon stood before him.

"Who do you seek ?" said I.

"Two of my companions, sir," he replied. "They were to meet me at yonder village ; but as we have to be at Rézan early to-morrow morning, I thought they had gone on with the *telega* (a peasant's cart), on hearing your wheels and horses' feet, so I came across by the bridle-road to overtake them."

I told him that we had left them asleep at the peasant's house, and bidding him good night, ordered Vanya to drive on. He however was only anxious to return under convoy of the cossack, and it was not until I had given him a taste of the pagaika that he again put his horses into a gallop towards Rézan. As we emerged from the woods the gray light of morning began to appear, and being now on the broad level plains of the Oka, where the track was three or four hundred yards wide, and tolerably smooth, I fell asleep, having, I confess, been reasonably frightened by our chase in the wood. I was startled into wakefulness by a loud shout from Vanya, "*Gospodi pomilui !*" (Lord have mercy upon us !) a jolt, and a huge splash. We were in the river. Luckily the water was shallow, and did not reach above the axletrees, or we should have infallibly been drowned, instead of only getting a terrible shake and a moderate wetting.

"What on earth is the meaning of this, *canaille* ?" I demanded of my ragged driver.

"*Vinovat barin ! vinovat !* I am to blame, sir ! I am to blame ! I must have dozed the least in the world."

"Wait till we get to Rézan, I'll wake you," I replied.

It seems that Vanya had gone to sleep, the horses had walked to the river to drink, and the banks being about two or three feet high, they had slipped in, dragging the kibitka after them ; fortunately it did not fall sideways, or we should have been upset. We were obliged to go on in the water until we found a place where we could get out, and then, to complete my vexation, Vanya had lost his way, and had no idea in what direction to go. For nearly an hour we wandered about before we found any one of whom to inquire, but at length a peasant put us into the track, and about nine o'clock the spires of Rézan were visible. I was in a mighty ill-humour, and to all Vanya's amabilities only replied,

"Wait till we get to Rézan, and you shall have the stick."

At last we entered the gates, and while my passport was being examined, a carriage-and-four drove up, the postilion shouting, "*Padée, beregissa !*" (be off ! get out of the way !) in the peculiarly authoritative tone those young varlets assume. I was about to reply in the same style, when looking up, I saw in the carriage my good Colonel K—, whom I had come to visit. The recognition was mutual, and in a moment we were on the ground embracing each other. My wrath against Vanya was forgotten ; one of the colonel's servants was despatched with him, to the house, with orders to give him and his horses their skinsful of the best. I placed myself by the side of my friend, the black steeds thundered through the streets of the city to his gate, where a bevy of kind faces appeared to welcome me, and my ride from Moscow to Rézan was ended.

DMITRI ANDREEF.

HAYDER'S EMERALD CUP :

A TALE OF MODERN ENCHANTMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

AT a meeting of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society in February last (Earl Stanhope in the chair), great interest was excited by an ingenious and amusing paper communicated by W. Ley, Esq. M.R.S. on the virtues and properties of *canabis Indica*, or *Indian hemp* ; which is frequently spoken of in *Mr. Lane's* translation of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, under the name of BENJ, and is known also in the east by the more romantic title of

HAYDER'S EMERALD CUP.

The extraordinary effects produced by this drug, appear little short of

magical; far exceeding in splendour and intensity the visions of the opium-eater, or the soothing dreams of mesmeric sleep. Some strange and well-authenticated anecdotes scattered through the paper, forcibly recalled to my mind a circumstance which happened to me some years ago. The more I pondered on that strange event, the more was I convinced that at the time alluded to I must have been under the influence of the anodyne, the effects of which I had just heard so vividly described. My reasons for entertaining this belief I shall give at the conclusion of the following narration.

CHAP. I.

THE STRANGER.

IN the summer of 18— I was ordered by my physician to try the air of Cornwall, and by his direction fixed on the neighbourhood of Penzance for my sojourn. All who have visited this part of the Cornish coast, are aware that St. Michael's Mount, the seat of the St. Aubyns, is the lion of the neighbourhood; and the pencil of Stanfield has rendered this romantic feature in the landscape familiar to the minds of many who have not ventured very far west of Temple-bar. Like its namesake in Normandy its mount is covered with embattled walls; and a lofty square tower, whose roof supports the hard stone seat of its patron saint, marks the site of the private chapel attached to the mansion.

To see the mount at any time is never to forget it; but to see it as it first met my gaze on a clear calm night in summer, the red light from its many windows reflected in long unbroken lines in the smooth water beneath; the moon throwing her mellow beams about it, silence hallowing all around it, is to see it indeed in the perfection of poetic beauty. I was spell-bound; for the scene came suddenly upon me. The guard's horn, as we entered Marazion, woke me from a doze into which I had sunk on leaving Helston. My mind was made up in a moment to proceed no further that night. Alighting, therefore, at the little inn at which the coach halted, I bespoke a bed, and strolled out to take a nearer view of the giant rock and fortress. The tide was up, and the little narrow way which connects the mount with the mainland was covered with water.

"Do you wish to cross, sir?" said an old boatmen, observing me pause on the water's edge.

"No, my friend," said I; "but you may row me round the mount if you will."

I jumped on board his skiff, and we pushed from shore. As we neared the eastern side of the rock, I bade him pause, and it was then enchantment crowned her work, for scarcely had he taken in his oars, when (as if by a preconcerted signal) the deep tones of the chapel organ broke the silence of the night. The spell was indeed complete. Music on the water has ever been a theme for poets; but music on an eve like this, with such a scene in view, and from the instrument that Milton loved—language cannot describe my feelings at the moment. The voluntary soon concluded, and my gondolier, thinking it a fit time to start, pulled his boat ashore before I had well recovered from the reverie into which music and moonlight had cast me.

The bright beams of a summer sun woke me early on the morrow; but the remembrance of the past evening haunted me like a dream thrice dreamt. My first ramble was to the mount; I followed a steep winding path to the portal, where a tidy old housekeeper answered my summons, under whose guidance I proceeded to view the interior of the mansion. I hurried her rapidly through dining and drawing-rooms, till we came to the chapel, here stood the organ. I inquired who was playing on the instrument on the evening on which I heard it.

"A foreign gentleman," said the housekeeper; "a strange man, nobody knows any thing about him. The organ was open, and I sat down to it myself, but before I had played a dozen bars, the gate-bell announced another visiter.

"It is the foreign gentleman," said my guide, "he always comes to play a bit about this time."

She hurried from the chapel as she spoke, and soon returned followed by the stranger she had spoken of. His dress and bearing were those of an Englishman of rank, but his countenance plainly told that he was of foreign descent.

"Do not let me disturb you," said he, with a pronunciation so purely English, that I began to fancy he must be my fellow-countryman in spite of his face; and thus invited, I performed a short prelude, and requested in return that he would take his seat at the instrument. He complied, and I was astonished at his skill. His pedal playing was nothing short of wonderful. A foreigner he evidently was: but for the country that classed him among the number of her sons, I was strangely puzzled. His theme finished, he made a few remarks on organ-playing, wished me a good morning, and left the chapel. I was in no humour again to lay my hands on the keys; conceit was fairly taken out of me. I strolled through the rooms again, out at the portal, and descended, musing on many things, the steep pathway to the water.

The sun was shining full in my face, and I proceeded, with half-closed eyes, for a step or two, "Take care," said a voice from behind me: "This is a dangerous road for blind men to walk. a few more steps may take you farther than you intend going." I turned about to discover and thank my kind monitor, and beheld, seated on a high projecting crag, pencil in hand and palette on thumb; my new acquaintance the stranger organist. He closed his sketch-book as I was advancing towards him, and descending to meet me, proposed a walk.

We sauntered through the narrow streets of Marazion in the direction of Helston, and I could perceive by the manner in which the idlers in the road, and the loungers at cottage-doors, eyed my companion, that he was regarded with no common degree of interest by them; for, on passing the village forge, where a noisy knot of them were settling the affairs of the nation in a most satisfactory manner; our appearance so disturbed the debate, that even up to this time no good has come of it that I know of. A donkey browsing by the roadside, and a little ragged urchin with a hoop were, in good truth, the only creatures that regarded our appearance with indifference.

On coming to the hill where I was awakened by the coach-horn, I stopped: "This," said I to my companion, "is the point from which I first beheld the mount, and such a glorious night from my childhood to the present hour I never remember to have seen, as that on which I first

descended this hill. On that night too, I first heard the chapel organ from the water. You were playing." "True, I remember, it was a fine night," said the stranger; "made doubly striking to you, looking for the first time on the scene before us through the more romantic medium of mist and moonlight. I had the like idea—when a poor youth in search of wisdom, I stood alone at midnight, gazing for the first time on the splendid ruins of Palmyra. The moon was high in heaven, and stars in countless numbers thronged around her—not a breath of air was stirring. Could an aspen-tree have sprung up in the waste, its trembling leaves had rested on a night of such deep quiet. I almost feared to breathe while, from beneath the shadow of a palm, I looked as on a dream on all around me. Long lines of ruined columns met my view, and here and there a solitary tree cast its broad shadow o'er a spot strewn with fallen shafts and broken capitals. I was like one enchanted. Morn broke in the east and found me still gazing on these memorials of past greatness, and then it was that I met with ——." Here he broke off abruptly. "You have travelled much," said I.

"I have been a wanderer from my youth," he replied.

"Your description of the city of the desert will go far to make me vow a voyage to the East,"

"I must return thither myself, shortly," answered the stranger, "and shall be delighted to guide your steps, o'er ground which I am compelled to wander on again."

As he concluded his invitation, we entered the little town again. Since our departure a crowd had collected in the market-place, but not to turn their curious eyes on us. No! our envied importance was eclipsed by something extraordinary; for the urchin had left his hoop, and poised on the shoulders of "Robin Ostler" was shouting and waving his ragged cap, like a voter at an election dinner. We crossed to the market-place, and beheld, through a momentary opening in the crowd, the unprecedented attraction. A common street-juggler in his shirt-sleeves and a spangle vest was going through the usual new tricks with cups, balls, knives, and a few dirty cards, while his accomplished fellow-partner in dusty highlows, flesh-coloured tights, and a soldier's jacket was gracefully enlarging his friend's sphere of action, by entreating the ladies and gentlemen to stand (as he expressed it) a little backer.

"I wonder said the stranger," (as contented with our discovery we continued our walk), "I wonder what these good simple souls would say, could they see some of our modern magi of the east? It would be dangerous work, I fear, for conjurer as well as spectator. Drowning or burning would surely be the end of him, who should show such delusions in Cornwall as I have witnessed in the east. Are you curious on such subjects; would you like to see an Egyptian ocular deception?"

"If a pleasant one, yes," said I. "If not, no."

"I promise you it shall be more than pleasant," he replied. "Shall you be at home this evening? If so, I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you."

I assured him that his visit would be expected with pleasure, and we parted.

CHAP. II.

THE VISIT.

I WAS sitting at my seraphine, trying to remember the subject of the stranger's voluntary on the organ, and watching the sun as he made his way to the west, when my landlady announced a visiter. The stranger entered at the same moment, followed by a page bearing a box, about the size of a modern writing-desk, but beautifully ornamented with crimson and gold.

"Have you determined on going a tour in the east?" began my guest, as the page left the room; "permit me," he continued, "to close the lower shutters of that large window; we must not have too much light in these matters." And then, without waiting for a reply, he adjusted them as he desired. He then produced from the box a glass spirit-lamp, four small silver urns, a green silk handkerchief, with a small embroidered silver star in the centre, a few faded flowers, and a small transparent jar filled with brown sand.

He spread the handkerchief on the table, having placed a vase at each corner; he lit the lamp, burnt the flowers, and scattered their ashes on the silk, and having dropped a small globule of water on the star, scattered the sand thickly over all. The crushed leaves and seeds of some dried plant being then placed in each of the urns, these little vessels were heated, and soon a thin gray stream of vapour rose from each of them, filling the apartment with a perfume somewhat resembling incense. Presently I observed the sand growing darker in colour—it slowly took the semblance of mould surrounded by a grass border—little green points appeared upon it, and shooting upwards, enlarged, became sprouts, buds, blossoms,—in short, a miniature parterre, thick with the fragrant garniture of summer was before me; I saw the dewdrops on their petals, the splendour of the morning sun upon their freshened leaves, the "sweet south wind" seemed to wave them gently forward, and fill the chamber with their fragrance.

The silver star on which the water had been dropped, spread forth its form, and shaped itself into the basin of a mimic fountain, sending its little stream high o'er the flowers that clustered round its brink.

Lost in wonder and delight, I deemed delusion had worked its masterpiece; but in this I was deceived, for scarcely had the thought crossed my mind, when I distinctly heard the hum of bees about the borders, and forth from a gaudy tulipcup flew a little liliputian specimen of the tribe of industry. His flight was followed by a butterfly of corresponding size, I watched them flutter round the circle, but ere each could light upon the leaf it loved, the colours of the garden grew more faint, the flowers seemed drooping, their bloom fell from them, and their stems (as if the wind of the desert had been there), sapless and withered, shrunk in the magic mould from which they sprung. I looked for the fountain to revive them, but the stream had ceased, its waters were dried up.—The stranger unclosed the lower shutters. What did I look on? Nothing but sand and ashes, the handkerchief, and little urns which now were cold and empty.

"This is something more," said my mysterious visiter, "than you see every day; but I have witnessed stranger delusions, and more skillfully

performed, though you would scarcely think that possible; but go with me to the east, and judge for yourself. The world is still a world of wonders, but men know it not. The vast changes wrought continually in the wide laboratory of nature, are regarded only by the philosopher and the poet."

I was about to reply to his last observation, but a smart touch of pain prevented me from doing so. In a moment my guest perceived it, and as quickly offered me relief.

"You are suffering acute agony," said he, "from *tic douloureux*, if I mistake not; will you trust me as your physician?"

By this time the pain had become intense, beyond my bearing with any thing like a show of indifference, and I was on the point of swallowing my usual dose of opium, when the stranger arrested my arm.

"Pardon the liberty I have taken," said he, "and allow me to prescribe for your disease, and I promise you relief in a quarter of an hour."

Again his hand was thrust into the shrine of mystery, the red box; and forth from its lowest depths he produced a small bottle, carefully stopped, and, taking a glass from the table, he poured into it a part of its contents (a fluid of a deep *green colour*), and presented it to me.

"What is it?" I inquired, hesitating.

"The *Nepenthe* of Homer," he replied; "The magic potion of *Medea*. Do you doubt its power, or suspect me, in either case return it to the phial."

His look and manner as he spoke were those of sincerity, and a sharp and increasing pain obliged me to seek relief at all hazards; and I hastily swallowed the contents of the glass.

"You will soon experience relief," said my physician. "Ay, and here is something that will considerably assist us;" and he lifted, as he spoke, my German pipe from the mantelpiece. "You smoke?"

I gave a nod of assent.

"I will fill for you, then."

Suiting the action to the word, he mixed some of the dry leaves (a part of which had been used in filling the urns) with tobacco, filled the pipe, and handed it to me, with the air of one who had been used all his life to the courts of princes. Then, lighting a cigar, and seating himself by the window, he entertained me with a long and glowing account of his wanderings; and so successfully did he bring *Tadmor* in the Desert before my mind's eye, that I could have painted from his description. In short, I soon pledged him my word that I would journey with him at least as far as *Syria*; and in return, he promised me delight, amusement, information, and—what was still better—health. I soon felt the medicine overcoming the pain, and a pleasing, drowsy sensation, succeeded my restoration to ease.

"We will start for London to-morrow, then," said the stranger, "as my affairs require despatch;" and I gave a mute sign of assent, as he repeated, "To-morrow, then, we start upon our travels."

CHAP. III.

CHAP. IV.

THE JOURNEY.

GORGEOUS indeed was the close of the sultry day which brought us within view of the City of Palms ; the west was one unclouded sheet of brightness. Shattered palaces, ruined temples, and mouldering tombs, glowed in the crimson twilight, and cast their lengthening shadows on the waste before us. The reality exceeded the stranger's description. We stood for a time, mute with admiration, to contemplate the scene, and then continued our pilgrimage, and entered a long vista of Corinthian columns, at the termination of which was a ruin of the Ionic order.

"That," said my companion, observing my gaze fixed on the fragment, "is all that remains of the once splendid Temple of the Sun. But come," continued he ; "let us reach the tombs before twilight fails us." He turned abruptly, and led me to the city-walls. "The tombs," said he (as we paused before an open portal among the mansions of the dead), "are the most remarkable relics of this once proud city. There are things within this monument that will much surprise you." He kindled a torch, and we entered a chamber adorned with sculpture and painting. "Here it was," said the stranger, "that I met with one from whom I learnt mysteries in art and science that the world has forgotten ; but you will know more presently." We passed onward, and descended a long flight of narrow steps, which brought us to a low, vaulted passage, every turn of which seemed familiar to my guide.

"Where are we now?" said I, as we entered a large circular chamber.

"Beneath the Temple of the Sun," he replied. "From this vault heathen priestcraft worked the seeming wonders which enslaved its blind adorers. The steps that stand beyond the deep portal immediately before us, will bring us to the temple."

I was preparing to follow him, when, as I turned, I saw wreathed like a turban round the fragment of a bust, the green handkerchief from which had sprung the garden, and in front of the pedestal were the little silver urns. The stranger saw my surprise, but made no remark. We ascended the stairs, and I perceived a cold gray light streaming on us from above. I heard music too.

"You hear the flutes of the Bedouin Arabs," said my friend, anticipating my question.

"There must be many instruments," said I, as a strain of rich and varied harmonies floated on the air.

"You shall see," he replied ; "follow me."

As he said this we came to the opening that was to bring us to the temple. The gray light became more intense. I felt the cool-night wind breathe on my forehead.

'Twas night ; and such a night as that I first described. The queen of heaven again was gilding through her spangled path, her pallid beauty mirrored in the flood which calm and silent as her canopy showed every star that wandered o'er its face. Before me was the mount standing in dark relief against the purple splendour of the sky ; its lofty turret bound with silver beams, and its arched windows lighted as before.

I turned to see my stranger guest, but he was gone. I looked around me, on the carpet were the broken pieces of my pipe, and close beside my chair the seraphine was placed. The music desk was covered by a leaf of vellum curiously indented and illuminated with great care and skill. It contained a few bars of a common simple melody beautifully harmonized. The first chords brought back my dream again, they were the notes I heard while standing in the ruined temple.

I should have gone off in a profound brown study, but for the appearance of my landlady, her tongue and the teapot prevented a repetition of the wonderous vision; and the necessity of moving towards the table was the means of casting further light on my wandering in the tombs; for wreathed about the head of a plaster cast that stood in a corner of the chamber, was the green handkerchief, and in a row before the bust stood the silver urns.

All could now be accounted for. I had been dreaming with eyes but half closed; hearing through what would scarcely bear the name of sleep, the conversation of the stranger, and the tones of the seraphine, and seeing indistinctly the objects I have mentioned, while under the influence of a wonder-working, but to me unknown narcotic.

CONCLUSION.

The following short passages extracted from the paper alluded to in the introduction to my narrative, are among those which confirmed me in the belief, that Indian hemp was the medicine, and that I had at the time partaken of its marvellous qualities in three different ways. I had inhaled the vapour arising from the hemp-seed. I had drunk of an infusion made from the fresh leaves of the plants, and had smoked the dried ones mixed with tobacco. In the first place, speaking of the fume from the hemp, the author quotes the following from Herodotus, who after alluding to the customs of the Sythians, says, "they take the seed of the hemp and throw it upon red-hot stones, immediately a perfumed vapour ascends." This was the vapour that arose from the heated urns. He next speaks of the first mode of enjoying the drug as follows: "the fresh leaves were eaten, and subsequently a beverage was made from them, having the emerald green colour of the leaf," and he further states of the plant that, "When the dry leaves are mixed with tobacco and smoked, intoxication immediately ensues, accompanied with agreeable reveries."

Many more passages might be extracted in confirmation of my belief. I may, however, observe in conclusion that I carefully preserved the urns and handkerchief (which are still in my possession), in the hope of one day restoring them to their extraordinary owner, for whom I have searched in vain.

Seeing some years ago an advertisement stating that a celebrated physician (calling himself Muly Nanmed) had arrived from the east; I repaired to his house, but my journey ended in disappointment, as I found only an English copy of an eastern Æsculapius, a prescriber in masquerade. This was palpable enough to me, though undetected by many.

Should I not succeed in restoring the wonder-working urns and kerchief to their rightful owner, I shall place them in the hands of a celebrated auctioneer, whose advertisement of these mysterious treasures it is confidently expected will not occupy more than three sides of the *Times* newspaper.

THE WIDOWS' ALMSHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," "COLLEGE LIFE," &c.

No. VI.

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

CHAP. I.

Pisto!—Base is the slave that pays.SHAKSPEARE. *King Henry V.*

THE horrible story of the keeper's ill-treatment cost me an almost sleepless night. When I did doze off it was only to dream of fierce struggles, fearful imprecations, and gunshot wounds, mingled with the screams of a woman. I trembled and tossed about in bed, and from being restless, began to grow feverish and excited. The clothes felt like a mountain on me, and my pillow seemed transformed into a paving-stone. I rose and walked about the room until I felt not only cool, but chilly, and then crept into my bed only to spring from it again, when my fever returned fiercer than ever. I threw on my dressing-gown, lighted a candle, and tried to read. It would not do. Instead of a combination of the letters of the alphabet, the page presented to my view the poor crippled old man and his faithful loving wife, as I had seen them on the previous day. I turned to another page, but there they were still. I tried to look at the pictures—for the book was illustrated—but my overcharged or overheated imagination converted a comic scene of Mr. Cruikshanks into the struggle in the Coppice, and made the faces of the combatants resemble that face—that fearful face—of Fagin in *Newgate*.

I threw the book away in despair, and made up my mind never to listen to a horrible tale or a ghost story after dinner again. I resolved, too, to be a peripatetic for the remainder of the night. In the midst of my wanderings from the head of the bed to the opposite window and back again, it suddenly occurred to me that I had once been told by Mr. Abernethy, that every thing wrong might be referred to a disordered state of the stomach, and that I might *possibly* have exceeded in supplying the "loss of vitality" either in solids or fluids upon this memorable occasion.

I resorted to the contents of a bottle that I keep on my bedroom shelf, whether at home or abroad. A teaspoonful of the powder in a wineglass of cold water, gave me immediate relief. I "turned in again," as seamen say, and fell into a calm, refreshing sleep, uninterrupted by an *ὄναρ ἐκ Διός*.

I am all for "the diffusion of useful knowledge," and never like to withhold a recipe that I think will benefit my fellow-men. In proof of this, I may remind those who have done me the honour of reading my former papers, that I have incurred the deep displeasure of the Oxford sausage-makers, for having made known the mysteries of their craft; been abused by several farmhouse cooks for having betrayed the se-

crets of black or hog's-pudding's manufacturing, and frowned upon by sundry spouses for having taught their husbands how to escape the punishment usually attendant on "potations pottle deep"—a shocking bad headach.

In spite of all these disagreeables, my philanthropic feelings urge me to give this my favourite recipe for removing the unpleasantries of imperfect digestion or the acidity caused by a slight overdose of fermented liquors. The men may call me a *quack* if they please; I care no more for that than I do for being called a "dear little *duck*" by the ladies. Without further preface, here is the recipe :

"Carbonate of magnesia and carbonate of soda, of each one ounce; powdered ginger, one drachm; and best Turkey rhubarb, half a drachm."

Let the druggist mix these ingredients carefully together in a mortar, and put them into a bottle furnished with a glass-stopper. The dose is about half a teaspoonful, and it is so innocuous, that, as the advertisements say, "the most delicate female may take it with impunity," and "it is warranted to keep well in any climate."

I might have sold this invaluable medicine under the name of "Peter Priggins's Peptic Powders," at ten and threepence a bottle, stamp included, and realized a fortune by them; but I prefer the interests of the public at large to my private interests, and—to going to an enormous expense for advertisements.

Well, I slept soundly, and rose at my usual hour. I presume that Phœbus Apollo did the same, and mounted the box of his four-horse chariot at the regular time; that he double-thonged Phlegon, punished Pyroëis, flicked a fly off Eous's ear, and talked to Æthon in the enigmatical language peculiar to long-stage coachmen. I say I presume all this, because an unphilosophical observer might have entertained doubts on the subject from the gloom and murkiness of the morning.

If Phœbus were smoking a cloud, he was smoking a most extensive one, for it entirely covered the face of the sky. If Apollo were smoking, he was also indulging in another filthy habit, said to be practised upon all occasions by our friends across the Atlantic; for, on opening my window, I found that it was "*spitting* with rain," as they call it in Somersetshire, when it does not absolutely pour down in torrents. Every thing looked very wretched. The trees hung down their heads. The sparrows could not chirp, nor could the peacock look proud. I shut down the window with a sigh, and shaved myself to the tune of "Water parted from the Sea," in five flats. Then I sought my host and hostess, and my morning meal.

Much as you may wish it, you cannot make a breakfast last for ever. We prolonged the meal as much as we conveniently could, and then Jonathan left me to be very busy in the steward's room, and his lady departed to set the domestic machines going in the nursery and kitchen.

I was alone with my newspaper, and made the most of it. I read it slowly and deliberately from the title and date to the printer's and publisher's names and addresses. I then meditated on what I had read—then built *chateaux en Espagne*—then tried to read a book, but

could not. I then did nothing but walk to the window and gaze on the clouds, wondering whether I should ever see the "blue above" again.

This was so awfully monotonous, that I had serious doubts whether it would not be far preferable to go either raving or melancholy mad ; but I have a decided distaste for indulging in monomaniaism, and no wish to share the luxuries of Bedlam with the unconstitutional shooters on Constitutional Hill. I adopted a wiser plan than that of subjecting myself to the cross-questionings of a jury empanelled to inquire into my sanity or insanity.

I rang the bell *twice*, to the great surprise of mine hostess, who sent the nurserymaid down to inquire who the impertinent individual was who had ventured to give the masonic sign for bringing down the baby. I bribed the girl with a new shilling to persuade her mistress to intrust little Jonathan to me for a few minutes.

I love to play with children, and recalling the accomplishments of my own babyhood, I succeeded in playing at marbles until my knees ached, much to the satisfaction of my partner, and greatly to the detriment of the knees of my trousers and the knees of my person. An unfortunate slip of my taw caused a bump upon the head of little Jonathan, and a discoloration of the cuticle just above his left eye. I need hardly say, that he did not stand the blow without giving tongue. He roared most frightfully, and I was not sorry to see his mamma enter, and after giving me *such* a look, order him up to his nursery, where he would not be subjected to such *very* rough usage.

The necessity imposed upon me of apologizing for my injurious treatment of the heir to the honours and fortunes of Mount Whistling, was really a relief to me, and I made up my mind to repeat the ill-usage of a child upon the very first occasion on which I found myself dull in a country-house. As to the lady's insinuations, and the child's shyness at playing with me afterwards, I did not care a new coin—a half-farthing—for them. I had killed *ennui*, and I was a happy murderer.

The time arrived for setting out for the almshouse, but as to walking there through the woods as we had intended, it was quite out of the question ; for no umbrella that was ever invented, would have sustained the weight of the rain that was falling. No shooting-shoes—not even India-rubber boots—could have secured us dry feet across the lawn. The question was put to defer our visit until the next day, but not one assentient voice could be obtained. The motion was not even seconded, for every one knew that its being carried would have caused much disappointment. Who could disappoint Lauderly, his wife, and six most worthy and respectable widows ?

What was to be done ? we could not travel on horseback, and as to going in the carriage, John Trot, the coachman, would have looked blue at his master for some weeks if he had suggested such a thing as having old Bess and Poppet out in so heavy a rain, and he might probably have abdicated the throne on which he had sat an absolute monarch for some thirty years. No, that would not do. William, the footman, cut the gordian knot of our difficulties, by recommending the use of the *blunderbuss*, as he was pleased to call a dog-cart with a covered head, which Mr. Sternpost had christened an omnibus.

William rose some half dozen pegs in the estimation of his master and mistress for the suggestion. An old horse who was used to all sorts of vehicles, weather and roads, was soon harnessed, and we were stowed away in the comfortable carriage which bid defiance to rain and wind, and rough, rutty roads. We were obliged to make a considerable *détour* to gain the almshouse, as there was no carriage-road by the terrace through the wood. Our way lay along a newly made drive, and as the system founded by Mr. M'Adam, of breaking the stones into small pieces had not been adopted in the highways and byways of Somersetshire, we had an opportunity of testing the stability of the springs of the omnibus, and the compactness of our thews and sinews. The jolting did us a great deal of good. It made us laugh heartily, and drove away the remains of the melancholy caused by that very gloomy morning.

At length the summit of the hill was reached, and we turned off the rough rocky road on to the smooth soft turf of the common. The contrast put one in mind of what one used to experience in London, when the hackney-coach in which one travelled was "off the stones." short quarter of an hour brought us to our destination, and when the door of the omnibus was opened, and I sprang to the ground, I was amazed to find myself standing on dry earth, with a bright sun above me, shining from a cloudless sky. We were, in fact, above the clouds, which were hanging in dense masses, entangled as it were in the woods below us. The effect upon my spirits was electrical—or, I believe I ought to say, electro-magnetical—my heart bounded in my bosom, and I should certainly have shown the intoxicating effect of fine weather upon it by cutting a caper, or spinning a pirouette, had not the appearance of the poor old crippled keeper in his arm-chair acted as a damper upon the exuberance of my joy.

To any one unaccustomed to the hilly parts of the West of England our account of the gloominess and wetness of the morning we had passed would have been incredible, but our friends of the hill knew very well that while they, the higher classes, were enjoying the luxuries of sunshine, we, the lower orders, were suffering from the miseries of a morn that "heavily with clouds brought on the day." They had been seriously alarmed lest our moral or physical courage should have failed us, and disappointed them of our society.

I need not describe the dinner prepared for us. It was literally a plain joint, a dish of game from the squire's, and a little pastry; but it was so well cooked, so nicely served, and so cheerfully partaken of, that I never once regretted the absence of fish, soups, and side dishes. As to the wines, when I heard the report of a champagne cork, I understood the use of a sort of washing-tub with a cover to it, which I saw strapped on to the roof when I stepped into the omnibus. It was a large ice-pail which Jonathan Sternpost had invented for terrace-dinners and distant pic-nics. He knew that the laws laid down for the government of this little community did not prohibit wine on *all* occasions, and he knew that the ladies of the almshouse, like the rest of their sex, loved a little champagne, and that little cool. Whenever he joined them in their frugal meal, he benevolently filled and sent up the ice-pail. His benevolence was not purely disinterested, for he preferred champagne to bottled table-beer, which was the nearest approach to it to be found in the cellars of the asylum.

"But the widows," cries out some curious or impatient reader.

Well, my dear madam, or sir, without the prefix, I can assure you that I never saw six more pleasing or respectable-looking middle-aged ladies in my life.

"Did they look very melancholy?"

Melancholy! they looked perfectly happy and smiled—ay, and laughed too, after the second round of champagne.

"Did they talk?"

How can you ask so very silly—pardon me—so very queer a question.

"But were they pretty or interesting, or—"

Patience, madam, or sir; I am about to introduce you to them individually, and then I will give you the best sketch I can of the personal appearance of each of them. I can only say now that they all looked cheerful, contented, and happy. Why should they not? In this blessed retreat they had no bills to pay, and did not know a tax-gatherer or a bum-bailiff, even by sight. A religious light was observable in their faces, and not a *dim* religious light—which is more suitable to the interior of a cathedral than to the exterior of the human countenance. I always suspect that the black drop of hypocrisy is to be found in the heart of every one who endeavours to prove his sanctity by the constant gloominess of his looks. Give me the cheerful countenance as the best proof of a heart grateful for the blessings we receive, and submissive to the trials we must all of us undergo.

We did not sit long over our wine, but followed Mrs. Lauderly to the drawing-room, where we passed a most delightful evening. There was music, in which most of the ladies were proficient; singing, chiefly of a serious character; there were chess and draft-boards for those who preferred them, and, above all, there were plenty of books, and an excellent reader in the worthy chaplain, who made his cheerful companions smile or weep over their work, as he read to them from the varied pages of Shakspeare and other bards. Cards there were, but they were seldom called for, and then only to amuse some of their younger friends, who visited them now and then from the neighbourhood around, and to bring their little contributions to the clothing fund established for the benefit of the cottagers on the estate.

I was truly sorry when, after taking a little supper, the omnibus was announced, and we set out under the light of an autumnal moon, on our return home. I need hardly say that I took advantage of a *sederunt* in which mine host and I indulged after we reached the Mount, to learn the histories of our companions for the evening. These I stored up in the treasure-house of my memory, and will recount them to the best of my poor abilities for the benefit and amusement of my readers.

CHAP. II.

WIDOW, No. I.

THE lady who sat on my right during dinner was introduced to me by the foundress of the asylum, who was on my left, as Mrs. Monta-

cute. She appeared to be a few years older than her companions, or perhaps the trials she had, in common with them, undergone, had made a deeper and more lasting impression upon *her* features. She was still strikingly handsome. Her complexion was bright and clear, and a dark gray eye, fringed with long silken lashes, seemed but to require some slight excitement to call forth its latent brilliancy. Her hair was of the colour of the ripe chestnut, but here and there a few gray hairs intruded themselves. In height she was not above the medium size of women. Her figure had evidently been slight in her youth, but was now somewhat fuller than strict symmetry would require. Altogether she was in feature, expression, and general appearance, such an one as a man sated with the frivolities and nothingnesses of showy beauties would gladly have secured as a companion for life.

So much for the personal appearance of Mrs. Montacute, and now for her little history.

On the banks of a small stream which arose in a neighbouring hill, and hurried itself over a rocky rugged bottom into the river Wye stood a neat residence, a building something between a cottage and a country-house. It was called Coalbrook Cottage, from the name of the brook which ran through its grounds, and was the moving power to an immense water-wheel, connected with some iron-works which stood some few hundred yards below. Of these works and this cottage Mr. Montacute was the proprietor. He was a clever, scientific man, who had raised himself from an humble station by his attention to his business, and by strict integrity. He had invented a method of working tiuned plates, and by the aid of his form^{er} master had taken out a patent for the process, and built the works adjoining the cottage in which he now dwelt, and which was formerly occupied by a gentleman of small independent property, and his only daughter, who bestowed herself and her little fortune on Montacute some eighteen months after her father's death. For him she had rejected a host of suitors, who, she thought, sought her hand, not for the sake of that hand alone, but for the money of which the stroke of a pen in that hand could make them masters. She knew the honest uprightness of his character, and she had no relations who had the wish or the right to control her in her choice.

Within twelvemonths after their union a son was born to them, and a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Montacute were not to be found in the county of Gloucester. The cottage of Coalbrook was the scene of calm, tranquil enjoyment, and the source of well-bestowed charity to the neighbouring peasantry, many of whom, leaving the healthier but less profitable pursuits of agriculture became useful and clever servants at the works.

In the course of a few years Montacute discovered another process by means of which the plates could be prepared much more speedily and at less expense than by the former which he had himself invented, and hitherto adhered to. It required a considerable capital to alter the works, so as to bring the more recent discovery to bear. But whence was the sum required to be obtained? Montacute had realized enough by his first invention to pay off the money advanced to him by his employer, but it had left him with barely sufficient to carry on his business, and that employer was now dead. He might have raised money on the

mortgage of the cottage, or have resorted to the principal of his wife's property, but he had settled it upon her when they were married, and he resolved not to touch it or encumber the estate. The only plan he could hit upon was to seek a partner, who should be admitted to a share of the profits upon advancing the money necessary for making the alterations, and securing the patent of the invention.

About twelve months before this period, a person had taken up his residence in the adjoining borough, which I will take the liberty of calling Maythorn. This gentleman, Ernest Lowe, had been brought up in the counting-house of his father, who called himself a general agent. It so happened that the father and son differed in their views of carrying on the business after the latter had been admitted into partnership. The father thought the son far too bold in his speculations, and the son thought his father an old twaddler, who would never be worth 20,000*l.*, and told him so. The result was that they agreed to separate—to dissolve partnership. This was effected, and with 5000*l.* in his pocket Ernest Lowe left London, took a house in Maythorn, and opened a bank of issue. He might have found some difficulty in getting persons to take his notes, had he been a perfect stranger in the place; but such was not the case. He had been a most active agent for the gentleman who then represented Maythorn in parliament, and by his ingenuity—to use a mild term—had succeeded in unseating the old member, a most respectable man, whose family had lived in the neighbourhood of, and represented the borough for, many years. Ernest was also ready to accommodate a customer by cashing a check or discounting a bill, and was very hospitable in his entertainments, and very liberal with the contents of his well-stocked cellar.

The result of these modes of proceeding was, that he shortly became a person of some consequence, and instead of one boy whom he called his clerk, standing behind his counter issuing notes and doing the usual work of a country bank, while he sat perched up aloft keeping the books and writing to correspondents, he soon had a regular set of clerks, and merely did the speculating and looking-on part.

Ernest was not a "sleeping partner," he was, to use a vulgarism, "wide awake." Though his hands did not work his head did. He wormed himself into the heart of the only lawyer in Maythorn, and through him managed to learn the means and appliances of every body who had, or was supposed to have, property in and around the borough. This knowledge enabled him to make advances in security, and saved him from giving offence in quarters where he might have injured his business by an indiscreet refusal of supplies when temporary aid was required.

Amongst his neighbours, Ernest had never had any transactions with Montacute; nor could he learn any thing of the state of his affairs from his friend the lawyer, except that the property on which he resided, and that on which the iron-works stood, was freehold, and, to the best of his knowledge and belief, unmortgaged. How to obtain an insight into the state of things at Coalbrook Ernest did not know, as the proprietor was of so domestic a turn of mind, and so devoted to business, that he passed his days in the works, and his evenings at his own fireside.

He could not introduce himself at the cottage without some pretext

for doing so, nor could he invite the owner to dine with him at one of his handsome entertainments without some sort of introduction. He was very anxious to effect an intimacy with Montacute, because he really believed that he could realize a very pretty property if he could get a share in the works, or a hold on the proprietor of them. It would give stability to his credit as a banker, to be known as the joint-owner of so flourishing a concern as the Coalbrook Tinned-plate Works.

He turned the matter over and over again in his mind, but turn it which way he would he could see no way of effecting his object. He knew not how to get even on speaking terms with Montacute, for he knew no one who knew him, and all his money matters were transacted without having recourse to the Maythorn Bank. He felt irritated and annoyed, and almost made up his mind to introduce himself by asking permission to see the works, or on some other plea as frivolous and vexatious.

One evening as he sat pondering over this most fruitful source of trouble to him, Ernest Lowe heard a knock at his outer-door, and his servant wished to know if he was at home, as one Mr. Montacute wished to speak to him.

It is needless to say, that Mr. Lowe *was* at home, and that ere his visiter had been seated many minutes, two bottles of his very best wine, with biscuits and fruit, were placed before him.

This, however, was putting himself to an useless expense, and his servant to unnecessary trouble. Montacute was not a wine-bibber. He needed no stimulant to give him courage to make a mere business proposal, nor was he likely to make a sacrifice of his interests by suffering intoxicating drinks to deprive him of his intellects. He drank two glasses of wine before he proceeded to make known the object of his calling on the banker, and then in a collected, straightforward manner, explained to him the nature of the invention, which he felt assured would prove very profitable, and his wish to obtain some person as a partner, who could supply the capital necessary for carrying it out.

Ernest Lowe listened attentively, and without hesitation, closed with the proposal that had been made to him. In a few days the necessary papers were prepared and signed, and the patent secured. The old works were speedily levelled to the ground, and new ones erected in their place. In a very few years additions were made to them, workmen's cottages erected, and what had been a mere handful of huts, was now a large and populous village.

A change as great as had taken place in the works, had been effected in the cottage—not in the building, for that remained as it had stood for years—but in the inhabitants. Mr. and Mrs. Montacute were no longer nobodies. They visited and received visitors; kept a carriage, and were on intimate terms with the neighbouring gentry, but with none so intimate as with Ernest Lowe, “the friend of the family,” and partner both as banker and tinned-plate worker with Montacute, under the names and titles of Lowe, Montacute, and Company. The bank was left to the senior partner to conduct it, and the junior was engaged entirely at the works.

Prosperous were they beyond their fondest hopes; but as riches in-

creased, avarice gained ground in their hearts. Money, money, money, was their cry—it was indeed their God. Their influence was such in the borough of Maythorn, that, with the aid of the lawyer, they could return the member, and they would return no man who would not pledge himself to introduce and support measures that were calculated to forward the interests of trade at the expense of agriculture. Their object was to lower the prices of provisions, that they might lower the wages of their workmen, and so gain larger profits, and make their fortunes more speedily. They had already adopted the truck system with their “hands,” and paid their wages in bread, meat, and grocery, and even in articles of dress.

As they had some difficulty in procuring a gentleman to represent Maythorn, who would carry out their views to the full extent, Mr. Ernest Lowe suggested that his partner should come forward and represent the borough, or rather the iron-works himself.

This, as Mr. Lowe expected, he declined doing, under the plea that he could not, without great detriment to the business, absent himself from Coalbrook. Mr. Lowe therefore kindly undertook the M.P. ship himself, and was returned without any opposition.

He placed a responsible person in the bank, and went to reside in the mansion, formerly occupied by the family who, for so many years, had sent the Member for Maythorn to Parliament, but who were now so much reduced by many untoward circumstances, as to be obliged to dispose of the family property, and retire to some humbler and distant home.

Here Mr. Ernest Lowe “carried on the war,” as he called it, most gloriously. The house was refurnished from garret to cellar. Wines of the finest vintages were purchased at the highest prices. Pictures were sent down by waggon-loads at a time. Artists and dealers were there for months cleaning, fresh backing, and hanging them in the most favourable lights.

The library was cleared of its ponderous volumes, and left to the good taste of a first-rate bookseller, to be remodelled and fitted up after the newest fashion, and with the most expensive modern works. Then there was a billiard-room and table erected; a music-room furnished with harps and pianofortes, and all sorts of music. In short, every body said that Ernest Lowe had most princely notions, and deserved to be as rich as he was.

Out of doors the same spirit was exhibited. Hothouses for peacheries, pineries, and graperies, were erected. The garden was filled with the choicest fruit-trees and flowers. The stable department was unexceptionable; and in carriages, Ernest Lowe might have competed with Long Acre itself for style and variety of build.

“What a capital fellow Lowe is,” said the great and demi-great who ate of his good dinners, drank his choice wines, partook of his forced fruits, played at his billiard-table, rode his horses, and lolled in his chariots, phaetons, or britchsks. But what did the poor say? Nothing aloud. They whispered indeed that it was not as it was in the olden time. They were employed and were paid for their labour; but where were their little comforts to which the old family never neglected to attend? Where were the blankets and warm hose, thick shoes, and

comfortable cloaks and coats at Christmas. Where were the bibles and prayer-books with which each of their children was supplied when the village schoolmaster or mistress announced the child's ability to use them? Where were the baskets of meat, wine, and jellies for the recovering sick; and the medicines, broths, and gruels while their illness lasted? Gone—all gone.

The village schools were turned into dog-kennels, and the children as soon as they were able to clean iron plates, were sent to the works to wear out their puny frames amidst the smoke and heat of sulphureous furnaces.

The character of the population—the rising generation—was entirely altered both in appearance and in principles. The men became half infidels and whole politicians. The women no longer revered chastity, but shared in the orgies of their husbands, and indulged in language too horrible to be recorded. Morality had fled from Maythorn—infidelity and licentiousness reigned in her stead.

Mrs. Montacute, I must say in justice to her, did all she could to stay the torrent of vice; but she could do but little. She was kind to the poor, and would have educated the children had it been in her power. The parents, however, cared for nothing but the means of indulging in their debaucheries, and sent their children to work as soon as they could procure them admission to the factory, that they might thus add to their earnings, and procure an increase of their indulgencies.

Montacute himself was an altered man. He received the remarks of his wife on the moral, or rather immoral, condition of the factory children, and their ignorance of the simplest religious obligations, with a smile which might safely have been called a sneer, and intimated that education, except in mechanics, was useless to them; that they could not spare the time—for time was money, and other similar remarks, which issue from the lips of those who worship Mammon, and look on human beings as mere instruments in his service.

The clergyman of the neighbouring borough exerted himself strenuously to remedy the evil which he saw was increasing; but his exertions were vain—the parents would not go to church, nor compel their children to attend the Sunday schools, which he had had enlarged to meet the necessities of a rapidly increasing population. He was unsupported by the great men of the town and neighbourhood, who seemed to think of nothing but joining in some speculation or another to enable them to compete in wealth and luxurious living with the partners of the firm of Lowe, Montacute, and Company.

The head of the firm, Mr. Ernest Lowe, was still a bachelor. He spent most of his time in London, or in a pretty little cottage on Wimbledon Common, during the sitting of the house. When the sessions were over, he returned to Maythorn Manor, accompanied, or followed in a few days, by a crowd of curious characters of both sexes. There were actors and actresses, poets and poetesses, authors and authoresses, musicians, singers, gentlemen and ladies with no apparent means of living, wits of the first water, billiard players, deep hands with a hand of cards, pugilists, horse-jockeys, and funny fellows, who sang comic songs, imitated pigs and poultry, ventriloquized, and performed all

sorts of pleasant practical jokes. The house, in fact, contained a concentrated essence of wickedness and debauchery.

The country ladies declined visiting Maythorn Manor during the shooting-season, which was the period when debauchery was rife within its walls, but the gentry were, with a few favourable exceptions, delighted to share in the orgies, and participate in the revelries that were carried on day after day, and night after night.

Of the effects of such a pernicious example upon the lower orders, I need hardly speak. Marriages in Maythorn were of rare occurrence, though the number of its inhabitants did not decrease. Great was the increase of the number of beer-shops and spirit-houses. The brewer and the spirit-merchant became flourishing men. Their customers were ragged and wretched.

CHAP. III.

TIME flew on, as the old fellow always does, with rapid wings. The young Montacute had finished his education at a public school, and was entered at Cambridge. His father had in his boyhood destined him for his successor at the works; but prosperity altered his views as much as it had altered himself. He determined to bring his son up to one of the liberal professions—he did not care which. He resolved to educate him with that view, but to leave the choice of law, physic, or divinity to himself.

The hopeful boy had already made up his mind to follow neither one nor the other, but to wait, as he said, until “the governor was turfed,” and then to spend the earnings of a long and successful life, as a man of independent property should do, which, in his estimation, was precisely as Mr. Ernest Lowe was doing at Maythorn Manor. He resolved to “get his hand in” by practising on a small scale as soon as he should go up to reside at Cambridge.

An event occurred, however, which put an end to these very prudent resolves.

I have already described the enlargement of the factories, and the great increase of the population of Coalbrook. There were at this time upwards of five hundred men employed at the works, besides women and children. The great weekly expense incurred in paying such a multitude, although it was principally in food and goods, induced the proprietors to take advantage of a slight fall in the market to lower the wages of the workmen.

The “screw was applied,” and caused much dissatisfaction, which showed itself at first in murmurings, and surly, sulky looks. After a while, meetings were held, and those who had been political orators in the various drinking-shops, were converted into promoters of rebellion against their employers. Meetings were held nightly, and eventually a strike was resolved upon.

A committee was formed to wait upon the masters, and demand an increase of wages, and those wages to be paid in money, and not as heretofore, in dear and bad provisions, and inferior articles of clothing.

This committee was formed by drawing lots, and the ten men who drew these lots, would willingly have declined the office which fortune had imposed upon them. One among them, however, a daring, dissolute fellow, a scoffer at religion, and a leveller of all ranks in society, threatened, that if they refused to act as they had sworn to do, he would go to Mr. Montacute and make him acquainted with the conspiracy which had been formed. He also told them that he should recommend him to shut up the works, and starve the hands into submission.

These threats had the desired effect. They went to their master in a body. Hunter, the mob orator, agreed to be the speaker.

Mr. Montacute was just sitting down to a seven o'clock dinner, when the committee were seen approaching the cottage. He started and turned pale, for he suspected the object of their visit. He went out to meet them, and demanded of them what they wanted.

Hunter respectfully but firmly intimated their wishes. The master listened to them attentively, but replied that he could do nothing in the matter without consulting his partner, who was then in London. He promised to write to him on the morrow, and communicate the result to the men so soon as he should have received an answer.

The committee went away, and the master went to his dinner, but with very little appetite for the dainties set before him. There was a something in the look of the hands which boded serious mischief, and his conscience whispered him that justice was on their side.

Before he retired for the night, he wrote a long letter to Mr. Ernest Lowe, explaining what had occurred, and stating his fears of the result.

The answer was—

“ Dear Sir,

“ Call upon the magistrates to swear in a body of special constables, close the works, and *starve* the scoundrels.

“ Your faithful friend,

“ E. LOWE.”

Upon this wicked advice Montacute was wicked enough to act. When the hands came to the works on the following day, they were told that their services were no longer required, unless they consented to work upon the same terms as they had hitherto done. This, Hunter, on behalf of his fellow-workmen, declined doing, and the works were closed.

During the whole of this day the beer-houses and spirit-shops were filled with men, and groups of women might be seen standing in various parts of Coalbrook and Maythorn. Individuals were now and then seen passing from one group to another, conveying interesting tidings in whispers. None of the committee of ten were observed during the day, and Hunter kept himself quite close in his own lodgings.

The shops were all closed, but why no one knew, as there was no sign of an outbreak, or of any violent act being meditated. The Mayor of Maythorn had, at the suggestion of Mr. Montacute, sworn in some sixty or seventy special constables, who having been cautioned to be

ready in case they should be wanted, separated and returned to their respective homes.

The day passed quietly ; the workmen retired early to their houses, and the only difference observable in matters at Coalbrook was, that the furnaces—those huge chimneys run to seed—no longer belched forth flames and smoke, and the large hammer that flattened the iron plates was unheard.

The master of the works and his clerks, who had not joined in the strike, being suspicious that an attack might be made upon the works during the night, sat up at the cottage. Morning found them watching and watching in vain, for no sign of a disturbance had appeared. In this way a week passed. No correspondence took place between the employer and his men. The shops it is true had been opened in the borough, but anxiety and a sense of impending danger were visible in the looks of the townsmen.

Montacute and his clerks, weary of watching, and no longer dreading open violence, retired to their beds, leaving three constables to guard the works, and to rouse them if any thing should occur to render their presence necessary. For four nights their rest was undisturbed, but on the fifth they were called hastily from their beds. What a fearful sight presented itself to their eyes ! The works were one mass of flame. Factories, storehouses, counting-houses, all burning together !

As Montacute rushed down the path by the brook side towards the spot, he saw that an immense crowd stood, armed with sticks, pokers, and other weapons, in a circle round the building.

When he drew near he was told by a man whose face was covered by a piece of black crape, but by whose voice he recognised Hunter, that no person would be allowed to approach the works until they were entirely consumed. Montacute was a powerful and resolute man, and endeavoured to thrust this person aside and rush past him. He was seized in a moment and thrown to the ground. He rose and struggled with his antagonist, who told him that he had no wish to hurt him, but merely to keep him from entering the works before they were burnt to the ground. Montacute, with awful oaths, called him by his name, and assured him he would leave no stone unturned to have him hanged as an incendiary. Hunter thrust his hands into his master's neckcloth, and pressing his knuckles against his throat, would have choked him, had not a tremendous explosion thrown them both to the ground, where they lay for a time stunned. Several barrels of powder placed purposely under the two immense furnacc-chimneys had ignited. The solid masses of brickwork were shivered to pieces, and the shrieks of men, women, and children, showed that many had been injured by the scattered fragments.

With these shrieks of agony were mingled shouts of triumph and the laughter of demons. They seemed to rouse both the fallen master and man, not only from stupor but to phrensy. Both sprang to their feet and renewed the struggle in which they had been engaged. It lasted not long however, for Hunter throwing his opponent to the ground, seized a fragment of the falling chimney, and hurling it at his head dashed out his brains.

The horrid event was quickly known to all the rioters, and they dis-

persed in all directions, all with the exception of Hunter, who *could* not quit his victim. He had not meditated murder, and vile as he was, the notion of having destroyed life deprived him of energy enough even to escape the consequences of his crime. He was seized and thrown into prison, tried and executed. The rioters were many of them punished, but they preserved their secret so well that no one knew who of them it was that planned or carried into effect the burning of the works.

Now let us see the result of this most daring deed upon the other characters of our little drama.

Of the widow I will only say, at present, that some weeks passed without her being fully conscious of what was passing around her. The fire, the destruction of the property, and the murder of her husband, to whom she had been warmly attached, had been too much for her; her brain was affected, and for some days it was considered impossible for her to recover the shock. Her son attended upon her with the greatest affection; indeed, he only quitted her side at the bidding of the doctors to take rest and food.

Mr. Ernest Lowe, when he was informed of the sad result of the *starving* system which he had so cruelly recommended, was entertaining a few friends at his little cottage at Wimbledon. He read the letter which conveyed the news to his little party, which, if truth must be told, consisted only of two ladies of damaged reputation, and one very intimate friend, who made a great deal of money by advancing upon undoubtful security at cent. per cent. This gentleman, when the letter was read, did not pretend to be seriously affected, but whispered to his entertainer,

"You had better marry the widow, and you will be master of the whole property."

Mr. Ernest Lowe turned very pale—very pale indeed—which was attributed by the ladies to the excessive grief he felt for the horrid end of his late partner. He tossed off a bumper of wine, ordered post-horses to his travelling-chariot, and hurried down to Maythorn.

He was here engaged for some weeks in apprehending the rioters, and attending their examinations and subsequent trials, and never allowed a day to pass without calling at Coalbrook cottage to inquire after the health of its mistress, and to assure her son that all would be well, and that he might rely for advice and assistance in every matter on him—"the friend of the family."

At the bank all went on as usual, but no one was invited to Maythorn Manor but the senior clerk—the confidential man at the bank. This person spent his time, after banking hours, with his employer, and after taking a small quantity of wine, the servants were ordered to prepare coffee in the library, where a great many large leather-covered books occupied their attention until they retired to bed at a late hour.

As Mr. Ernest Lowe put on a suit of very elegant mourning, and wore a face of woe, he was pronounced by all his neighbours to be a most feeling person. His *heart* was said to be "in the right place."

When Mrs. Montacute had recovered the shock sufficiently to be removed, the doctors recommended change of scene. Mr. Lowe offered his cottage at Wimbledon for her reception, and thither, as soon as cer-

tain little removals had been effected by Mr. Lowe in person, she retreated with her son, and after a few weeks was completely restored to health, though not to happiness.

As soon as her complete restoration was made known to him by the medical gentleman whom he had engaged to attend her. Mr. Ernest Lowe having put every thing in training for the rebuilding of the works, hastened up to town. There he had an interview with his friend the fashionable *advancer*. What took place at that interview cannot be told, but one result of it was, that Mr. Lowe drove down to Wimbledon and put into execution the plan suggested by the money-lender, when the news of Mr. Montacute's murder reached them at the wine table. He *proposed* to the widow, whom he had prepared for the offer of his person and fortune in a series of letters, as he thought, but which she read to mean offers of friendship and assistance, of which she never entertained a doubt. She had always looked upon him as "the friend of the family." When his meaning, however, was personally explained to her, she felt at first greatly shocked; then, when he urged the matter very pressing, she in a kind but firm manner begged to decline the offer. Mr. Ernest Lowe professed to be greatly hurt, and to shed tears of grief. He even muttered something about life being a burden to him, now that his happiness was destroyed for ever.

Mrs. Montacute, who believed him to be sincere, was much grieved, and said all she could to console him, assuring him of her gratitude for all past kindnesses, and her full reliance upon him in all matters as one who had proved himself to be "the friend of the family."

Mr. Lowe, after walking up and down the room with a cambric handkerchief to his eyes for some quarter of an hour, uttered a deep sigh, and promised never to allude to the subject again.

He did not take his leave, however, but turned the conversation to her future prospects, and her intentions with regard to her son. After he had ascertained that she intended to reside at Cambridge with her son until he should have taken his degree—a plan he very much approved of. Mr. Lowe made some inquiries and suggestions, which ended in obtaining her signature to a document, which, strange to say, he had in his pocket-book, and which is called a power of attorney. It enabled him to receive her dividends, to sell out and buy in stock—in short, to do as he pleased with her funded property, which she supposed to amount to a considerable sum. Could she do better than intrust the management of it to a wealthy banker, and the "friend of the family?"

Mr. Lowe's fingers trembled as they returned the document into his pocket-book. He took a most affectionate leave of his dear friend and her son, and returned, after passing a few hours with his ally, the *advancer*, to his home at Maythorn Manor, where he opened house again to his friends and neighbours, and received plans and contracts for the rebuilding of the factories at Coalbrook.

Mrs. Montacute left Wimbledon on the morning following the important interview with "the friend of the family," and went to reside at Cambridge with her son, who had been already entered as a fellow-commoner in that University. At her request, Mr. Lowe paid 500*l.* into the Cambridge bank. Here I must leave the widow and her son, and return to Maythorn Manor.

It was on a beautiful day in June that a very large party was assembled at the Manor. There was an archery meeting followed by a dinner and a ball in the evening—every thing was done on the most splendid scale, and every body pronounced the giver of the entertainment a most splendid fellow. Shortly after midnight the guests ordered their carriages and departed. The servants wearied with their day's exertions retired to bed. Mr. Lowe partly undressed himself and dismissed his valet, bidding him not to disturb him too early in the morning.

About half an hour afterwards a person might have been seen to come out of Mr. Lowe's room dressed in the garb of a quaker, with gray locks and whiskers, and a large pair of tortoiseshell spectacles. He stooped very much and seemed to be suffering from a load of years if not of infirmities. He walked slowly and softly down the carpeted stairs, opened the hall-door very gently and closed it after him. He then looked up at the servants' windows and seeming satisfied with the inspection walked through the shrubbery to a small gate that opened into a lane communicating with the high-road to Chepstow. A low whistle was answered, and a gig driven by a man dressed as a quaker's servant came up from beneath some high trees which shaded the lane. Mr. Lowe—for it was himself—sprang into it, and was driven by his confidential clerk at a very smart trot to the Old Passage, where a boat was waiting for them.

In a few hours, and before the archery party had risen from their beds, the two sham quakers were on board the good ship *Washington*, and on their way to the *New World*. Their passage had been paid, and their luggage put on board at Bristol, under the name of *Aminadab Straight* and servant. They were to be waited for at *Portishead Point*. The captain might have had his suspicions, but—it was no business of his.

At ten o'clock of the same day, when the bank ought to have opened, it did not. A small ticket on the door, however, kindly announced that, *Lowe, Montacute, and Co.*, had suspended payment.

I shall not attempt to describe the consternation that ensued, or the ruin that followed; suffice it to say, that after the sale of every thing, including the cottage at *Coalbrook*, of which Mr. Lowe had managed to get possession, the creditors received $2\frac{3}{4}d.$ in the pound, and cursed their folly for trusting a man who had landed property worth about 5000*l.*, and had issued notes to the tune of 80,000*l.*

The agreeable tidings of her entire ruin—for Lowe had stripped her of every farthing—was brought to Mrs. Montacute at an unfortunate moment. She had just heard that her son—her only hope in life—was drowned while bathing in the *Cam*.

A long and serious illness followed. She found many friends in the clergy of *Cambridge*, who learnt her history and sympathized in her griefs. Mrs. *Lauderly* was informed of her fate by a friend at *Cambridge*, and in the asylum at *Mount Whistling*, Mrs. Montacute was taught to forget her woes and to forgive

"THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY."

A MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE IN GERMANY.

LAST summer, after a most delightful voyage up the Rhine, that most lovely and picturesque of German towns, Baden-Baden, was honoured by my visit. And who shall draw the picture in colours sufficiently glowing to describe that sweet spot? Where the pencil bold enough to portray the lofty and grand mountains which encircle it? Where the pen that shall convey to the ideas of the stay-at-home half the delights of a visit to this, I may call it, "happy valley." My quill made an humble attempt, but after getting through pages enough to form a tolerably bulky folio, gave up the task in despair, and said, "It would have nothing to do with it."

But I was at Baden. True; and of course I did as Baden did. The Cursaal saw me every day amongst its throng of visitors, lounging as if I had been its possessor. The ball-rooms in the evening felt the step of my "light fantastic;" and the occupiers of the roulette-tables eyed me with no very agreeable look; for I gazed on, quite unmoved by their temptations, never having played, except once, when I staked the enormous sum of a florin, which of course went to enrich the treasury. The old castle at the top of the hill frowned down on me as it viewed my panting efforts up the sides of its mountain, and the *garçon* smilingly handed me my *demi-bouteille* when I had reached the summit. And how proudly I took my seat at the *table d'hôte* of the *Badischer Hof*, or the *Hotel d'Europe*, and felt myself on a par with Lord This, and Prince That, and Foreign Ambassador So-and-so; and how agreeable I made myself, or tried to do so, when chatting to them as if they had been my most intimate friends. And how many gallons of soup (not turtle) did I swallow, and how many horrible viands did I eat, not that I liked them, but every body tasted them—so did I. But my grand adventure.—

I said above I was in the habit of attending the roulette-tables, though not with the intention of playing. Some few hours were always passed in this idle amusement. Well; I had been there nearly a month, and at two o'clock every day I had observed a man take his stand at the table, stake a *rouleau* of Napoleons on the highest number, and universally win; then taking up his gains, quietly retire. He was tall, very dark, and possessed most remarkably black and brilliant eyes, and was of a fine commanding figure.

When he made his appearance, I observed there was always a stir at the table, and way was instantly made for him. But the best of the joke was, that as soon as he laid down his stake, several people who had observed his sure success, immediately placed large sums on the number he did, and as regularly took up thirty-six times larger. Had he remained at them, he must have broken the bank, for the ball seemed under his perfect control. Of course, he soon got the reputation of being something more than human. He never spoke to any—merely walked in—staked—won—and walked out again, and nobody could say where he came from, or where he went; and the natives who, it is known, are rather inclined to belief in supernaturals, soon proclaimed him to be the —, and nought else; and not even the certain success of winning could induce them to stake when he

played, for fear of the consequences—so that honour was left to the foreigners.

I inquired who he was. No one knew.

"Where does he come from?" said I to a fat old German, who had smoked away nearly all his intellects, and was then engaged in completing the work.

"Ah, nobody knows."

"Where does he go then when he leaves this?"

"Nobody can tell."

"Why does not somebody follow him and see?"

"Why don't you?" said he, pithily.

"So I will to-morrow," said I.

"If you do, then farewell!" said he, staring at me.

"Nonsense!" said I. "What do I care for him?"

The morrow came, and with it two o'clock, and with that the stranger, who went through his daily ceremony. When he moved, I moved after him. I kept a short distance behind, and observed many people watching me, for the old German had mentioned my purpose. The stranger passed through the crowd, and took the direct road to the village of Lichenthal. I kept in the rear. On he went, never stopping for an instant, or turning his head right or left, and a most slapping pace he walked; so much so, that I began to fear he would outstrip me. He soon reached the brewery, (any one who has been to Baden, knows the Lichenthal brewery,) where, as is the custom with many who frequent that beautiful village, he called for a bottle of beer, for which that place is rather celebrated. I did the same. He did not appear to regard me, or even know I was there. Several Germans, who were sitting about smoking and quaffing their glasses of the beverage, recognised him, and immediately made off, leaving their beer for the good of the house. We were thus left together. After a sip or two, I ventured to address him.

"Capital beer this," said I, in English; "the best I ever tasted in Germany."

No answer. I tried French—no answer. Then German—no reply. Italian—still no response. I had now exhausted my treasury of languages, and felt at a loss. However, I made a desperate attempt in Latin—the same result.

"Well," thought I, "he is very surly. I will try what a little religion will do, and if he is 'no better than he should be,' he will show some symptoms."

So in all the tongues above mentioned I repeated a verse or two from the Bible, fully expecting to see him vanish. But no, the notice he took of it was by taking a hearty pull at the beer. It sticks in his throat, thought I. I will give him some more of it. But it was of no avail; and after finishing his bottle, which, by the by, he seemed to relish wonderfully, he rose and walked off. I was not long before I followed, for I was determined to see where he went. He took a short cut to the foot of the mountain behind the brewery, I following at a respectful distance. We were soon in a very retired part, and as I went steadily on, he, unperceived by me, slackened his pace, so that I came up close behind him when he turned sharply round, and said in plain downright English, "What the devil are you dogging me for?"

at the same time presenting me with a most decidedly English blow between the eyes, with a very English fist, which instantly had the effect of causing my oculars to emit sparks enough to blow up all the magazines in the world (*except this*), and tumbling me over and over.

I was so astonished, and so completely *taken aback*, that I was some moments recovering, and righting myself. When this was effected my new acquaintance was nowhere to be seen, so with a very blue countenance, and a very black bruise, I remained wandering about, not venturing to enter the town until dusk, as I did not wish the Badenites to see the result of my expedition. The next day, of course, I did not stir out, but remained within, bathing my face with all sorts of restoratives. This gave rise to a very grand story, which ran through the town like wildfire, nor lost by repetition, that I had been carried away by the devil in a flame of fire.

However, the day after I walked out, and was soon surrounded by a parcel of people, all anxious to know the issue of my travels. I professed to be very mysterious, and answered their thousand and one questions by assuring them that the stranger was no other than his Satanic majesty, or at least his plenipotentiary. At two o'clock I took my place at the tables not at all daunted, wishing to see whether my friend would recognise me. This day, in consequence of my recital, greater respect than ever was paid to him, and he had the table nearly all to himself. He played, and his money was handed to him. Indeed the *roupiers* had got so accustomed to him that they had the amount he was sure to win ready counted. When he took up his heap of gold he cast his eyes round the company, and seeing me, slightly smiled, to which courteous salutation I politely bowed. But I did not venture to follow him again—instinct forbade it.

About a week passed over, with the usual routine, when one day I proposed to myself a solitary walk over some parts of the mountain which had hitherto remained unexplored by me, and intending to make a day of it, I put on my pedestrian suit, and provided myself well with all the necessaries of existence. Much pleased with my tour, I pursued it farther than I had originally intended, and having dined and taken a nap on the grass, I found it getting dusk. This rather alarmed me, for I did not know exactly where I was, and though not afraid of meeting any thing unpleasant, still I did not like the idea of promenading a mountain all night.

But inactivity was out of the question, so shaking off all idleness, I started away, following my nose. There was no path to guide me, but on listening I heard the tinkle of a bell in the distance, which I fancied must be that of the convent at Lichenthal, so I determined to pursue the guidance of my ear as well as my nose.

I had walked on thus for about a quarter of an hour, and still could find no clue to an escape, but, *au contraire*, seemed to be getting more entangled, when, on turning round rather a sudden angle, I stood in front of a rude kind of cottage, evidently built without much regard to strict architecture. I gazed at it for a few moments, but could see no signs of an inhabitant; but I thought whether there is or not, there can be no harm in trying, and if I am to sleep on the mountain, it will be much better for my constitution to do so under the roof of a cottage, than *sub tegmine fagi*.

So I brought the top of my walkingstick in immediate contact with the door—no answer. Again I thundered away, and hundreds of echoes through the mountains was all the reply I could get. I then thought it advisable to take the liberty of peeping in at the window, and turned for that purpose, when I nearly lost my equilibrium by seeing two most glaring eyes—such a pair I never saw—beaming most ferociously upon me from within,—nor was I long in recognising the owner—my friend of the pugilistic turn; but my courage instantly came back, so I determined to ask him civilly, either to give me a night's lodging, or show me the way home. With this idea I knocked again at the door. It flew open with a spring, but no one stood on the threshold, either to invite or oppose my entrance, so in I marched.

There was my friend quietly airing his coat-tails at the fire. Never have I seen such a man—tall, handsome, and most powerfully built, and such eyes as he had baffle all description, and now that they flashed in anger on me—I thought this cottage was in imminent danger of ignition.

"I have lost my way," said I, in rather a shaky tone, "and I do not know where I am."

"And what is that to me?" said he.

"A great deal," said I, rather annoyed at his impertinence. "I am a fellow-creature in distress."

"No fellow-creature of mine," was the reply.

"Then what are you?" said I.

"I am he who thought he had given sufficient lessons to those who are over curious."

I now thought I would make an attempt at a joke, to see what that would do for me.

"Ah!" said I, "a pretty pair of black eyes you gave me—a lesson in boxing I shall not soon forget."

"That is nothing to what is in store for you now," said he.

Here was a dilemma—completely at the mercy of a man three times my caliber, consoling me, far removed from all help, with such a promise.

"Well," said I, "what are you going to do to me?"

"Treat you as you deserve," said he.

"How is that?" said I, in rather a *funky* voice.

"Ask no questions—you will soon see."

He stepped aside, and touched with his foot a small peg, which rose from the floor, and instantly a trap-door opened, and in pantomimic fashion up came a table laid with supper *for one*.

Of course I thought this was for me, and that he was not such a bad fellow after all; but no—he quietly sat down to the repast, cleared every thing before him (I never saw a man eat with such an appetite), and did not ask me to partake of a morsel of meat or a cup of wine.

I now saw that he meditated something dreadful, and resolve the same, so I grasped my stick very tightly, slipping the head downwards, which was loaded, and made up my mind that the moment he turned and gave me the opportunity, I would bring it down on his nob with all my force, hoping thus to render him senseless, and then make my escape.

During the supper he had not said a word, although I had been talking incessantly, after he had demolished every thing, he stepped again to the spring, and down went the table, and the trap-door closed.

"Now then," thought I, "my time is at hand—I either die or escape."

So when he turned again I swung my stick round with all my might, and brought nob to nob in the most approved Tipperary fashion. But I might have spared myself the trouble, for *he did not seem to be aware that I had hit him at all.*

Now of course there was no doubt in my mind as to his identity. He then took down a pipe which he smoked in solemn silence, which being finished, he said,

"Now I am going to bed, and as I never can sleep if a stranger is in the neighbourhood, I must despatch you."

On hearing this I made a rush towards the door, intending to have a run for it, but he did not move after me; on the contrary, sat still, laughing at my futile attempts to open the door. I could see neither locks, nor bars, nor bolts, yet could not move it. I then placed my back against it, resolved to sell my life dearly. When he had put up his pipe he advanced towards me.

"Now," said I, calmly, "if you respect your life respect mine, for I have a strong arm, and I mean to use it on this occasion very vigorously."

"You tried that just now, you know, but it was of no use, so come quietly."

And having said this, he took hold of the collar of my coat. Bang, bang, went my stick across his face, but I might just as well have hit a rock. He had now pulled me to the centre of the room, but he evidently found me stronger than he had anticipated, for the struggle of a man who does it for his life is rather stronger than ordinary. However, he soon got the advantage over me, and taking me in his arms, he carried me outside the house through a door at the back, and holding me up, I saw by the light of a brilliant harvest-moon, that I overhung a precipice, below which I heard the gurgling of a river (which glistened in the moonbeams) as if it had been a mile off—so you may judge of the depth.

"This is the way I serve all intruders on my privacy," said he. "Good night!"

And letting me drop as if I had been a large stone, I went bump, bump, bump, first on one jutting rock, then bounding off to another, until at last, after about half an hour's bumping, I found myself floundering about the floor of my bedroom, having tumbled out of a very high bed, in which I had been placed by some kind friend, after supping, for the first time, at the "Free and Easy Club," into which honourable society I had been that evening enrolled.

R. H. W.

KEEPING SECRETS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

—Break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHARLES GLIB has one peculiarity that distinguishes him from every other bustling chattering inhabitant of this blabbing world. In the course of a pretty long life he has never been known to reveal a single secret—for nobody ever trusted him with one.

He is the very opposite of that celebrated lover of taciturnity, who having walked twenty miles with an equally silent companion, not a syllable having escaped the lips of either, exclaimed, in acknowledgment of his friend's observation, on arriving at a cross-road, that the left would be the best path to take,

"Heavens! what a talkative fellow you are!"

Glib is, to an equal degree, a lover of loquacity. The sound of his own voice is to him the music of the spheres. Other people have their fits of sullenness and reserve—he never has. Other people pause to take breath, which he never does. Other people like to chatter away only on their favourite themes—their own rheumatics, or their neighbour's extravagance—but no topic ever came amiss to Charley Glib. He never sinks into taciturnity, merely because he happens to have exhausted all the scandal of the neighbourhood, and trumpeted his own perfections of mind and body in fifty different keys. Such silence is simply the natural consequence of over-talking to which ordinary folks are liable; but as for Glib, he still goes on, still finds something to say, even when he has torn his grandmother's reputation to tatters, and related the history, with all the minutest particulars, of his last cold in the head. While there are words to be uttered, a subject is never wanting. The words bring the thoughts, or he talks without them. He is nothing if not loquacious—he associates death with silence. To talk is to enjoy;—the original bird of paradise was, in his judgment, the Talking bird, and should be so described by every ornithologist.

As there is good in every thing, there is convenience in this clack, for it puts us on our guard, and warns us to keep our secrets to ourselves. One would as soon think of pouring wine into a sieve, as of intrusting precious tidings to his keeping. Whatever is published at Charing-cross, or advertised in the morning papers, there can be no harm in communicating to Glib; but for any thing of a more confidential character, it would be just as wise to whisper it to the four winds of heaven.

A secret indeed is a pearl which it were egregious folly to cast before such an animal. Secrets are utterly wasted upon your great, loud, constant, unthinking talkers. They are delicacies never truly relished by people of large appetites for speech, who can utter any thing, and who fare sumptuously on immense heaps of stale news of the coarsest nature. Their palates are vitiated by vast indulgence, and their ravenous hunger after the joys of holding forth, forbids the possibility of

a keen fine taste, the nice and exquisite relish of an original secret. If they can but relate to you something particularly well known about Martin Luther or Queen Elizabeth, provided there is enough of it to ensure them a full meal, they are as contented and as happy as though they had a hundred dainty little secrets to disclose, every one of them profound, startling, and hitherto close kept. Yorick gave the ass a macaroon, but we do not find that the experiment succeeded much—the beast would no doubt have preferred thistles.

No, no ; a secret is delicious food for the man of a sly, quiet, seemingly reserved turn of mind, who does not talk much, but speaks to the purpose ; who has no overweening fondness for the sound of his own voice, but who fervently loves a breach of confidence ; who feels that pleasures are a thousand times sweeter for being stolen ; and who, while quietly disclosing some important and interesting fact of which, with many injunctions to keep it ever under lock and key, he had been the depository, is not only sensible of a relief in freeing the mind from its secret burden, but conscious of a superadded charm, the pleasure of betraying a verbal trust.

Just such a man is he who now passes my window, Peter Still. He is well-known to half the town, although his voice was never heard by any two people in it at the same time. He has whispered in the ears of a vast mob, taking each individual separately ; and he has made a large portion of London his especial confidant, by catching the people who compose it, each by his button, at some season or other, and committing a precious secret exclusively to his care.

Every one of that great talking multitude looks upon himself as the sole-selected sharer of the secrets which Peter Still once held solitary in his own bosom ; and each is furthermore convinced, that for caution, closeness, trustworthiness—the power of keeping a thing entirely to himself until the proper moment arrives for discreetly whispering it to a valued friend—Peter Still has not his fellow either in the parish of St. Giles or of St. James—nor in any parish between the celebrated two which mark the wide extremes of the metropolis.

And to look at Peter, to observe his manner, to hear him talk, you would decide that all the town was individually right—however the mob of confidants, on comparing their means of judging one with the other, might collectively pronounce a different verdict. His appearance begets an impression that the rack would have no power to unseal his lips, and wring from him the important secret you had confided to him some time before—how Miss Jane in her vexation had written a smart copy of verses on Mr. Wimple's nuptials—or how your wife had promised to favour you with a ninth heir to your books and teaspoons. No, these deep and awful secrets, once whispered in that close man's ear, must, you would swear, lie buried there for ever. Though faithful to the Catholic church, he would die unshriven rather than confess them to his priest—so say appearances. And yet, really and truly, when you have published the two events alluded to in the close ear of Peter Still, you may as well, as far as publicity is concerned, send the verses on Mr. W.'s nuptials to be printed, addressed to the Editor of the *New Monthly* ; and—having the pen still at your finger's end—draw up the form of an advertisement, in readiness, to

appear hereafter properly filled up among the births in the morning paper—

“On the —th instant, in ——— street, the lady of ———, of a ———.”

Peter Still's various powers commence with the faculty of attracting people to confide in him. You look in his face, and unobscure. His seems no sieve-like nature, and to it you intrust your most delicate secrets, convinced that they will never run through. He never asks for your confidence—he never seeks to worm himself into your faith and esteem—but he quietly wins you to speak out, and communicate to him what was only known to yourself.

If you hesitate, and say, “Perhaps after all, the matter had better never be mentioned—no, not even to you!” he calmly agrees, and advises you to confine the secret to your own breast, where it is sure to be safe; well knowing that a man who meditates the disclosure of a secret can have no spur like a dissuader, and that he will immediately after tell you every word.

Nobody would suppose that beneath his most placid passionless demeanour, an agony of curiosity was raging—that amidst so much dignified composure, he was actually dying to hear your story; as little could it be imagined when he presses your hand at parting, with your solemn secret locked up in his soul, never to be revealed even in a whisper to himself, that he is dying to disclose it to the first babler he may meet.

But although like Hamlet's, his heart would break if he were condemned to hold his tongue—although he *must* unfold the delicious but intolerable mystery, the faithful keeping of which would drive him mad—yet he never falls to a rash promiscuous chattering upon the subject—he is not open-mouthed when he meets you—he never volunteers the prohibited statement without a why or wherefore. The breach is never effected in this way—

“Well, I declare this meeting is fortunate. You must know I called at the Cottage yesterday, and there, I heard—no, I never was so astonished! Our friend, the farmer, told me of it in the strictest confidence—the very strictest—such a secret!”

“Did he? What is it?”

“Why then you must know—”

And out comes all the story—not with many additions, perhaps, on this occasion, as it is only one day old.

This is the common style of the common world; where the “*What is it?*” as naturally follows the mention of a secret told in the strictest confidence, as extensive publicity follows the first dishonourable disclosure. But this is not the style of Peter Still: He never loses sight of form and ceremony—never enlightens an inquirer on such easy terms. Though more anxious to tell you than you can be to hear, he dallies and procrastinates. Though burning to accomplish the revelation, he seems ice. He compresses his lips, and drops his eyelids—shakes his head very slowly, and is tremendously emphatic with his forefinger, which always seems to point a moral when he is most violating morality.

At last when the mixture of mysterious signs, unintelligible sounds, and stray syllables, are duly mingled, the charm begins to work, and

the secret bubbles up. Depend upon it, he makes much of it. His secrets are secrets. Impressed and edified you cannot fail to be, whatever may be the disclosure. Perhaps it may be a thing of very trifling import—that Q. is going to give up his town-house—that X., unknown to X.'s wife, has a nice little flaxen-haired boy at school near Turnham Green—that Z., or some other letter of the social alphabet, intends to pay his debts ;—no matter for the intelligence, it oozes from Peter Still as though it were

————— dear as the ruddy drops
That visit his sad heart.

Every word is a nail driven into your memory to fasten the fact there ; and although he had only told you in his impressive way, and with a painful sense of moral responsibility, that *two* sheriffs will certainly be chosen in Guildhall next year, yet you are satisfied for a time that he has surrendered a secret worth knowing.

But whatever he may choose to reveal, he is sure to leave you with the impression—this is invariable—that he has concealed more than he has discovered. Having told all, and a little besides, he stops short—and desires you to excuse him. When perchance he has related in all its particulars the very secret that you could have told him, and when he has found this out, he makes a sudden pause, puts on a much-meaning look, and regrets that the *rest* is incommunicable—a something which he dares not disclose.

And above all, does Peter Still preserve the spirit of secrecy, in constantly enjoining, with a solemnity befitting his character, every erring mortal, in whose ear he whispers a bit of forbidden news, never for his life to divulge it. What he has acquired gravely and anxiously, he never parts with lightly. He may tell the secret to fifty persons in a day—but then he tells it only to the discreet—and each one registers the vow of secrecy before he is intrusted with the treasure ; so that, when Peter has informed five hundred, he feels that he has informed but one.

No man was ever more sincere than Peter Still is, in delivering these injunctions and admonitions. When he beseeches you not to tell again—when he implores you to keep a Chubb's patent on your lips—be sure that he is in earnest ;—for a secret diffused all over the town is a secret gone, and when every body can reveal it to every body else, why it follows that there is nobody left for him to betray it to exclusively.

He accepts a secret as he accepts a bill of exchange, deeming it of greatest use when put into circulation ; but he does not wish it to go quite out of date, before he says, " Don't let it go any further." He is like those poets who print their verses to circulate amongst friends—who publish privately ; so Peter publishes his secrets.

Who could possibly suppose that such an impersonation of the Prudential and the Discreet as Peter seems—a creature so calm, close, cautious—so thoroughly safe, so every-way to be relied on—was as hollow as a fife, which cannot be intrusted with a little of one's breath without speaking. The secret which we cannot confide to the talkative, we often repose with greater peril in the reserved.

Charley Glib walks and chatters about town, labelled " Dangerous,"

to warn off every unwary whisperer of tidings not intended for the public ear; but Peter Still appears, of all vehicles for the carrying of secrets, the "patent safety," and we intrust life and limb to him. With Loquacity we run no risk—with Reserve we are ruined. Confiding in Glib, we know that we cast our secret upon the stream, and it is borne away upon the first flowing tide of words into the wide ocean of babble, where it is lost in an overwhelming din which nobody listens to; confiding in Peter Still, we equally cast our secret upon the stream, whence it is conveyed through innumerable water-pipes, intersecting every quarter of the town, and is laid on at every house.

The most sly and circumspect betrayer of confidence is liable to make mistakes. The liar needs a good memory, so does the secret-monger who tells truth when he should not. One of the greatest calamities to which he is liable, is a confusion of persons, arising out of a multiplicity of confidences, which is very apt to bring him round with his profound secret, after he has travelled over the whole town to tell it, to the source whence he originally derived it—and to lead him into the fatal blunder of retailing it confidentially to the very man who had first in confidence retailed it to him.

It was by such a blunder of memory that I first found out Peter Still—first discovered that although he seemed "close as oak," he was in reality porous all over;—incapable of retaining a private fact, even though it should happen to be that he himself was Mrs. Brownrigg's grandson.

"It must go no further," said I to him, innocently, one day; "but since you are speaking with such interest of our friend the Rev. Mr. Hectic, I must tell you—and to you only shall I mention it, in strict confidence—that he is now very decidedly imbued with Puseyite opinions."

"By the way," he remarked to me three weeks afterwards, "as we are talking of friend Hectic, I may whisper to you confidentially" (and here his voice took an inward and most significant tone), "that the clergyman in question discovers of late a decided leaning to the principles of Puseyism."

Peter Still, the sly dog, conceives himself to be far from destitute of a defence, should these charges of betrayal of trust be ever cast in his teeth. His answer to the accusation of publishing secrets will doubtless be, that he never promised concealment; and it is very true—he never did.

No; when you desire him to understand that you speak with him in confidence, he makes no comment; he utters no assurance of secrecy; but he just throws out his hand loosely, and with the back of it taps your elbow, or, perhaps, with a superior smile, gives you one or two light pats between the shoulders. The effect is electrical; the action has the air of an oath registered in heaven, and you feel what a comforting thing it is to deal with a man who never speaks but when words are wanted.

There is an old saying, undeniably true, that if three people are to keep a secret, two of them should never know it. One of these two should be Peter Still, that respectable moralist, who holds curiosity in contempt and keeps such a guard upon his tongue. The other must

belong to the class represented by our loquacious acquaintance—a class that might take warning by the hero of Wordsworth's ballad ; Harry Blake," whose teeth are chattering to this hour—

Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

But the danger of being betrayed—betrayed perhaps in some tender point of confidence, and that without the smallest atom of malignity, or even unkindness—does not exist only in these two directions. There are myriads of good, trustworthy people, who never in all their lives revealed in so many words a secret confided to them—nor indeed ever employed words at all in telling it—and yet it is as good as told. This is the middle compound class of betrayers, the great bulk of society ; who, although they would all die rather than openly disclose what they have faithfully promised to conceal, will nevertheless frankly tell you that there is a secret, and that they happen to know it.

Then perhaps, on another occasion, when a little off their guard, they will hazard an allusion to a place, or a person, or a date—or to some circumstance on which the speculative listener is able to establish a tolerably fair guess at the concealed fact, or at the very least to build up a theory which, in its character of suspicion, is as mischievous as certainty.

Or, if hints of this nature be conscientiously withheld, there are nods and shrugs, expressive looks, and explanatory gestures ; and when the true guess is at last made, there comes, to crown every other consistency, a positive refusal to afford the least further clue!—a virtuous and fixed determination *not* to say whether the guess be right or wrong!—which is all that the successful discoverer requires.

It is amongst this class, the largest and most frequently encountered, that dangers are most thickly sown. Promises of secrecy, though well-intentioned and firm, here travel over pitfalls, and the most faithful are swallowed up when entirely confident in their own integrity. People who are selfish in every thing besides, are unselfish in secrets, and cannot bear to keep them to themselves. They are seized with a desire to please persons whom they do not like and have no faith in, and to commit a grievous offence against others whom they do like and who have faith in them.

If they do not at once yield up the whole treasure they were to guard, they divest themselves piecemeal of the care of it. To keep it sacredly and entire, is to sink under an overwhelming sensation, a crushing consciousness. No matter how trivial the thing is, it becomes weighty if committed exclusively to their keeping ; and the very same fact which mentioned openly and carelessly would be utterly insignificant in their estimation, swells in its character of a secret, into "a burden more than they can bear."

Every little secret is thus of some consequence ; while the really important one acquires, under this state of feeling, such an insupportable weight and magnitude as not to admit of being safely kept by less than twenty persons at the least.

Where so very few can keep a secret quite close, however honourably engaged to do so, and where the tendency to whisper in half words, even when the interests of confiding friends are concerned, so

fatally prevails, it is strange that the trumpeters of their own merits never hit upon the expediency of conveying their self-praises in the wide and sure vehicle of a secret.

Trust a bit of scandal to a whisper, and how fast and far it flies—*because* it is whispered. Might not the good deeds, for which so very few can obtain the desired credit, become equally celebrated—might not the fame of them be as wide-spread, if instead of making *no* secret of them, we intrusted them to the ever-circulating medium of secrecy!

People fall into the capital mistake of publishing to all the world their private virtues, their benevolence, disinterestedness and temperance; but what if they were to keep the reputation of these noble qualities in the background, and just permit a friend to whisper the existence of them as a great secret, respecting which every lip was to be henceforth sealed! Universal circulation must ensue.

Let it be once stated, in strict confidence, that you stripped off your great-coat on a winter night, and wrapped it round a shivering, homeless wanderer, and the town will soon ring with your deeds of philanthropy—but the little incident must always be related as a profound secret, or its progress towards the popular ear will be slow. Such is the natural tendency of a secret to get into general circulation, and to secure the privilege of continual disclosure, that it will even carry the heavy virtues with it, and obtain popularity for desert. The gallery of the moral graces is a whispering gallery.

The title of the old comedy written by a woman makes it a wonder that a woman should keep a secret; the real wonder is, that man should ever have had the desperate assurance to assume a superiority, to claim a more consistent fidelity, in such engagements. The sexes are doubtless well-matched, and the ready tongue finds a ready ear.

How many of those who stand, and will ever stand most firmly and strongly by our side in the hard battle of life, are weak in this delicate respect! How much of the divine love that redeems our clay from utter grossness, the hallowed affection that knits together the threads of two lives in one, is sullied and debased by this mortal frailty—the propensity to whisper when the heart prompts silence—to breathe, by the mere force of habit, into an indifferent or a curious ear, some inklings of the secret which the hushed soul should have held sacred and incommunicable for ever.

Let us, however, do justice to the just, and wish they were not the minority in the matter of keeping secrets. Let us even spare the weakness that errs through accidental temptation, so long as it does not degenerate into the vice that wilfully betrays. Let us remember how the crime of treachery carries with it its own punishment; and how the abject thing that deliberately reveals what was confided to it in reliance upon its honour, makes in the very act a verbal confession of its own unutterable falsehood. The secret so betrayed should be published as a lie.

Let it moreover be some consolation to think that there are more people incapable of a breach of confidence, than those who, like the prince of praters, Charles Glib, never had a secret intrusted to them in their lives. One of them I met this morning—it was a friend

to whom, of all others, every man would feel safe in confiding his private griefs, the dearest secrets of his soul.

"After the stab I have just received," cried I, encountering my friend, "in a base betrayal of confidence, how pleasant to fix my trusting eyes once more upon such a face as yours—the face which is the mirror of your mind, but without revealing any one thing that requires to be concealed in its close and friendly recesses. It is now fifteen years since I intrusted to your sympathizing bosom that dreadful and most secret story of my quarrel in Malta, and of my sudden flight—of the monstrous but reiterated charge of murder that dogged my steps, through so many cities of Europe, and cast upon my onward path a shadow—"

"Eh! what!"

"Yes," said I, in continuation, with a fervent, a most exalted sense of the steady affection which had kept my youthful secret unwhispered, undreamed of by the most curious, the most insidious scrutineer—with an idolatrous admiration of the constancy and the delicacy of the fine mind and the warm heart on which I had so wisely relied—"yes," I exclaimed, "fifteen or sixteen years have elapsed since I committed to your holy keeping the ghastly secret, and not even in your sleep have you allowed a single syllable of the awful narrative to escape you! Who, after this, shall so far belie his fellow, as to say that a secret is never so safe as in one's own bosom!"

"What you say, my dear fellow," returned this faithful possessor of my confidence, "is quite right; but I don't exactly know what you are talking about; for upon my soul, to tell you the truth, I had entirely forgotten the whole affair, having never bestowed a thought upon it from that day to this!"

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

No. VI.

SMUGGING AN AUTHOR.

It has more than once been shown in these anecdotes that Elliston was completely the creature of impulse, and that he seized upon any idea likely to serve him, that chanced to present itself in the course of his different speculations, with a promptitude, and pursued it with a perseverance that had at least the merit of decision, a very necessary quality in a manager's character. No matter however grotesque and out of the way the means by which he attained his ends, if he did but accomplish his purpose.

The anecdote of his *smuggling* the narrator for the purpose of serving a temporary exigence, as it will illustrate the strange expedients he would resort to to effect any scheme he might have in view at the moment, though somewhat long, shall here be given: the more especially as a

very garbled and incorrect version, from a third-hand relation, stole into print a few years since, and many very different accounts of the circumstance have been related by various persons in theatrical circles, the following detail by the narrator, who was himself the *author smugged*, as it is familiarly termed, will, however, for the first time place the affair in its true light. No one, it is presumed, will be hardy enough to doubt its authenticity, telling as it does so completely against the relator himself.

About the year 1819, the narrator being then stage-manager and author, of Astley's Amphitheatre, almost his first serious essay in theatricals, he was, towards the conclusion of the season, making his way to resume his nightly duties, after dining with a friend in Hatton-garden, when halfway over Blackfriars-bridge he encountered Elliston. After a friendly greeting on either side, an idea seemed suddenly to occur to the comedian.

"By the by, you must walk a short way back with me my dear fellow," said he, "I have something of the most vital importance, upon which I wish to communicate with you, and I am forced this very night to proceed to LEICESTER, by the mail. Return with me as far as the Albion, I have a few words to say to my friend Phipps, and then, on our way to Lombard-street, I will make you acquainted with the matter in question."

To the Albion, at the corner of Bridge-street, they accordingly repaired, where its worthy secretary, the late Warner Phipps, Elliston's fast friend during life, then resided. Leaving the narrator to kick his heels in an office below, the actor was speedily closeted with the secretary in a drawing-room above, as it afterwards appeared, over a bottle of the secretary's Madeira, which was *particularly* excellent. Seven o'clock arrived, and so did half-past seven, the narrator literally sitting all the time on pins and needles, till at length it wanted but a quarter to eight, and he was at all risks about to make a hasty retreat, to fulfil his neglected duties at Astley's, when he heard Elliston gaily descending the secretary's stairs, and the moment after was seized by the arm, and hurried by the comedian towards the emporium of letters.

"There is no time for conversation, my dear fellow," said Elliston, "it will be as much as we can do to nick Lombard-street by eight. You know the mails start to a moment."

Dragged along through the crowded bustle of Ludgate-hill, St. Paul's, and Cheapside, they reached the Bank, almost breathless, as the clock struck eight, where they found the mail waiting for the letter-bags. It appeared, on inquiry, that Elliston happened on that night to be the only inside passenger.

"This is fortunate," said he, "step in, and by the time we get to the Angel I shall have an opportunity of detailing my business. A ride will do you good, and you can get a lift back to Astley's by one of the short stages; they pass the bottom of the New Cut on their way to the Elephant and Castle; I will pay the fare."

There was no refusing, Elliston lugged the narrator in, the bags were brought and deposited in the boot, the door was closed, the guard blew his horn, the coachman smacked his whip, and the mail merrily

rattled over the stones down Cheapside. And Elliston—what did Elliston do? Proceed to the relation of the important affair he had to communicate? No, he drew a Welsh wig from his pocket, adjusted it by way of nightcap on his pericranium, and very coolly composed himself to sleep in one corner of the mail, and in three minutes afterwards was most loudly snoring, to his own complete ease and his companion's discomfiture. In vain it was endeavouring to awake him, he snored more loudly at each fresh effort, and the attempt was finally resigned as hopeless. At length the mail stopped at the Angel, and the author, as the narrator will now designate himself, becoming desperate at the thought of neglecting his duty, succeeded in arousing his abductor with an urgent remonstrance against the awkward situation in which he was placing him, the two proprietors of Astley's being absent, the one in Paris, the other at his seat at Weybridge, and the theatre left in his sole charge.

"My dear fellow," returned the comedian, "it is dry talking, and I have been walking all day, and my friend Phipps's Madeira was rather potent; a glass of hot brandy-and-water and I shall be quite fresh again. You must proceed with me a short distance further, a few minutes will suffice, and there are plenty of conveyances back."

The brandy and-water was brought and despatched, the mail resumed its progress, and the author very unwillingly yielding to Elliston's assurances, suffered himself to continue in it.

"Now, sir," said he, as soon as they had got out of the noise and bustle of Islington, and were quietly and rapidly proceeding down the Holloway-road, "what is this important affair? I shall be ruined if I do not get back to Astley's by half-past nine at latest."

A loud flourish from Elliston's nasal organ was the only answer.

"Confound it!" muttered the author, "surely he is not gone to sleep again."

Asleep, however, and that very soundly, he certainly appeared to be on examination.

"Oh hang it I can't stand this, Mr. Elliston,"—(a snore)—"sir,"—another snore—"really—" another snore obligato.

No answer except through the nose.

"Coachman, coachman, stop, let me out!"

The devil a bit, however, would the coachman hear any more than would Elliston; whether he had been bribed by the comedian or not to be deaf on this particular occasion was never discovered; it was, however, more than likely to have been the fact. As a broken neck was not to be hazarded by jumping out at the rapid rate in which the mail was then proceeding, there was no remedy but resignation.

"We shall soon arrive at the end of the stage," thought the author, "and then nothing shall stop me. Return I will—I am determined—it's scandalous—shameful!"

Indulging in such reflections as these the luckless author reached Barnet.

"Who-ho-ho! Now Dick, bring out the prads. Let them go there."

"Here, guard, let down the steps."

Before the author, however, had time to open the door and jump out,

Elliston most miraculously woke up and began to make a profusion of excuses.

"Bless my soul, what can have made me so sleepy? My dear fellow I really beg your pardon. Where are we? Barnet! Twelve miles from town already! What's the time?" Here he drew out his watch. "As I live, nearly half-past nine! Has the last London stage started for town, waiter?"

"Oh lord, sir, yes, an hour ago."

"Unfortunate, faith! but I think you could manage to get there in a postchaise by a *little* after eleven."

"A little after eleven, my dear sir!" cried the author, in agony, "I shall be ruined! Why the theatre closes a little *before* eleven!"

"Egad you are quite right, so it does! It will be quite impossible, therefore, that you can get there in time to-night. What's to be done? I only see one way. You must proceed with me. You can return the first thing in the morning. It cannot be of the slightest consequence, they'll never miss you—tell them you were in the saloon. You'll be in plenty of time if you start to-morrow morning."

"Now then, all ready, sir," said the guard, appearing, made up for the night, his broad face rising out of a huge headland of cape and comforter.

"Drive on," said Elliston.

"But, my dear sir," said the author, as the vehicle resumed its rapid course.

"My dear fellow, what can I do? You see it's no fault of mine; make yourself perfectly comfortable, every thing will be quite right. Yaw-aw, how infernally drowsy I am. I'll just finish my nap, and then for business."

In another moment the actor was again in the arms of Morpheus, and as there seemed to be no other resource the author tried to follow his example, but disturbed visions of Astley's being on fire, and he not there to save his MSS., the principal actor taken suddenly ill, and the audience tearing up the benches, for want of some one to make an apology, haunted his imagination, and rendered his getting any refreshing sleep quite out of the question. Stage succeeded stage, but there was no getting Elliston to broach the business for which he had thus abducted his victim.

"You are in for it, my dear fellow," said the comedian, "and whether I tell you now or in the morning, it will be just the same thing, as I said, so make your mind easy, I will answer for all!"

"You must," said the author, gloomily; "for hang me if I have more than five shillings to carry me back."

"Then you *must* go on," said Elliston, coolly.

And go on they did.

Unfortunately for the author, on arriving at Northampton, they found the whole town in confusion; the notorious Huffy White having that night broken out of the jail there, every vehicle was stopped, and the mail was detained upwards of two hours in the consternation of this daring convict's escape.

It was eight o'clock next morning before the mail reached Leicester, being a couple of stages beyond its usual time of arrival.

Putting up at an inn kept by two maiden sisters—great admirers of *June*.—VOL. LXVIII. NO. CCLXX.

the comedian—a comfortable ablution, with a cheerful breakfast, somewhat restored the author's good humour, though he plainly saw there would be no chance of his getting back to town to be at Astley's in time that evening.

"But never mind, my dear fellow," said Elliston, "to-day is the principal day of the great cheese fair, and to-night I take my benefit, this being always the best night of the season. I play *Job Thornbury* in 'John Bull.' The afterpiece is your own '*Giovanni in London*;' and I shall want you to take the money."

"What, sir—take the money! Surely, there are plenty of people that—"

"None to be trusted like yourself, my dear fellow. You must keep it very carefully—mustn't give it up to any one, now mind. You will find Leicester a very gay place to-day, and I have a surprise in store for you, but of that hereafter. We will now proceed to the theatre."

Most of the company being old acquaintances, the author's unexpected presence occasioned much greeting. A rehearsal of the play had been called, between the pauses of which, Elliston sought a conference with his trusty treasurer and manager, Lee, or old Lee, as he was more generally called.*

Lee, in his turn, had then a private conference with the company, and the rehearsal proceeded with great spirit.

It has been said that Elliston was to be the *Job Thornbury*, and it may be further mentioned that he was to be supported by Lee, as *Peregrine*, Elliot as *Tom Shuffleton*, poor Tokely as *Dennis Brulgruddery*, little Keeley (not then quite so great a man as he has subsequently become) as *Dan*, while the charming Mrs. H., then mantling with youthful beauty, and moving in a halo of unconscious fascination, was to be the *Mary*—the other characters appeared to be equally well cast, as it is termed.

The earliest opportunity that occurred after the conferences alluded to, old Lee took the author aside, and with an air of great mystery, and in a half-whisper, thus addressed him:

* This gentleman, who was for a long time Elliston's favourite manager at the Birmingham, and other country theatres, and afterwards succeeded Russell in that office at the Olympic, was nearly as important a personage in his own estimation as his illustrious employer. He obtained much popularity in London for his very natural performance of *Muddle* in the comedy of "*Rochester*," but prided himself most on having been the stage-manager of the *Adelphi*, during the first season of the narrator's drama of "*Tom and Jerry*," an event he deemed of such importance that on the death of his wife he recorded it in an epitaph, intended, by accenting the last syllable of the last word in each line to pass for poetry.

To the
Memory
Of Mrs. Mary,
The beloved wife of Mr. John Lee,
Stage-manager of the *Adelphi*,
During the successful run of "*Tom and Jerry*."

Let no one after this laugh at the inconsolable widow of *Père la Chaise*, who, eulogizing her husband as the most inestimable of *Pâtisiers*, &c., intimates she still carries on the business in the *Rue Saint Honoré*, where the public may be supplied as usual, &c.

"My dear sir, you know the responsible situation I hold as treasurer and the onerous duties I have to perform in my official capacity as manager—Mr. Elliston tells me you are going to take the money to-night—is it true?"

"He has so requested me," answered the author.

"Good! Pray take great care of it, and on no account part with it to any one; I have my reasons, my dear sir, I have my reasons."

"You may depend on me," answered the author.

"Good, very good!" snorted the manager, departing seemingly much satisfied.

Turning to quit the theatre, the author was joined by his old play-mate and companion in boyhood, little Keeley, who putting on the look of comic gravity and importance, so peculiar to him, begged to whisper a word in confidence.

"You are to take the money to-night I hear, my dear boy?" said he.

"Right," returned the author.

"I am glad of that—now, my mind's easy—take care of it, whatever you do. I don't want to say ill-natured things, but between you and I, dropping his voice, "our friend in the straps is—however, you know him as well as I do, so I shall say no more."

Quitting Bob, the author was joined by Elliot, who, it appeared, had been waiting for him at the corner of the street, and who looked even more sharp than usual.

"Do you take the money to-night, my dear fellow?" said he, in a cautious under-tone.

"I do," was the answer.

"Then it's all right! Good luck to you, take care of it! You know his nibbs."

The pretty Mrs. H. now came tripping through the stage-door, and in her turn, sidled up to the author.

"You take the money to-night, I hear," whispered she, with one of her sweetest smiles.

A nod of assent followed.

"Be sure you take care of it," said she, with a significant press of the hand, gaily hastening away.

All this was very mysterious—what could occasion this general anxiety?

Proceeding down the street, the author had not gone very far when he was again hailed, from the opposite side of the way—it was by poor Tokely, who remarking that the air was rather fresh, invited him into a neighbouring tavern, to take what he called a gum tickler with him (a glass of neat spirits).

Though not very partial to matutinal libations of this kind, poor Tokely was not a man to be lightly refused in such a matter. Taking a glass of sherry, which Tokely kept in countenance by ordering a ditto of brandy, which he immediately *bolted*, he privately made the same inquiry as all the others had done.

"Do you take the money to-night, old fellow?"

"Nothing so sure," was the reply.

"Then it's all right; but I was half afraid it was all gammon.

"Whatever you do," said he, in a whisper, "take care of it—collar it tight—don't let any one get hold of it for your life. Come, I must stand another anti-fogmatic on the strength of this. I don't dine for this half-hour yet."

Though the author was not to dine for two or three hours, he declined to wet the other eye, as Tokely termed it,—much to his astonishment, he never having been accused of any neglect of that kind.

The author then left him, and went to join Elliston. On his way to the place of tryst, the same eternal question was asked and the same mysterious injunction given by at least a dozen other persons, much to the author's stultification, who could not at all conceive why every body was so anxious to know if he was to take the money, and why it was thought so necessary to give him such strict injunctions to take care of it.

Arriving at the inn, Elliston was found in good spirits, and soon the best dinner the larder of the fair hostesses could furnish, and the best bottle of wine that was in their cellars, made the author forget Astley's and become as animated as his friend, who had so unceremoniously smuggled him.

Numerous droll sallies accompanied the bottle in its circulation, till at length the hour of opening the doors called them to the theatre. As is not unusual with country theatres, there was only one pay-place at the Leicester theatre; the visitors to the boxes, pit, and gallery, all paid their money to the same person, and received from him the several checks, which admitted them to the different parts of the house.

Duly installing himself in the little box appropriated for the purpose, and furnished with the necessary checks, while Elliston hurried to dress and perform, with a very particular parting charge, to take care of the money, the author entered upon his office.

It had been an unusually full fair, the town was crowded with visitors and strangers, and no sooner were the doors opened than the house was filled in every part. In less than half an hour there was a complete bumper, and as nearly as the author could calculate, he had in his different pockets (for he did not trust to the pay-drawer) between 80*l.* and 90*l.*, the greater part in country notes, being quite as much as the house had ever been known to hold.

Greatly elated at such large receipts, the author was solacing himself with a glass of negus, when a messenger despatched by Elliston, appeared with the communication that he was to take the money with him and immediately proceed to the great man behind the scenes, on some very important business, and that he, the messenger, would supply his place till his return.

There was no disobeying the mandate; accordingly, leaving a few checks in case any stragglers should insist on occupying standing-room—there was no sitting-room—the author hurried to learn Elliston's pleasure.

"Have you got the money?" was the first question, in a whisper; which of course was answered in the affirmative. "Then take care of it—we want you now to go on for *John Burr* for us. In casting the play we have totally overlooked the character, and have nobody we can send on for it but yourself!"

"But, my dear sir, I never acted in my life—I know nothing about *John Burr*—never saw the play."

"You'll do capitally well," said Elliston, with a most provoking coolness of manner; "your scenes are all with me, and you can *wing* the part."

Here the author suddenly felt his hat taken off, and a paper cap clapped upon his head by the property-man, whilst a dresser very dexterously tied a shopman's apron round his middle.

"Beautiful!" said Elliston, surveying the author, "never saw a better representative of *John Burr* in all my experience—there is the scrubby parish air to the life—you positively look as if you had been born in a workhouse!"

"Now, gentlemen, you open the scene," said the prompter.

"Come on then," said Elliston, seizing the author by the arm, "I'll tell you what to say—I have just lost my daughter, we have a little altercation, and you blow me up. You can manage to do that, can't you?"

"I rather think I can, at all events I'll try," returned the author, drily.

On they went, the touching episode of the waistcoat was gone through; the little altercation between master and man then commenced.

Elliston, as *Job Thornbury*, very significantly reminded the author as *John Burr*, that he owed all to him, that when unknown and friendless, he had taken him by the hand and made a man of him.

"Hark ye, old *Job*," said the author, seizing the fair opportunity that presented itself of having a dig at his friend, "I don't deny that you were my first master, and have often given me employment, though you didn't always pay me over well, but in this last business we are quits. Here have you brought me against my will from a comfortable place, all the way from Lunnun here, to be money-taker in your shop, where I have been standing for the last two hours, as your customers well know, taking their notes and gold in exchange for your brass—ninety good pounds, I have got it all here, safe in my breeches-pocket," chinking the money.

"Have you, by Jove!" said Elliston, delighted. "Ninety pounds!"

"Ninety pounds!" resounded from all the wings.

"Take care of it," whispered Elliston.

"I mean it," muttered the author; "and all the return I get is to be exposed in this paper-cap and apron here—it's too bad, and what I won't put up with."

"For heaven's sake," whispered Elliston, "don't go on in this way any further, see how the audience are staring!—I'll make it all right—you shall sup with me at the mayor's to-night, and to-morrow—to-morrow we'll cut the scene."

The public announcement of the author that there was ninety pounds in the house appeared to give great satisfaction to the actors and actresses, who were all anxiously watching the scene, but more particularly the lynx-eyed Lee.

The author's part finished on the stage, he hastened to resume his

post as money-taker. At the conclusion of the comedy he was joined by the lessee and his manager.

"You have got the money safe, my dear fellow," said Elliston ; "Lee here will go over the accounts with you, for I have pledged my word, though it is my benefit night, that I will not touch the receipts or take one halfpenny of them out of the town with me—"

"Yes, yes, give me the money," said the anxious Lee.

"Not now, we have no time to attend to it just at present ; it is sufficient that the money is got, and will be well taken care of, for the mayor has just sent a special invitation for all three of us to sup with him, and some of the most distinguished gentry of Leicester, to-night—he is now waiting for us—so, come along, for we have not a moment to lose."

Lee's official consequence was touched, and he bustled onwards in all the responsible importance of his situation. Arriving at the mayor's house, his worship, while he cordially greeted Elliston, appeared very much surprised at the presence of the author and old Lee ; he, however, very politely welcomed them, after a pompous introduction by Elliston.

Not to weary the reader, Elliston challenged old Lee to take wine with him so often during supper, and proposed his health when the cloth was drawn in such eulogistic terms, that what with returning thanks, and being unused to drink champagne, about two o'clock, poor Lee was reduced to such a state of intoxication, that two of the mayor's footmen were obliged to lead him home to his lodgings—without the money, of course.

When the party at length broke up, and the author and Elliston returned to the place where they were to pass the night, there was found to be but one bed ; but this was got over by Elliston engaging the author to write the opening piece for the ensuing season at the Olympic, which was to be reopened with great splendour ; Elliston easily persuading him to sit up and commence *instantly*, telling him that as a great treat he had ordered a postchaise to be at the door at seven o'clock next morning, and meant to convey him to Leamington, that he might be present at the annual ball given by Mrs. Elliston to her fair pupils at that fashionable spa, and which was to take place the following evening.

The result of this arrangement, was the first act of the afterwards popular "Rochester."

Early the following morning a chaise bore them rapidly from Leicester, passing in their way poor Lee, who, scarcely recovered from the effects of the mayor's champagne, was groping his way to Elliston's lodgings, and did not observe them.

When they had fairly cleared Leicester, the oft-repeated question, "You have got the money safe ?" was reiterated, and assented to for the last time.

"Then give it me," said Elliston, "I pledged my word, as you heard, I would not touch it last evening, nor take a penny of it out of the town ; but it is morning now, and the town is at least three miles distant, so I have kept the word of promise to the ear, though I may have broken it to the hope—the money will be much better devoted

to the completing my vast improvements at the Olympic, than it would be to the paying a parcel of musty arrears at Leicester, which will hereafter be duly liquidated by the novelties I shall send down. That buzzard Lee, wouldn't have let any person take the money save yourself, that wasn't a creature of his own; therefore, you see, my dear fellow, I was forced to borrow you for a short time, and now the murder's out."

The mystery was now indeed explained—it was useless being angry, and duly arriving at Leamington, the graces of Mrs. Elliston's ball fully reconciled the author to having been smuggled—he was not, however, to be cajoled any longer by Elliston, but borrowing a couple of pounds of his little friend, Copps, of the Royal Hotel, took French leave next morning by the Birmingham coach which passed through the town, he reached the Belle Sauvage by six in the evening. His first step of course was to Astley's, from which he had now been absent three days.

Entering the stage-door, and passing down the stable-yard to the prompt-entrance behind the scenes, his cars were saluted, long before he arrived there, by the mingled cry of a thousand voices, vociferating, "Manager—manager—author—author!"

Alarmed beyond measure at this summons, which his greatest self-love had not contemplated, he pushed his way through the astonished performers, who thought that he had dropped from the clouds, and obeyed the call; but he soon collected from the audience the real cause of their displeasure.

"Restore the author!—restore the author!" was the 'universal cry.

It was Sloman's benefit-night, and in order to shorten the length of the performances the actor had in the author's alienation very unceremoniously left out three or four scenes of the first piece. A few words confessing that during his temporary absence some liberties had certainly been taken with him, but now that he had come back, he would instantly restore himself, at once allayed the tumult, and thus ended the adventure of *Smuggling an Author*.

It should, perhaps, be mentioned that as Elliston had guaranteed, the Leicester arrears were ultimately duly paid, and that the author excused himself when any charge of collusion was afterwards sportively brought against him, by observing, that he had only done what every one had enjoined him to do, which was to—take care of the money!

EPIGRAM.

ON LIEUTENANT EYRE'S NARRATIVE OF THE DISASTERS AT CABUL.

A sorry tale, of sorry plans,
Which this conclusion grants,
That Affghan clans had all the *Khans*
And we had all the *cant's*.

T. H.

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

MAN A MICROCOSM.

"It is worthy of remark," says Vico (in the "*Scienza Nuova*"), "that in all languages, the greater part of the expressions relative to inanimate things are either derived by metaphor from different parts of the human body, or from human sentiments and passions. Hence the word *head* for summit or commencement—*mouth* for any opening—the *teeth* of a plough, of a rake, of a saw, of a comb—a *tongue* of land—the *gorge* of a mountain—a *handful* for a small number—the *arm* of a river—the *heart* for the centre—the *veins* of a mine—the *bowels* of the earth—the *flesh* of a fruit—the *whistling* of the wind—the *murmur* of the waves—the *groaning* of any object beneath a great weight."

The Romans used the phrases "*sitire agros, laborare fructus, luxuriari segetes*:" and the Italians say, "*andar in amore le piante, andar in pazzia le viti—lagrimare gli orni*;" while they apply to inanimate objects the words, "*fronte, spalle, occhi, barbe, collo, gamba, piede, pianta*."

We have already said that ignorant man takes himself for the rule of the universe: in the above examples, he makes an entire world of himself. Man, in fact, transforms himself into all objects both by intelligence, and by the want of intelligence; and perhaps the second axiom is more true than the first, since in the exercise of his understanding he stretches his mind to reach and embrace objects; whereas, in the privation of intelligence, he makes all these objects out of himself.

Hence the received notion that man is a microcosm or little world, and that the body natural may be compared to the body politic. Nor have we been content with fashioning an outward world from our inward one; but as God made man in his own image, so have certain fanatical men presumed to create a Deity after their own form and fashion, which is generally the worst they could have selected. Every one is more or less a little world to himself; and in this fusion, or confusion of the outward and visible with the inward and spiritual, most people are apt to identify themselves with external objects, especially if they bear reference to their own immediate habits, callings, or productions; a natural tendency which receives illustration from the beggar, recorded by Matthews, who hobbled about the streets, exclaiming,

"Please to buy a penn'orth of matches of a poor old man all made of dry wood."

FLEAS.

A CHATTERBOX ran about the town of Bath, warning his friends against ever sleeping at the Golden Lion, where he had been most grievously bitten by fleas.

"You remind me," said one of the parties thus addressed, "of the

punishment threatened by Horace to the man who should attack him,

"Fle-bit, et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe."

When the late Lord Erskine, then going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied,

"Union is strength, a fact of which some of your inmates seem to be unaware; for had the fleas been unanimous last night, they might have pushed me out of bed."

"Fleas!" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment, "I was not aware that I had a single one in the house."

"I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship, "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families!"

STATE PYRAMIDS.

"It may be taken as a governing principle in all civil relations, that the strong and the rich will continue to grow stronger and richer, and the feeble and the poor more weak and impoverished, until the first become unfit to rule, or the last unable any longer to endure. This is the secret of the downfall of all states that have crumbled beneath their own abuses, and hence the necessity of widening the foundations of society, according to the increased weight that they are required to support. A pyramid, surmounted with a statue, whether crowned or not, should be the emblem of a commonwealth."

Despotic states resemble a pyramid reversed, which the weakest assault may topple down: and few things are more weak, notwithstanding its apparent strength, than absolute power. It has no supporters, no defence—for the tyrant is ever without friends—and he who has no law for others, cannot expect any for himself. Hence the tyrannicide among the ancients was always honoured as a patriot. The modern civilized world is perhaps less governed by constitutions and ministers than by public opinion, which a free press, where it exists, soon elevates into a species of omnipotence. If, therefore, there be any truth in the dictum that the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei*, the enlightened European states, so far as they are self-governed, are religiously governed, and approximate to the condition of the Jewish theocracy before the time of Saul.

HOPE.

HOPE is like a poplar beside a river—undermined by that which feeds it—or like a butterfly, crushed by being caught—or like a fox-chase, of which the pleasure is in the pursuit—or like revenge, which is generally converted into disappointment or remorse as soon as it is accomplished—or like a will-o'-the-wisp, in running after which, through pools and puddles, you are not likely to catch any thing—but a cold.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

ROUSSEAU asks his humane, moral, and enlightened reader, what he would do if he could enrich himself, without moving from Paris, by signing the death-warrant of an innocent old Mandarin of China? A conscientious Frenchman might urge that we have no right to do

wrong in order that good may come of it; but he would at the same time moot the question, whether it *be* wrong to put an old Mandarin out of his misery, taking it for granted, that he must be in a wretched state of health from the inordinate use of opium, supplied to him by the unfeeling and unprincipled English. And the pious Gaul would further argue, that, though it would be scandalous to procure the death of a fellow-creature to enrich himself, he was bound, as a father, to consult the interests of his children; whereupon a tear of parental love would start into his eye, and he would sign the death-warrant with a sentimental ejaculation.

Had the same question been propounded to a plain English John Bull, during the late war with the Celestial Empire, he would probably exclaim,

"What! have I not always been taught to make money—honestly if I could—but at all events to make money—and are not the Chinese our enemies, whom we are bound to destroy by every means in our power?"

"True," might be rejoined; "but this poor old Mandarin is a non-combatant; he has never done you any harm, and it would hardly be in conformity with the laws of religion and humanity to put him to death for nothing."

"But," retorts John Bull, "it would be in perfect conformity with the laws of war. Besides, I don't put him to death for *nothing*. I should scorn such a mean and cruel act—I do it to enrich myself. Had I been but a physician, I might have done the same towards scores of my fellow-countrymen, only the warrant would have been written in Latin—so give me the pen."

Let us suppose one of that daily-increasing class, the Doctor Cantwells, to be placed in the same predicament.

"Though we are at war with the Chinese," would he meekly remark, "no consideration should induce me to sign this poor man's death-warrant, especially for my own interest, for we are commanded to forgive our enemies. But we are nowhere commanded to forgive the enemies of the Lord; and as this miserable sinner is a heathen, and it may be for the interest of the true religion that he should be swept from the face of the earth, I deem it my bounden duty, however painful to my feelings, to give my humble subscription to this heavenly order."

Which having done, and invested the blood-money in land or government securities, he would make donations to half a dozen charitable or religious societies, would call (in his own carriage) upon some polemical Boanerges, and if, as they drove towards Exeter Hall, they chanced to pass some good and kind-hearted, and really religious man who was no pharisee, our Doctor Cantwell would turn to his companion, and exclaim with a look and sneer of sanctimony—

"I thank God that I am not as yonder publican."

Let us imagine the same startling question submitted to the decision of a poor devil of an author.

"How—what!" he would exclaim—"get suddenly rich by my own writing, and none of the money to go to the publisher? Done—done! Where's the pen and ink, where's the paper? As to the Mandarin, he

need not shake his gory locks at me. The day of his death shall be the happiest of his life, for I'll write his Epicedium, and immortalize him by publishing it in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

TO-DAY :—A HINT FOR A SERMON.

MARVELLOUS are the statements put forth by calculators as to what four farthings would by this time have accomplished, had they been placed out at compound interest at the birth of Christ. Were such a penny-turning penny in existence, and able to tell its own tale, it would

Make his chronicle as rich with prize,
As is the oozy bottom of the sea,
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

A rolling stone, we are told, gathers no moss, and in the case of Sisyphus, we know the assertion to be true; but this ever-turning penny, if Cocker be trustworthy, would, at this our present Anno Domini, almost suffice to purchase our habitable globe, even were it composed "of one entire and perfect chrysolite"—a fact of which I have no more doubt, than had Pitt of the efficacy of his sinking fund to annihilate the national debt in a few years! But although we have no metallic evidence of the miracles that may be accomplished by the accumulation of money, we have present and tangible proof of the wonders that may be wrought by the aggregation of Time; for that most marvellous of all prodigies TO-DAY—is the astounding result of the one single day of Creation, with its compound interest for six thousand years.

This most imperial TO-DAY, therefore, is seated on the throne built up by two million one hundred-and-ninety thousand days, and makes its footstool of twenty-four times as many hours! Acting as the faithful subjects and indefatigable subjects of TO-DAY, the countless myriads of the past generations have exterminated monsters, diminished the races of wild beasts and savages, have advanced civilization, improved the fertility of the earth, conquered the elements, and ministered in ten thousand different ways to the physical security, comfort, and happiness of their living successors.

And yet all that God has done for man, and man for himself in a material sense, during these six thousand years, fades into insignificance compared with the inappreciable moral legacies which the past has bequeathed to the present. All the wisdom, experience, investigation, discoveries, inventions, improvements, of sixty centuries, each adding by compound interest to the treasures it had inherited, are the free, absolute, inalienable property of TO-DAY—not entailed to any individual heir—not restricted to any favoured class, but scattering their precious benefits by the diffusion of intelligence in all directions, upon the poor as well as the rich, the peasant as well as the prince. Truly, all those who by living TO-DAY have become the heirs of the past, have succeeded to a splendid patrimony! Let their gratitude be proportioned to their good fortune, especially when they reflect that they pay no legacy-duty nor income-tax on this magnificent bequest.

And yet their destiny and position are much less majestical as

children of the past, than as the parents of the future; for they have only six thousand years behind, but an eternity before them. And if riches have their duties as well as privileges, what an awful responsibility is entailed upon the generation inheriting all the moral wealth that has been accumulating since the creation! "The child's the father of the man," and the comparatively young world of *TO-DAY*, will transmit its character to the adult world of another day. Can there be a more cogent motive for improving the moral estate we have inherited, so that our legacy to posterity may exceed that which was bequeathed to us by antiquity, and that the incalculable numbers who are to come after us, may not have reason to reproach their ancestors? Let no living man finally pass away, without having endeavoured to deposit upon the altar of human advancement, an offering suitable to his means and opportunities. As his efforts towards this great and glorious consummation will best embalm his memory among his fellow-mortals, so may he humbly hope that they will form his surest passport to a blissful immortality.

HOW TO FIND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

WHEN Hobbes the philosopher was lying on his deathbed, and consulted as to what inscription was to be placed on his tombstone, he replied, with a smile, "The Philosopher's Stone."

HOLT, speaking of the wonderful increase and riches of commercial cities says,

"This is the true Philosopher's Stone, so much sought after in former ages, the discovery of which has been reserved to genius when studying to improve the mechanic arts. Hence a pound of raw materials is converted into stuffs of fifty times its original value. And the metals too are not indeed transmuted into gold—they are more: for the labour of man has been enabled to work the baser metal by the ingenuity of art, so as to become worth many times more than its weight in gold."

A NEW SONG TO THE OLD TUNE.

1.

'Tis true his lips have never
Breathed of love, except in sighs;
But he courted me for ever
With his fond and wooing eyes.
A lover's suit he tender'd,
Though he gave it not a name,
And the heart was soon surrender'd
Which I thought he meant to claim.

2.

That heart as soon was broken
When his sickleness was proved;
But never be it spoken,
In reproach of him I loved.
Say nothing to distress him,
Only tell him, that in death
I fondly sigh'd—God bless him!
With my last forgiving breath.

MANUFACTURES.

THE ambition of excelling all the world in our manufactures sounds in the first instance very much like the

Meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust ;

for what is it, in point of fact, but the glory of doing all the drudgery and dirty work for the rest of our species, of being cosmopolitan "hewers of wood and drawers of water," not to say catholic scavengers and nightmen ? We boast of being the freest nation in the world, yet we voluntarily make ourselves the slaves of the most slavish that will give us orders—for our manufactures. We are a people of unemancipated white negroes.

Does any one ask what we have gained by thus rendering ourselves the slaves of the whole world ? We have become masters of the whole world ! We have literally stooped to conquer. Commerce, an ever-propitious impersonation of both Neptune and Mars, has given us the command of the sea, which, in the present dependence of nations upon each other, includes, to a certain extent, the dominion of the land. We have not "beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning-hooks," that so we might become a judge over the nations ; but on the contrary, conquering by the instruments of peace, we have made lances of our shuttles, battering-rams of our steam-engines, and brandishing the manufacturer's hammer, we have first wielded it, like that of Thor, to knock down our enemies ; and secondly, like that of the auctioneer, to knock down our goods to the best bidder.

IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS.

THE average standard, whether of body or mind, is the best adapted to the wear and tear of life. Tall men must often stoop, if they wish to avoid knocking their heads—short ones must stand on tiptoe if they desire to see as much as their neighbours. Great intellects are ever exposed to injury by knocking against the angles of some narrow prejudice,—little ones are liable to be squeezed or trampled upon by their larger-minded fellow-mortals. "Even if you think like the wise," says Roger Ascham, "you should speak like the common people."

Distinguished talent excites envy—mediocrity throws nobody into the shade, and therefore appeals to the sympathies of every body. Horace, indeed, maintains—

Mediocribus esse poetis

Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ,

But critics have granted it, for I myself have been more than once lauded as if I had written like Wordsworth or Bulwer. And why ? Because the praise of mediocrity is the surest way to annoy the higher order of merit.

FINE ARTS.

THERE is a story extant of a mad dog that in his progress through the St. John's Wood-road, flew and snapped at every passenger in his way except one,—whom instead of biting, he saluted in passing with a wag of the tail. The individual thus favoured, is said to have been a certain well-known painter, whose pictures of animals have been universally admired. The poor brute had perhaps sat or stood to him, aforetime, for its portrait; or possibly the acknowledgment was of a more general nature, for no man, except the Great Novelist, has done so much for the canine race as Edwin Landseer.

Thanks to the pencil and the partiality of this painter, the Dog now occupies a distinguished station in our galleries. He is become as it were one of us, and is honourably hung in effigy amongst historical personages of our own species.

In every exhibition he has a prominent place—not unworthy for sagacity to appear beside a full-length Lord Mayor—for courage close to a Field Marshal—for honesty, on the right or left of an Attorney-General—for attachment, next to the "Portrait of a Gentleman,"—and for fidelity, by the "Portrait of a Lady." Thus his virtues, his acts, his form and features, are commemorated, and the Dog, who otherwise would only have enjoyed his proverbial day, is made immortal!

To such pictures it would not be very fanciful to attribute the introduction of a certain Bill into Parliament, and which ought to have been called "an Act to prevent Dogs being treated like dogs." They are certainly not more cruelly used than many other animals, including some classes of our own species. The poorest of them are not sent to Northleach, nor the wickedest of them to Knutsford.

The turnspit's wheel is out of date, whereas the treadmill is in full activity. The same of other punishments. Now and then a young hound gets publicly or privately whipped, but so do some juvenile delinquents and unfortunates of human kind—and for severity, the keeper's or huntsman's whip is milder by some degrees than a red-hot rod, a billy-roller, or a cat-o'-nine-tails. As to the halter, there are more men hung than curs; it may be unpleasant to dance in a red jacket upon compulsion; but it is worse to dance upon nothing.

Then as to labour, the brutes would gain nothing by exchanging into our mines or factories, "receiving the difference." A terrier now and then has to grope underground for a fox or rabbit, but that employment is literally *sport*, to the boring in the bowels of the earth for metals and minerals.

No—it was not the cruelty [but] the degradations inflicted on the animals in question, that produced the Dog Bill, and enlisted the sympathies of its supporters. They had just seen the portrait of the Friend of Byron

Who never knew but one,

when they met a Newfoundlander harnessed to a truck. They had

been gazing at the Shepherd's Chief Mourner, when they encountered a creature of the same breed, dragging a barrow, full of carrion. Fresh from looking at that dignified Dog in Office—or like a Lord Chancellor—they had stumbled on a Poodle, begging on his hind legs, for paltry coppers, with an old greasy hat in his mouth!

We have been led into these speculations, as well as the following verses, by a print from the celebrated picture called “Laying Down the Law.” It is a highly-finished Engraving in Mezzotint, by the painter's brother, Mr. Thomas Landseer. The physiognomical expressions are well preserved—the texture of the poodle's fleece is *perfect*, and the plate altogether will be an attractive and acceptable one to a Lover of the Fine Arts and of the Faithful Animal.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

BY THE EDITOR.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

If thou wert born a Dog, remain so; but if thou wert born a Man, resume thy former shape.—ARABIAN NIGHTS.

A POODLE, Judge-like, with emphatic paw,
Dogmatically laying down the law,—
A batch of canine Counsel round the table,
Keen eyed, and sharp of nose, and long of jaw,
At sight, at scent, at giving tongue right able:—
O Edwin Landseer, Esquire, and R.A.,
Thou great Pictorial Esop, say,
What is the moral of this painted fable?

O say, accomplished Artist!
Was it thy purpose, by a scene so quizzical,
To read a wholesome lesson to the Chartist,
So over-partial to the means called Physical,
Sticks, staves, and swords, and guns, the tools of treason?—
To show, illustrating the better course,
The very Brutes abandoning Brute Force,
The worry and the fight,
The bark and bite,
In which, says Doctor Watts, the dogs delight,

And lending shaggy ears to Law and Reason,
 As utter'd in that court of high antiquity
 Where sits the Chancellor, supreme as Pope,
 But works—so let us hope—
 In equity, not iniquity?

Or was it but a speculation
 On Transmigration,
 How certain of our most distinguish'd Daniels,
 Interpreters of Law's bewildering book,
 Would look
 Transform'd to mastiffs, setters, hounds, and spaniels,
 (As Bramins in their Hindoo code advance,) *nous*,
 With that great Lawyer of the Upper House
 Who rules all suits by equitable *nous*,
 Become—like vile Amina's spouse—
 A Dog, call'd Chance?*

Methinks, indeed, I recognise
 In those deep-set and meditative eyes
 Engaged in mental puzzle,
 And that portentous muzzle,
 A celebrated Judge too prone to tarry,
 To hesitate on devious inns and outs,
 And on preceding doubts to build *redoubts*
 That regiments could not carry—
 Prolonging even Law's delays, and still
 Putting a skid upon the wheel up-hill,
 Meanwhile the weary and desponding client
 Seem'd—in the agonies of indecision—
 In Doubting Castle, with that dreadful Giant
 Described in Bunyan's Vision!

So slow, indeed, was justice in its ways,
 Beset by more than customary clogs,
 Going to law in those expensive days
 Was much the same as going to the Dogs!

* See the story of Sidi Nonman in the "Arabian Nights."

But, possibly, I err,
And that sagacious and judicial Creature,
So Chancellor-like in feature,
With ears so wig-like, and a cape of fur,
Looking as grave, responsible and sage,
As if he had the Guardianship in fact
Of all poor dogs, or crackt,
And puppies under age—
It may be that the Creature was not meant
Any especial Lord to represent,
Eldon or Erskine, Cottenham or Thurlow,
Or Brougham, (more like him whose potent jaw
Is holding forth the letter of the law,)
Or Lyndhurst, after the vacation's furlough,
Presently sitting in the House of Peers,
On wool he sometimes wishes in his ears,
When touching Corn Laws, Taxes, or Tithe-piggery,
He hears a fierce attack,
And, sitting on his sack,
Listens in his great wig to greater whiggery !
So, possibly, those others,
In coats so various, or sleek or rough,
Aim not at any of the legal brothers
Who wear the silken robe or gown of stuff.
Yet who that ever heard or saw
The Counsel sitting in that solemn Court,
Who, having passed the Bar, are safe in port,
Or those great Serjeants, learned in the Law,—
Who but must trace a feature now and then
Of those forensic men,
As good at finding heirs as any harriers,
Renown'd like greyhounds for long tales—indeed,
The Common Chancery reports to read,
At worrying the ear as apt as terriers,—
Good at conveyance as the hairy carriers
That bear our gloves, umbrellas, hats, and sticks,
Books, baskets, bones, or bricks,
In Deeds of Trust as sure as Tray the trusty,—
Acute at sniffing flaws on legal grounds,
And lastly—well the catalogue it closes !—
Still following their predecessors' noses,
Through ways however dull or dusty,
As fond of hunting precedents, as hounds
Of running after foxes more than musty ?

However, slow or fast,
 Full of urbanity, or supercilious,
 In temper mild, serene, or atrabilious,
 Fluent of tongue, or prone to legal saw,
 The Dogs have got a Chancellor at last,
 For Laying down the Law!
 And never may the canine race regret it,
 With whinings and repinings loud or deep,—
 Ragged in coat, and shortened in their keep,
 Worried by day, and troubled in their sleep,
 With cares that prey upon the heart and fret it—
 As human suitors have had cause to weep—
 For what is Law, unless poor Dogs can get it
 Dog-cheap?

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

WINDSOR CASTLE.*

WINDSOR, the abode of our ancient Saxon monarchs—the site of that magic fortress which, in immortal fable, Merlin reared—the enchanted spot where Arthur and his knights encircled that old Round Table, whose form symbolizes its unending existence among the realities of tradition and history; Windsor, in later times, the favoured height whereon the Conqueror erected his renowned castle—the birth-place and the tomb of so many of his successors—the home of all; Windsor, with its forest-world, whose trees innumerable tell of the centuries gone by, when the demon-hunter, Herne of the scathed oak, was, as lord of the greenwoods, a personage no less veritable and visible to superstitious generations of men, than the crowned king within the castle walls; this Windsor surely, thus abounding in memorials, romantic and historical, enduring as her forest oaks, or the rocky foundations of her towers, is beyond every other famous place entitled to give its name to a tale of wonder and power. Strange that it should have been uncommemorated, unillustrated so long. To the popular author of the “Tower of London” the subject fell, as a legitimate consequence of the ground he had before taken; and amongst the various kinds of literary power now in existence, Mr. Ainsworth’s seems more especially fitted to do the bidding of Mrs. Quickly—

About, about,
 Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out!

* A Historical Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. 3 vols. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

best adapted for that descriptive revival of the old time in England which the historical portions of the story demand, and for the portrayal of that wild and supernatural course of action of which traditional memorials suggest the introduction.

The age is that of Henry VIII.; and the exact time over which the events range is the period between the arrival of Anne Boleyn at those regal halls in which she is soon to reign mistress, and the day of her beheading.

The tale has a striking opening and a startling close. A grand procession, rich and various in character, and painted with that minuteness and animation in which this writer so excels, ushers in the queen-elect; and a solitary human figure, still more picturesque, fills the last scene; it is that of Henry, who, with a fierce tumult raging in his breast, is gazing at noontide on the 19th of May, from the woods below his castle, upon the Round Tower, whence, as by previous arrangement of a line of signals from the place of execution, a signal gun is fired, announcing to the king that the blood of his wife has just stained the block upon the Tower-green in London, and that he is free to wed the idol of the day, Jane Seymour.

But this termination, so touching and well-imagined in itself, is rendered infinitely more impressive by the sudden appearance of the fiend-hunter, Herne, who, mounted on his coal-black steed, dashes at the very moment across the path of Henry, as though it were his evil genius marshalling him to new atrocities, the spectral herald of troubles and tragedies to come. The deed then done, foreshadowing our knowledge of the diabolical excesses which followed, seems at that instant actually to require the visible presence of the fiend, to account for and give consistency and truth to it.

The supernatural agency introduced in the person of Herne the Hunter, constitutes the leading feature of this singular romance, and stamps it with a character which no other historical tale, of that or any time in England, can lay claim to. We may have had Henry and Wolsey, Anne Boleyn and Catherine, figuring in fictitious history before—but we have not had Herne. He is a figure so quaintly-fashioned—so wild and so remote—so faded into a hoary and grotesque shadow upon the verge of recollection, as to have evaded any grasp less daring and original than Mr. Ainsworth's; and in dragging forth into broad light the demon-keeper of the forest, who has been but dimly seen in our literature, and yet has been famous for ages,—a debt due to the dignity of old tradition seems to have been discharged, and we feel that the author has justly done for Herne the Hunter, what others have as rightly done for Robin Hood. There is no good reason for going to Germany for all our mysticism and marvels, for our spectre-hounds, coal-black steeds, and flying huntsmen; while a demon-crew, overshadowing them all, can thus be conjured up amidst the deep and antique shadows of Windsor Forest.

Shakspeare has registered the existence of the (then) "old tale"—that is, in the time of Henry IV., and has described in a few distinct words the doings of Herne; how at midnight during all winter-time he walked round an oak with great ragged horns, and blasted the tree—how too he took the cattle, at the same time shaking a chain "in a most hideous and dreadful manner"—how the tale was credited, and

delivered to another age "for truth." Upon this hint our new historian has wrought wonders; and henceforth the fiend of the forest, Herne, with his broken chain and antlered brow, will be as easily identified among the grim forms that people the imagination, as his own oak was among the venerable trees of Windsor.

We propose to devote what space may be spared to the history of this imperishable hunter, as here related by honest Hector Cutbeard, the clerk of the king's kitchen. The broken rattling chain, and the wild stag's head, must have perplexed many and many an explorer of old romance, and raised a curiosity that never had a chance of being gratified till now.

Briefly then:—About the middle of Richard II.'s reign, a young man named Herne flourished as one of the keepers of the forest. His wonderful expertness and devotion to the chase drew upon him royal notice, and with his two black hounds of St. Hubert's breed, he was the king's attendant as often as a hart was to be chased. Whether the boar, the badger, the otter, or the fox, was the object of sport, Herne was equally dexterous; but his jealous comrades hated him. One day, a desperate hart standing at bay, the king, who was separated from his attendants, was in imminent danger of death. Herne saved him by receiving the hurt himself, and slew the beast.

Osmonde Crook, the chief keeper, tenderly proposed as he drew his hunting-knife, to put the suffering youth "out of his misery;" but the grateful king offered a large reward for his cure; on which there suddenly sprang forward a tall, dark man, on a wild-looking steed, Philip Urswick by name, and engaged to perform what all else despaired of. He cut off the head of the dead hart close to the point where the neck joined the skull, and then laid it open from the extremity of the under lip to the nape, and ordered it to be bound on the head of the wounded man. The keepers were afraid lest he should recover; and the mysterious surgeon offered them revenge, on condition that they swore to grant, if they could, his first request. The compact was made.

Herne recovered, was enriched, and honoured by the king, and appointed chief-keeper. But alas! he had lost all his skill as an archer, all his craft as a hunter! His horse threw him on the first expedition—the keepers eyed him askance. He was lost in the chase, and the king laughed at him as out of practice, but gave him a chance, by bidding him bring down a buck, seventy yards off.

Herne raised his crossbow, but the bolt missed its mark. Another trial was assigned him by the king, but the arrow quivered in the trunk of a tree at some distance from the bird aimed at. The king's brow grew dark. The next day Herne practised, as he thought, in secret; but his enemies watched, and saw that not a shaft would go true—he had lost his mastery also over horse and hound. He went forth with the king to hunt, and again his failures provoked mirth; but the king pitied him, and gave him a week's repose for further trial, ere he deprived poor Herne of his office.

The unhappy keeper when he quitted the royal presence, rode off into the forest-depths, where he remained till nightfall, and then returned with ghastly looks—with the links of a rusty chain plucked from a gibbet, hanging from his left arm, and the hart's antlered skull

fixed like a helm upon his head. He was crazed—frantic—but his wild antics excited laughter instead of compassion.

He presently disappeared again amidst the trees in the Home Park ; and in an hour afterwards, a pedlar crossing from Datchett, found the forlorn and brainstruck keeper suspended from a branch of that oak-tree, which, for centuries since, has borne his name ! When the king's servants hurried to the spot, the body was gone, and the rope only was swinging from the branch. That night there was a terrible thunder-storm, and the very oak—thenceforward to be known as Herne's—was blasted by the lightning !

Osmonde Crook now became chief-keeper again—but the spell so fatal to Herne fell upon him. His bolts and arrows went wide of their mark, his hounds lost their scent, and his falcon would not be lured back. Each in turn who supplied his place, incurred the same ban, and the keepers went in a body to consult Urswick, who warned the wretched men that Herne's blood was upon them, and bade them repair to the oak on which he died.

There at midnight, through the pitchy darkness, they descried the white scathed branch of the tree ; and by a fitting blue light they recognised Herne, with his rusty rattling chain and antlered head. Amidst a burst of terrible laughter, they fell down fear-stricken before him, and he bade them bring him horse and hounds for the chase. They returned the next night with his two black hounds in leash, and a famous black steed given to Herne by the king. They saw him stalking round the tree, and heard his fearful imprecations ; when he vaulted on his horse, crying, "To the forest !" and dashed forward like a hurricane, the whole party, hounds and horses, hurrying after him.

Here in the forest he performed some incantation, and Urswick appeared, and welcomed Herne, and demanded of his comrades the fulfilment of their promise to grant his first request. He called on them to form a band for Herne the Hunter, and to serve him as leader. Not daring to refuse, the keepers took the oath, a stag was instantly unharboured, and a wild chase commenced, which lasted until an hour before daybreak. Night after night they assembled for the same purpose at the scathed oak, until the king, hearing of their wild outrages and depredations, determined to go forth at midnight with a numerous guard into the forest. The royal party encountered Herne at the oak, and the demon-hunter, in reply to the king's demand, denounced the king's keepers as the wretches by whose malice an infernal spell had been laid upon him.

"Hang them upon this tree," he exclaimed, "and I will trouble the woods no more while thou reignest."

The keepers then prostrated themselves before the king, confessing their guilt ; they were hanged upon the scathed tree, and the appeased spirit of Herne was seen no more during Richard's reign.

Thus endeth Mr. Ainsworth's inimitable legend of the hunter. How he appeared in after reigns, especially how he appeared in the eighth Harry's time, as registered herein, is a continuation of the tale of wonders worthy the beginning. There is, however, another version, touching his being tempted by the fiend through a fair nun, whom he carries off and slays in a jealous fit, destroying himself afterwards in remorse,

and this love-tale is here taken advantage of; Herne being devoutly smitten with the pure and simple charms of a forest maiden, Mabel Lyndwood, whose father is a keeper leagued with the demon. She has a second lover in Fenwolf, another of Herne's crew, a character powerfully marked; a third in Henry himself, whose adventures and disguises in her behalf are lightly and buoyantly described; and a fourth even [in the fond and passionate Wyatt, whose heart Mabel almost weans at length from the hopeless, unrequited love of Anne Boleyn, but only to leave it, by an untimely and piteous death, more desponding and desolate than ever.

Another source of tender and gentle interest is in the wooing and wailing, the bright love and the gloomy lot of the fair Geraldine (Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald) the sweet inspirer of the poetical dreams of Surrey, whose nature and bearing, like those of Wyatt, are strongly but gracefully portrayed. Then the great and solemn woes of the lofty Catherine, the light vanity, the dazzling beauty, and sudden doom of Anne—the struggles, the sway, and the tottering of Wolsey—the pomps and passions of the king, his tenderness, and fierceness, now distracted by his first divorce, and now by his first beheading—the heavy swaggering gracefulness and selfish power with which he moves amidst all, and that kind of brilliant brutality for which he is famous kept ever in exercise;—these form chapters full to overflowing all that can give colour, action, change, and vitality, to a romance. To relieve the grand council and chamber-scenes where Anne and Wolsey try their strength, there are kitchen-scenes crowded with dainties, spacious and largely peopled, with trials of wit and spite between the jesters of the king and the cardinal, which in turn are contrasted with joust and tourney of a loftier kind, with hunting-groups and pictures of wild sport, full of vigour, life, and truth—with patches of forest scenery charmingly bright and green, and descriptions of tower and terrace and proud keep, that absolutely bring the great castle's unequalled grandeur under our gaze.

Still the imagination having lingered among events and persons familiar to it, will start off for fresh food to the forest, and dash with Herne into the dark lake, or track him to his cave, or fly with him through that fiery wood which, with the wild horseman and his hapless burden, Mabel, whom he is bearing to destruction, both author and artist have so brilliantly and terrifically described. As the hunter is now surrounded by the treacherous flames, from which he nevertheless escapes; so do the mortal persons of the story seem shut in and surrounded by the supernatural agency which affects them all more or less, and which seems to be rightly ascribed to a time and a country when such outrages against law and justice, morals and religion, could be practised by the chief magistrate of the land with scarcely a murmur from any body, as the axe fell, or the decree of divorce went forth. In short, to all the vast natural interest of the subject, Mr. Ainsworth has added an irresistible and unexpected charm.

THE LOST SHIP.*

THE experienced writer of this new naval romance seems to be aware that the ordinary staple of this class of work is pretty well exhausted, and that success can only be hoped for by striking out some new line in the art ; that at all events the ordinary incidents and characters peculiar to a sea life can no longer be exclusively connected even with a tale of the sea, and that to make them palatable they must be blended with associations and circumstances which bring them more closely home to the feelings and interests of the great body of the reading world. Proceeding upon this principle, in the first place, his "Lost Ship" is an Atlantic steam-packet, and therefore out of the category of ordinary naval subjects, and its crew as little answering to the traditional character of a "British tar" as the engine-man of a railway-train does to a dragsman of the old road. In the second place, among the living inmates of the "Lost Ship," the denizens of the land (in the form of passengers home from the United States) outnumber three or fourfold those whose element and home are on the waters—thus throwing together two classes of persons, who have scarcely a feeling, a thought, an association, or an interest in common. Further, the whole of the incidents connected with the naval portion of the narrative are made to turn on one of those now rare occurrences, a mutiny of the greater portion of the crew against their officers—an event which is rendered doubly perplexing and terrible by the presence of so many individuals who can take no part either on one side or the other. And lastly, to add to these elements of novelty in the construction of a tale bearing a naval title, the events of nearly all the first volume take place not merely on *terra firma*, but on what to the English novelist is pretty nearly *terra incognita*—the backwoods of America.

In fact, the most spirited, clever, and original scenes of this work, are those which introduce us to the beautiful recluse of the wayside cottage on the banks of the * * *, and her eccentric but high-minded father, who form the chief points of interest in the subsequent events connected with the "Lost Ship." The off-hand and sailor-like manner in which this novel is written, will be well illustrated by a brief extract from the opening scene of this part of the story. Despairing of any other mode of personal introduction to the beauty of * * *, the hero of the story, determines to introduce himself,—which he does in the following fashion.

"I think this must be the spot," said Herbert, half aloud, as he looked round once or twice ; "and, at any rate, there is no fault in the taste that selected such a site, for few more beautiful have presented themselves in the whole of the ride, nor is it likely that there should be two such queer-fashioned looking kennels possessing the same bearings. This must be the house ; but, however, I see no one stirring in it, though that is no argument either way ; at any rate, I'll put it to the test. If he is at home, I must make the best of

* The Lost Ship; or, the Atlantic Steamer: a Romance of the Ocean. By the author of "Cavendish," "The Flying Dutchman," &c. 3 vols.

it; and, if he is out, I do not see that I can make any better. Now let me see—what was the part I was to play?"

Here Herbert paused in his low, muttered conversation with himself, as if reflecting, and then presently added,

"Well, I don't think I can mend that plan, so I'll e'en adopt it. And now, old Breakneck," patting his horse familiarly on the shoulder, "you shall see some acting that would not disgrace the Park Theatre, and might, perhaps, even pass muster on the famed boards of the old country."

Then, as if the speaker's mind were fully resolved, he slackened his rein as a signal to the noble charger that he rode to move forward, a hint most speedily obeyed, for in two or three bounds, both man and steed paused opposite to the porch we have mentioned. Here, in the loudest voice he could command, and with every appearance of a *boni fide* traveller, Herbert commenced shouting—

"Hey there, Mr. Landlord! House a-hoy! Holloo there within! Fire! thieves! and the enemy! Is there no one to answer an honest man, and noon scarcely past his broad manhood?"

No answer was returned to these interrogations; and Herbert, who had been for some minutes agitating the front-door by its apology for a handle, without succeeding in gaining any attention, waited patiently for the space of a few seconds; and, after making the neighbouring woods resound to a pair of most indubitable lungs, with repetitions of the aforesaid cry of "House a-hoy!" &c., without any beneficial result following, slowly walked his steed round the building, to see if any less guarded portal presented itself; but though there evidently existed other buildings behind, they were enclosed and inaccessible.

In a few minutes both steed and rider once more made their appearance in front: the search had been a fruitless one.

"By Saint Jago de Cuba!" exclaimed the stranger, striking the door heavily with the massive silver butt of his horsewhip; "the man does not live that foils us often, does he, good Breakneck? By leave of your heel, we will have an entry here whether or no, if my name is Herbert of Cherbury."

As the speaker thus communicated his intention to his horse, a slight motion of his hand brought the animal immediately in front of the house, and fairly before the door, at about three feet from it; the ingenious Herbert then slipped his fingers beneath the short ribs of the steed under his flank. Away flew the powerful heels of his charger, and the front-door of "mine host-that-was-to-be," with a sound that re-echoed through the nodding wood on the other side of the river, broke into fifty splinters.

"Thanks, Breakneck, my boy; I know no one more hospitable in another man's house than yourself; we shall have less difficulty now in getting something to fodder us both."

As Herbert said this, he struck a few more blows with his handwhip, which seemed expressly formed for the operation, upon the already shattered portal, and in a few minutes had entered the threshold: unbolting and opening back the shattered door-frame, he passed the two rooms on either side, entered the kitchen, and, coolly leading in his horse after him, hung the bridle of the latter carelessly on the key of a rude cupboard, raked together very carefully the embers of the fire, which had been getting rather low, and which he now, therefore, replenished with fresh fuel, and this done, began to look about him.

With the events which occupy the naval portion of the romance we shall not meddle, beyond the remark that a large amount of novelty is gained by the ingenious manner in which the writer turns to account the passengers on board his "Lost Ship,"—where, before starting her, he has contrived, by hook or by crook, to assemble all the persons about whom he has interested the reader during the opening chapters

of his narrative. The way in which amidst the terrible strife of tempest and mutiny united, he contrives to play off the humours and passions, and characteristics of half a score of the denizens of different countries and conditions, keeps the attention of the reader perpetually alive, and will probably secure for the work an amount of popularity at least equal to that acquired by the same author's previous productions.

The great blemish of this novel is the incomplete and unsatisfactory nature of its conclusion, which leaves the fate of all the *dramatis personæ* as much a mystery as that attending the unfortunate "Lost Ship," on whose fate this fiction has been so gratuitously supposed to be founded. In fact, we are not acquainted with any novel of recent date, that is so purely the creature of the writer's invention as "The Lost Ship."

VICTOR HUGO'S EXCURSIONS UP THE RHINE.*

THERE is no reciprocity in the literary and intellectual intercourse between England and other countries: and the wrong doing is all on our side. No sooner does an Englishman acquire an European reputation than every successive volume he puts forth is placed, through the medium of a competent translation, before the reading public of every cultivated European country, within a few weeks of its seeing the light in its author's native land. But so far from this being the case in regard to the established writers of other countries—even those of our immediate neighbours, France and Germany—it is generally years before even their best productions are known in England, and then only at the bidding or suggestion of some great review. There has never been a more striking instance of this than in the case of Victor Hugo's "Rhine." Without meaning or desiring to disparage the imaginative works of this writer, here is a book worth all the rest of them put together, and we doubt whether it did not cost its writer an amount of reading and intellectual labour proportioned to the above comparative estimate of it. At all events it is understood to have accomplished for him what all the rest of his works might and would have failed to do; it has secured for him (in due time) a seat in the Chamber of Peers. Moreover—and this is more to the point than its sterling literary merits,* or even its vast popularity in his own country—it is, in addition to all its other claims, the most efficient "Handbook" that has ever been put together, of a country that is more beset and be-visited by Handbook buying Englishmen than any other in the world. And yet it required the laudation of the *Quarterly Review*, if not to make the general body of the reading world of England, know that such a book existed, at least to induce that demand for it which can alone be expected to secure its publication as a matter of professional business.

This is one among those many crying evils which will never be got rid of until the great literary question of international copyright is placed upon a just and equitable footing. In the mean time, let us not lose the

* Excursions up the Rhine. By Victor Hugo, author of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," &c.

opportunity now presented to us, of doing tardy justice to the very best book of its class that was ever put together—the best no less on the score of its research, industry and literary labour, and therefore of its completeness as a book of reference and practical utility, than as the most entertaining and intellectual of travelling companions, the most efficient and satisfactory of guides, and the most lively, amusing, and original of story-tellers,—at least in that class of stories, made up of the romantic and the grotesque, which are no less adapted to Victor Hugo's peculiar genius, than to the locality which has evoked them on the present occasion. His capital legend of “Le Beau Pecopin” is as fantastic, as brilliant, as rapid in its progress, and almost as powerful and impressive, as “Vathec” itself.

These “Excursions along the Banks of the Rhine” are written in the form of letters to a friend, and this very efficient English version of them has the rare merit of including the entire work; very properly repudiating the impertinence of taking upon itself to think for the English reader what portions he may or may not desire to have placed before him. It is literally a transfer of Victor Hugo's book from the French language and idiom to the English; the only exception to this remark being the omission of a long and strictly *political* essay, evidently concocted for a political purpose, which is appended to the original work, and would doubtless have amply fulfilled that purpose had it not been accomplished already,—of convincing the French people that the Rhine, and nothing but the Rhine, is the natural boundary of *la belle France*, and that the rest of the world—Germany included—will very soon concur by acclamation in this view of the matter!

HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.*

WHILE the number of readers of history is so rapidly increasing, and works suited to their various tastes are as rapidly making their appearance, we are anxious to call the public attention to a work entitled “The History of Our Own Times,” which combines entertainment and instruction, with a degree of historical interest, not surpassed by any former period of history. The story of the last eventful half century, is indeed a tale to be had in remembrance; and while one excellent writer has brought one portion of the picturesque history of the middle ages vividly before us, and another another portion; while others have painted the great convulsions of the sixteenth century; and others, the sanguinary contests of the seventeenth, or the diplomatic wars of the earlier half of the last century, it is well that attention should be pointed to the history of that far more eventful period, which, though past, still survives in those mighty and various influences which are even now moulding the characters of the present generation.

The work, of which the first volume is now before us, appropriately commences with a view of the state of France, previously to that tremendous moral earthquake—the Revolution; and a most interesting

* History of Our Own Times. By the Author of “The Court and Times of Frederick the Great.” Vol. I.

and vivid picture is given of that deceitful calm, that gay sunshine, and the flutter of those gilded insects (alas! we can scarcely award them a better name), that disported so heartlessly and joyously, until swept away by unlooked-for destruction.

This chapter is succeeded by a general view of the state of the various nations of Europe, at the period when the first faint murmurs of the coming storm might be heard; and England, Austria, Prussia, Turkey, Russia, Sweden, Poland, Spain, Italy, pass in rapid but intelligent review before us. The state of each country when compared with its present condition, affords indeed food for deep reflection; and much credit is due to the author for the philosophical spirit which he has here displayed. There is no violent enunciation of party views, no one-sided statements, but

Nothing extenuate,
And nought set down in malice,

seems always to have been present to his mind.

With the convocation of the States-general, so soon to be known by the more formidable name of the National Assembly, the "History of Our Own Times" properly begins, and with it, the storm that shook Europe to her centre. And in the pages of the author, we see the gradual, and slow, but certain development of that fearful tragedy, of which the destruction of the Bastille, and the massacre of the garrison completed the first act; while the return of the king as a prisoner to Paris, may be considered as the second.

The same impartiality marks this portion of the work as the former, and is a pledge of the writer's accuracy; and we therefore follow him through the fearful detail of rapine and murder, assured that we have a safe and a conscientious guide. The execution of the unfortunate Louis, the insurrection in St. Domingo, and the partition of Poland, close the present volume; and interested as we have been with this, we look forward with increased interest to the succeeding ones, well assured that the writer who has so ably painted the stirring and fearful scenes to which we have just referred, is well qualified to delineate the still more stirring scenes which followed.

THE SEINE, THE MOSELLE, THE RHINE, AND THE NECKAR.

ALTHOUGH a very different book, both in its objects and results from the admirable one of Victor Hugo which we have just noticed, these "Steam Voyages" of Mr. Quin belong to the same class of work, and perform their useful and pleasant office very efficiently. Their object is to afford rapid sketches, personal, picturesque, social, national, and occasionally historical and antiquarian, of the various scenes, cities, localities, modes of life, and other materials for observation, study, or amusement, which present themselves in the course of three distinct

* Steam Voyage on the Seine, the Moselle, and the Rhine; with Railroad Visits to the Principal Cities of Belgium, &c. By J. M. Quin, Esq., Author of "A Steam Voyage down the Danube," &c.

“Steam Voyages” on those three great continental rivers which steam has now converted into the high roads of half our summer travellers in search of health or entertainment. The first “Voyage” is the now popular one from London, by Havre, to Paris, up the Seine, but which Mr. Quin was among the first Englishmen to explore; consequently what his voyage loses in point of novelty as regards mere date, it gains tenfold in the freshness of the pictures it presents. It is impossible for the reader to have a better guide to the cheap and pleasant trip in question than the one here offered to him or a pleasanter companion in the remaining portions of the work of which the steam voyage up the Seine to Paris occupies only the first seventy-five pages of the first volume.

The “Steam Voyage” second in succession, but infinitely superior in interest, importance, utility, and above all novelty, is that made by the author, not up, but down the Moselle—a river unquestionably more studded with picturesque beauties of every kind than even the Rhine itself, to which it is the loveliest and noblest tributary, but nevertheless so absolutely unknown to English travellers up to the period of Mr. Quin’s visit to it, rather more than a year ago, that probably not one reader out of twenty will recognise the name of a single locality that is here brought in review before him. It is proper to mention, however, that the voyage on the Moselle is preceded in these volumes by very available notices of the “Railroad Visits” paid by our traveller to all the chief cities of Belgium; his course to the Moselle being through the heart of that highly interesting country, from Ostend to Treves, at which latter place he embarked on that river.

These “railroad visits” occupy the greater portion of the first volume, and are just what one might look for from the title they bear—brief, rapid, and therefore fugitive in their results; but on the other hand, vivid, exciting, and better adapted perhaps to the purposes of health and amusement than more staid and considerate methods of getting over the ground.

The foregoing portions of Mr. Quin’s work carry us near to the close of the first volume,—at which point he embarks in a Moselle steamer, and all becomes new and exciting, even to the most experienced of continental wanderers,—for it is little more than twelve months since this only practicable mode of travelling on the Moselle for the purposes of mere pleasure and delassement has been fairly established. For this reason Mr. Quin has very judiciously sought to render his book as useful as it could scarcely fail to be entertaining,—by noting down those many travelling minutæ, touching hotels, halting-points, and so forth, on which so much of an Englishman’s comfort depends.

At Coblenz (where the Moselle falls into the Rhine,) Mr. Quin embarks on the latter river, of which he gives us some agreeable passing notices in the course of his voyage to Heidelberg, and his incidental visits by the way,—pending his proposed examination of the beautiful valley of the Neckar, on which river steam was not then established; consequently our traveller did not trust himself to its bosom, but coasted its banks, as far as the only available mode of land conveyance permitted. These slight but agreeable notices, and a few of a

more detailed character, touching some of the little-known Spas of Bavaria, complete two volumes of as light, sketchy, and agreeable travelling memoranda as need be desired to eke out the long evening of a summer-day—whether of traveller or of stay-at-home. Among the better known spots noticed in this last division of the work, are Mannheim, Darmstadt, Wurtzburg, Kissengen, Bruckenaue, &c.

At this latter Spa, by the by, the author has the good fortune to be recognised and most affably noticed (as the author of the well-known “Steam Voyage down the Danube,” &c.) by the accomplished Monarch of Bavaria, who invariably makes that Spa the scene of a long summer visit. Mr. Quin not only had a formal audience of Louis, but was invited by him to a picnic party to the top of a neighbouring mountain, the details of which, and the personal habits of this most intellectual of the sovereign Princes of Germany, will be read with strong interest.

THE LANDED GENTRY OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

THIS is a work which, while it comes more closely home to the business and bosoms of the large body of persons to whom it immediately refers than any other that could have been devised, will, when it shall be completed, furnish a fund of information for reference and curiosity to which the whole educated portion of the community must at one time or another find occasion to apply. Its specific objects and attainments are sufficiently indicated by the general title—it is a Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland; and it may be described as doing for the untitled families who have acquired rank and consideration in the country precisely that which the Peerage and Baronetage of the same author does for the titled aristocracy. It will be completed in a single volume, of which the present issue forms the first of four parts. The arrangement is alphabetical; the form, a large page of closely-printed double columns; and each family, upon the average, occupies about one column of the work.

Dry as the title and subject matter of this work may at first sight appear, it will be found on examination to include, not only a fund of popular information that all may profit by, but a large amount of amusing anecdote and curious facts that most will like to be acquainted with.

* A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland. (A Companion to the Peerage and Baronetage.) By John Burke, Esq., and John Bernard Burke, Barrister, &c. Part I.

THE STRANGER IN INDIA.*

A class of books which it has of late years been the custom for amateur writers every now and then to put forth, on subjects arising out of our Indian empire, have been of so desultory and informal a nature, that though they have well enough served their purpose of attracting a few days or weeks ephemeral popularity, have passed away with the month that gave them birth, and left the field as free as if they had never entered it. And yet there is no other country presents so many temptations as India does to the bookmaker (using the phrase in its liberal yet most valuable sense), whether in the form of unlimited topics and materials, urgent need for information on them, or numerous and wealthy purchasers. The present attempt of Mr. Johnson is a valuable and very acceptable step towards what is needed; all we have to complain of it being, that it does not proceed quite so far as its title led us to hope. Had it been to the whole of India, or even to all the three Presidencies, what it is to one of them, we should at once have ranked it as one of the most useful and valuable publications of the class to which it belongs. Not that there is any thing in the slightest degree deceptive in its first title, of "The Stranger in India," for it has several chapters which apply equally to the whole of our Indian Empire: those for instance on the Civil and Military Services, the Native Character and manners, native education, &c. But the greater portion of the work, and that which will be found the most useful and available for those to whom it chiefly addresses itself—namely, persons proceeding to Calcutta, or residing there, is comprised in those parts which appertain to its second title, of "Three Years in Calcutta." In reference to the latter place, Mr. Johnson's work is the most complete and comprehensive that has yet been produced, and may be considered to comprise nearly all that is indispensable to be known, either by those who are preparing for a residence in Bengal, or those who are interested in friends or relatives proceeding or established there.

The first chapter, though useful, need not be dwelt on, as the subject has been repeatedly and as well treated of before: it relates to the voyage out, the choice of a ship, cabin, &c. The second chapter, though it will be read with as much interest as any one in the book, is not of any permanent value, as it merely describes the "first impressions" of an individual. It is at the third chapter that the permanently valuable part of the book commences, and this and all the remainder of the volumes may be regarded as the deliberate and well-considered results, of an observant and intelligent man of the world, of a three years' residence in the city of Calcutta, under circumstances as favourable to general observation as can well be conceived, and at the same time free from any motives or incentives to bias or misrepresentation. The general topics specifically treated of are, in addition to those we have before enumerated, the English and Anglo-Indians, the climate and seasons, the

* The Stranger in India; or, Three Years in Calcutta. By G. W. Johnson, Esq., Advocate of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, &c. 2 vols.

native landlords, Ryots, Coolies, and slaves, the condition of literature and the arts, sporting, the various festivals, &c., the character of Lord Auckland's rule, the tendency of the government in respect of commerce, manufactures, internal improvements, &c., a detailed description of all the public buildings and institutions of the "city of palaces," and finally a chapter on Lord Auckland's external policy, on the Affghan war, Burmah, China, &c.

In the course of these general divisions of the work innumerable details occur, which furnish altogether by far the most complete handbook of Calcutta and the Bengal Presidency that has hitherto been offered to public notice.

The following extract, while it affords a graphic picture of "Life in India," will show that the writer is not afraid to tell the truth of his countrymen and even of his countrywomen:

The characteristic—the curse—of English society in India is its extravagance. So universal does every one live beyond his income—at least, so very rare is it for a contrary state of affairs to be existing—that no man makes a difficulty of confessing, before all acquaintances, that his debts are too large for him ever to hope to escape home.

I speak now of professional personages, and especially of those in "the two services," the civilians and the military; for the merchants could not venture to make such a confession of insolvency, though events in 1841-2, demonstrated that many might have confessed as freely, without overstepping the clear lines of veracity.

That I do not exaggerate this charge of extravagance none who have resided in Calcutta will venture to deny; and that they who have not been there may have some criterion whereby to test my condemnation, I will just sketch "the doings of a day" in India's capital.

At "gun-fire," that is at morning's dawn, the syces have "the Arab steeds" at the door. "No one can live, you know, without their morning's ride;" and more certainly no Arab horse, fit for a lady or gentleman to ride upon, can be purchased for less than 1000 rupees, and 1200 would be nearer the average price. Now when I say "lady or gentleman," I of course intend to include all the tradespeople, for every male among them rejoices in having "Esq." appended to his name, and their equipages very generally equal those of the magnates of the land,—why, one of the church clerks sported in 1841 one of the handsomest barouches on the course!

Well, a cup of coffee is swallowed, and an hour's ride is passed, and the equestrians return to their beds until nine—the usual hour for breakfast. Now in Calcutta, this is a meal—a proceeding really entitled to that respectable appellation. It is no mere slop-and-bread-and-butter affair, but fish, curry, eggs, ale, coffee, tea, are all gathered together, not omitting the usual subduers—"cakes and buttered toast."

Neither are these reflections served up in the ordinary style; on the contrary, every article of the breakfast-table that can, by possibility, be of silver, is made of the precious metal, and the china itself is of the costliest kind, unpurchaseable for less than some hundred of rupees.

The breakfast over, the newspapers read, and the gentlemen departed to their offices—to the law—to the auction-rooms—or to wherever else inclination or business summons—the durwan is directed to admit box-wallahs to the ladies—that race of peripatetic merchants who "every thing got," and who tempt the inspector of their tin-cases with merchandizes, varying from tooth-brushes to the shawls of Cashmere.

Every one of these superlative pedlars declares he is "mem's own box-wallah," and each protests that he "money not want—mem say her own

price." This temptation of unlimited credit seduces to extravagance, and after the purchase of a dozen articles, which must be dear, because not required, the box-wallah is dismissed, the barouche ordered, and "mem" drives to Pittar and Latty's, to purchase bijouterie, of which she has no need, or to Madame Chervot, to order dresses at prices unapproached by the most extravagant milliner who ever gave three years' credit in the vicinage of Cavendish-square.

The carriage rolls home with its half-beat-vanquished mistress. It is two by the dial, and the best restorative will be tiffin, with its accompanying iced and foaming ale. "Let me see—curried prawns and boiled fowls—very good khansamoh;" and, as two lady-friends call and partake of this ante-past, the khitmutgers at its conclusion have to add three more to the amount of "empties," and, reader, you will be wrong if you conclude that they are *pints*.

It is now the hottest period of the day, and all Calcutta "mems" retire to enjoy the luxury of a deshabelle siesta, under a flowing punkah. This nap extends until the hour of five brings back the gentlemen from their occupations, and, after an invigorating bath, the carriage is again ordered out, and refreshment is sought from the evening breeze during a drive on "the course," by the river's brink.

The same horses are not employed that drew forth the lady in the morning, for it is impossible for them to endure, for many successive days, an exposure twice in the twenty-four hours to sunshine and labour, in such a temperature; ergo, the stable establishment comprises two riding-horses, four carriage-horses, and "sahib's buggy-horse," seven in all, with as many syces and a coachman!

Home to dinner at eight; and this is something like a repast, now that French cookery is generally patronized, and the beef and mutton oppressions of ten years since are exploded. In those days, nearly every limb of an ox and sheep were crowded at once upon the table, and the only refuge for the appetite was either from boiled mutton to roast beef, or, at best, to some stewed portion of the same quadrupeds.

Dinners in India now resemble those of the best regulated establishments of England, with the sole exception that a turkey is always a member of one of the courses, and for no other reason than that it is a costly dish. Plate is displayed profusely; the services are beautiful, and the glass costly.—Every beverage is served in ice, and among them are unlimited supplies of madeira, claret, champagne, and the Rhine wines.

Coffee is handed round at ten, but very rarely do the day's labours close thus. It is either "Government House night," or one of the "Ré-union" balls at the town-hall; and the party adjourn thither to dance on marble floors for some two or three hours, leaving but a brief space for sleep, before "gun-fire" again summons them from their beds, to pass through the same diurnal round, and to wonder that India does not agree with their health! Why, such a round of extravagance would ruin a Rothschild, and disorder the liver of a Hercules.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE FORGE :

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Who's here, beside foul weather ?

KING LEAR.

Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire.

CORDELIA.

PART I.

LIKE a dead man gone to his shroud,
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,
And the wind is rising squally and loud
With many a stormy token,—
Playing a wild funereal air,
Through the branches bleak, bereaved, and bare,
To the dead leaves dancing here and there—
In short if the truth were spoken,
It's an ugly night for anywhere,
But an awful one for the Brocken !

For oh ! to stop
On that mountain top,
After the dews of evening drop,
Is always a dreary frolic—
Then what must it be when nature groans,
And the very mountain murmurs and moans,
As if it writhed with the cholic—

The Forge.

With other strange supernatural tones,
 From wood, and water, and echoing stones,
 Not to forget unburied bones—
 In a region so diabolic !

A place where He whom we call old Scratch,
 By help of his Witches—a precious batch—
 Gives midnight concerts and sermons,
 In a Pulpit and Orchestra built to match,
 A plot right worthy of him to hatch,
 And well adapted, he knows, to catch
 The musical, mystical Germans !

 However it's quite
 As wild a night
 As ever was known on that sinister height
 Since the Demon-Dance was morrised—
 The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,
 And the blast through the pines is howling and growling,
 As if a thousand wolves were prowling
 About in the old BLACK FOREST !

Madly, sadly, the Tempest raves,
 Through the narrow gullies and hollow caves,
 And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,
 Like the billows that roar
 On a gusty shore
 Mourning over the mariner's graves—
 Nay, more like a frantic lamentation
 From a howling set
 Of demons met
 To wake a dead relation.

Badly, madly, the vapours fly
 Over the dark distracted sky,
 At a pace that no pen can paint
 Black and vague like the shadows of dreams,
 Scudding over the moon that seems
 Shorn of half her usual beams,
 As pale as if she would faint !

 The lightning flashes,
 The thunder crashes,
 The trees encounter with horrible clashes,

While rolling up from marish and bog,
Rank and rich,
As from Stygian ditch,
Rises a foul sulphureous fog,
Hinting that Satan himself is agog,—
But leaving at once this heroical pitch,
The night is a very bad night in which
You wouldn't turn out a dog.

Yet ONE there is abroad in the storm,
And whenever by chance
The moon gets a glance,
She spies the Traveller's lonely form,
Walking, leaping, striding along,
As none can do but the super-strong ;
And flapping his arms to keep him warm,
For the breeze from the North is a regular starver ;
And to tell the truth,
More keen in sooth,
And cutting than any German carver !

However, no time it is to lag,
And on he scrambles from crag to crag,
Like one determined never to flag—
Now weathers a block
Of jutting rock,
With hardly room for a toe to wag ;
But holding on by a timber snag,
That looks like the arm of a friendly hag ;
Then stooping under a drooping bough,
Or leaping over some horrid chasm,
Enough to give any heart a spasm !
And skipping down a precipice now,
Keeping his feet the Deuce knows how,
In spots whence all creatures would keep aloof,
Except the Goat, with his cloven hoof,
Who clings to the shallowest ledge as if
He grew like the weed on the face of the cliff !

So down, still down, the Traveller goes,
Safe as the Chamois amid his snows,
Though fiercer than ever the hurricane blows,
And round him eddy with whirl and whizz,

Tornadoes of hail, and sleet, and rain,
 Enough to bewilder a weaker brain,
 Or blanch any other visage than his,
 Which spite of lightning, thunder, and hail,
 The blinding sleet and the freezing gale,
 And the horrid abyss,
 If his foot should miss,
 Instead of tending at all to pale,
 Like cheeks that feel the chill of affright—
 Remains—the very reverse of white!

His heart is granite—his iron nerve
 Feels no convulsive twitches;
 And as to his foot, it does not swerve,
 Tho' the Screech-Owls are flitting about him, that serve
 For parrots to Brocken Witches!

Nay, full in his very path he spies
 The gleam of the Were Wolf's horrid eyes;
 But if his members quiver—
 It is not *that*—no, it is not *that*—
 Nor rat,
 Nor cat,
 As black as your hat,
 Nor the snake that hiss'd, nor the toad that spat,
 Nor glimmering candles of dead men's fat,
 Nor even the flap of the Vampyre Bat,
 No anserine skin would rise thereat,
 It's the cold that makes *Him* shiver!

So down, still down, through gully and glen,
 Never trodden by foot of men,
 Past the Eagle's nest, and the She-Wolf's den,
 Never caring a jot how steep,
 Or how narrow the track he has to keep,
 Or how wide and deep
 An abyss to leap,
 Or what may fly, or walk, or creep,
 Down he hurries through darkness and storm,
 Flapping his arms to keep him warm—
 Till threading many a pass abhorrent,
 At last he reaches the mountain gorge,
 And takes a path along by a torrent—
 The very identical path, by St. George!

Down which young Fridolin went to the Forge,
With a message meant for his own death-warrant !

Young Fridolin ! young Fridolin !
So free from sauce, and sloth, and sin,
The best of pages
Whatever their ages,
Since first that singular fashion came in—
Not he like those modern idle young gluttons,
With little jackets, so smart and spruce,
Of Lincoln green, sky-blue, or puce—
And a little gold lace you may introduce—
Very showy, but as for use,
Not worth so many buttons !

Young Fridolin ! young Fridolin !
Of his duty so true a fulfiller—
But here we need no farther go
For whoever desires the Tale to know,
May read it all in Schiller.

Faster now the Traveller speeds,
Whither his guiding beacon leads,
For by yonder glare
In the murky air,
He knows that the Eisen Hutte is there !
With its sooty Cyclops, savage and grim,
Hosts, a guest had better forbear,
Whose thoughts are set upon dainty fare—
But stiff with cold in every limb,
The Furnace Fire is the bait for *Him* !

Faster and faster still he goes,
Whilst redder and redder the welkin glows,
And the lowest clouds that scud in the sky
Get crimson fringes in flitting by.
Till lo ! amid the lurid light,
The darkest object intensely dark,
Just where the bright is intensely bright,
The Forge, the Forge itself is in sight,
Like the pitch-black hull of a burning bark,
With volleying smoke and many a spark,
Vomiting fire, red, yellow, and white !

The Forge.

Restless, quivering tongues of flame !
 Heavenward striving still to go,
 While others reversed in the stream below,
 Seem seeking a place we will not name,
 But well that Traveller knows the same,
 Who stops and stands
 So rubbing his hands,
 And then direct by the shortest cut,
 Like Alpine Marmot, whom neither rut,
 Rivers, rocks, nor thickets rebut,
 Makes his way to the blazing Hut!

PART II.

Idly watching the Furnace-flames,
 The men of the stithy,
 Are in their smithy
 Brutal monsters, with bulky frames,
 Beings Humanity scarcely claims,
 But hybrids rather of demon race,
 Unbless'd by the holy rite of grace,
 Who never had gone by Christian names,
 Mark, or Matthew, Peter, or James—
 Naked, foul, unshorn, unkempt,
 From touch of natural shame exempt,
 Things of which Delirium has dreamt—
 But wherefore dwell on these verbal sketches,
 When traced with frightful truth and vigour,
 Costume, attitude, face, and figure,
 Retsch has drawn the very wretches!

However, there they lounge about,
 The grim, gigantic fellows,
 Hardly hearing the storm without,
 That makes so very dreadful a rout,
 For the constant roar
 From the furnace door,
 And the blast of the monstrous bellows!

Oh, what a scene
 That Forge had been
 For Salvator Rosa's study!
 With wall, and beam, and post, and pin,

And those ruffianly creatures, like Shapes of Sin,
Hair, and eyes, and rusty skin,
 Illumed by a light so ruddy,
The Hut, and all that is therein,
 Looks either red-hot or bloody!

And, oh! to hear the frequent burst
 Of strange, extravagant laughter,
 Harsh and hoarse
 And resounding perforce
From echoing roof and rafter!
 Though curses, the worst
 That ever were curst,
And threats that Cain invented the first,
 Come growling the instant after!

But again the livelier peal is rung,
 For the Smith hight Salamander,
In the jargon of some Titanic tongue,
Elsewhere never said or sung,
With the voice of a Stentor in joke has flung
 Some cumbrous sort
 Of sledge-hammer retort,
 At Red Beard, the crew's commander.
Some frightful jest—who knows how wild,
Or obscene, from a monster so defiled,
And a horrible mouth, of such extent,
From flapping ear to ear it went,
And show'd such tusks whenever it smiled—
The very mouth to devour a child!

But fair or foul the jest gives birth
To another bellow of demon mirth,
 That far outroars the weather,
As if all the Hymæns that prowl the earth
 Had clubb'd their laughs together!

And lo! in the middle of all the din,
Not seeming to care a single pin,
 For a prospect so volcanic,
A Stranger steps abruptly in,
 Of an aspect rather Satanic:

And he looks with a grin, at those Cyclops grim,
 Who stare and grin again at him
 With wondrous little panic.

Then up to the Furnace the Stranger goes,
 Eager to thaw his ears and nose,
 And warm his frozen fingers and toes—

While each succeeding minute,
 Hotter and hotter the Smithy grows,
 And seems to declare,
 By a fiercer glare,
 On wall, roof, floor, and everywhere,
 It knows the Devil is in it !

Still not a word
 Is utter'd or heard,
 But the beetle-brow'd Foreman nods and winks,
 Much as a shaggy old Lion blinks,
 And makes a shift
 To impart his drift
 To a smoky brother, who joining the links,
 Hints to a third the thing he thinks ;
 And whatever it be,
 They all agree
 In smiling with faces full of glee,
 As if about to enjoy High Jinks.

What sort of tricks they mean to play
 By way of diversion, who can say,
 Of such ferocious and barbarous folk,
 Who chuckled, indeed, and never spoke
 Of burning Robert the Jäger to coke,
 Except as a capital practical joke !
 Who never thought of Mercy, or heard her,
 Or any gentle emotion felt ;
 But hard as the iron they had to melt,
 Sported with Danger and romp'd with Murder !

Meanwhile the Stranger—
 The Brocken Ranger,
 Besides another and hotter post,
 That renders him not averse to a roast,—
 Creeping into the Furnace almost,

Has made himself as warm as a toast—

When, unsuspecting of any danger,
And least of all of any such maggot,
As treating his body like a faggot,
All at once he is seized and shoven
In pastime cruel,
Like so much fuel,
Headlong into the blazing oven!

In he goes! with a frightful shout
Mock'd by the rugged ruffianly band,
As round the Furnace mouth they stand,
Bar, and shovel, and ladle in hand,
To hinder their Butt from crawling out,
Who making one fierce attempt, but vain,
Receives such a blow
From Red-Beard's crow,
As crashes the skull and gashes the brain,
And blind, and dizzy, and stunn'd with pain,
With merely an interjectional oh!
Back he rolls in the flames again.

“Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!” That second fall
Seems the very best joke of all,
To judge by the roar,
Twice as loud as before,
That fills the Hut from the roof to the floor,
And flies a league or two out of the door,
Up the mountain and over the moor—
But scarcely the jolly echoes they wake,
Have well begun
To take up the fun,
Ere the shaggy Felons have cause to quake,
And begin to feel that the deed they have done,
Instead of being a pleasant one,
Was a very great error—and no mistake.

For why?—in lieu
Of its former hue,
So natural, warm, and florid,
The Furnace burns of a brimstone blue,
And instead of the *couleur de rose* it threw,

With a cooler reflection,—justly due—
 Exhibits each of the Pagan crew,
 Livid, ghastly, and horrid !

But vainly they close their guilty eyes
 Against prophetic fears ;
 Or with hard and horny palms devise
 To dam their enormous ears—
 There are sounds in the air,
 Not here or there,
 Irresistible voices everywhere,
 No bulwarks can ever rebut,
 And to match the screams,
 Tremendous gleams,

Of Horrors, that like the Phantoms of dreams
 They see with their eyelids shut !
 For awful coveys of terrible things,
 With forked tongues and venomous stings,
 On hagweed, broomsticks, and leathern wings,
 Are hovering round the Hut !

Shapes, that within the focus bright
 Of the Forge, are like shadows and blots ;
 But farther off, in the shades of night,
 Clothed with their own phosphoric light,
 Are seen in the darkest spots.

Sounds ! that fill the air with noises,
 Strange and indescribable voices,
 From Hags, in a diabolical clatter—
 Cats that spit curses, and apes that chatter
 Scraps of cabalistical matter—
 Owls that screech, and dogs that yell—
 Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter—
 All the domestic tribes of Hell,
 Shrieking for flesh to tear and tatter,
 Bones to shatter,
 And limbs to scatter,
 And who it is that must furnish the latter
 Those blue-looking Men know well

Those blue-looking men that huddle together,
For all their sturdy limbs and thews,
Their unshorn locks, like Nazarene Jews,
And buffalo beards, and hides of leather,
Huddled all in a heap together,
Like timid lamb, and ewe, and wether,
And as females say,
In a similar way,
Fit for knocking down with a feather !

In and out, in and out,
The gathering Goblins hover about,
Ev'ry minute augmenting the rout ;
For like a spell
The unearthly smell
That fumes from the Furnace, chimney and mouth,
Draws them in—an infernal Legion—
From East, and West, and North, and South,
Like carrion birds from ev'ry region,
Till not a yard square
Of the sickening air
But has a Demon or two for its share,
Breathing fury, woe, or despair,
Never, never was such a sight !
It beats the very Walpurgis Night,
Display'd in the story of Doctor Faustus,
For the scene to describe,
Of the awful tribe,
If we were *two* Göthe's, would quite exhaust us !

Suffice it, amid that dreary swarm,
There musters each foul repulsive form
That ever a fancy overwarm
Begot in its worst delirium ;
Besides some others of monstrous size,
Never before revealed to eyes,
Of the genus *Megatherium* !

Meanwhile the demons, filthy and foul,
Gorgon, Chimera, Harpy, and Ghoul,
Are not contented to jibber and howl
As a dirge for their late commander ;

But one of the bevy—witch or wizard,
 Disguised as a monstrous flying lizard,
 Springs on the grisly Salamander,
 Who stoutly fights, and struggles, and kicks,
 And tries the best of his wrestling tricks,
 No paltry strife,
 But for life, dear life,
 But the ruthless talons refuse to unfix,
 Till far beyond a surgical case,
 With starting eyes, and black in the face,
 Down he tumbles as dead as bricks!

A pretty sight for his mates to view!
 Those shaggy murderers looking so blue,
 And for him above all,
 Red-Bearded and tall,
 With whom at that very particular nick,
 There is such an unlucky crow to pick,
 As the one of iron that did the trick
 In a recent bloody affair—
 No wonder feeling a little sick,
 With pulses beating uncommonly quick,
 And breath he never found so thick,
 He longs for the open air!

Three paces, or four,
 And he gains the door;
 But ere he accomplishes one,
 The sound of a blow comes, heavy and dull,
 And clasping his fingers round his skull,
 However the deed was done,
 That gave him that florid
 Red gash on the forehead—
 With a roll of the eyeballs perfectly horrid,
 There's a tremulous quiver,
 The last death-shiver,
 And Red-Beard's course is run!

Halloo! Halloo!
 They have done for two!
 But a heavyish job remains to do!
 For yonder, sledge and shovel in hand,
 Like elder Sons of Giant Despair,

A couple of Cyclops make a stand,
And fiercely hammering here and there,
Keep at bay the Powers of Air—
But desperation is all in vain!—
They faint—they choke,
For the sulphurous smoke
Is poisoning heart, and lung, and brain,
They reel, they sink, they gasp, they smother,
One for a moment survives his brother,
Then rolls a corpse across the other!

Hulloo! Hulloo!

And Hullabaloo!

There is only one more thing to do—
And seized by beak, and talon, and claw,
Bony hand, and hairy paw,
Yea, crooked horn, and tusky jaw,
The four huge Bodies are haul'd and shoven
Each after each in the roaring oven!

* * * * *

That Eisen Hutte is standing still,
Go to the Hartz whenever you will—
And there it is beside a hill
And a rapid stream that turns many a mill;
The ælf-same Forge,—you'll know it at sight—
Casting upward, day and night,
Flames of red, and yellow, and white!

Ay, half a mile from the mountain gorge,
There it is, the famous Forge,
With its Furnace,—the same that blaz'd of yore,—
Hugely fed with fuel and ore;
But ever since that tremendous Revel,
Whatever Iron is smelted therein,—
As Travellers know who have been to Berlin—
Is all as black as the Devil!

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

A NEGRO CALCULATOR.

DR. RUSH, a physician of the United States, relates the following circumstance as having occurred in his presence. A Maryland negro, named Fuller, being asked, for the purpose of trying his calculating powers, how many seconds a person had lived who was seventy years and some months old, gave the answer in a minute and a half. On reckoning it up after him a different result was obtained.

"Have you not forgotten the leap years?" says the negro.

This omission was supplied, and the number then agreed with his answer. How will this notable fact be explained by the maintainers of the mental inferiority of the blacks? It is stated that the negro in question, although he had received no instruction in arithmetic, exhibited his wonderful power of calculation at a very early age. If so, he must literally "have lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;" and this Maryland Fuller might well have confirmed the quaint saying of his English namesake, that a negro is God's image carved in ebony. I have elsewhere observed that too many of them have had reason to consider the white man as the Devil's image carved in ivory.

A QUESTION BY J. J. ROUSSEAU.

"IL est certain qu'il faut se fatiguer l'ame pour l'élever aux sublimes idées de la Divinité. Un culte plus sensible repose l'esprit du peuple. Il aime qu' on lui offre des objets de pitié, qui le dispensent de penser à Dieu : sur ces maximes les Catholiques ont ils mal fait de remplir leurs légendes, leurs calendriers, leurs églises de petits anges, de beaux garçons, et de jolies saintes?"—(*Nouvelle Heloise*.)

JOLLY DOGS OF ANCIENT EGYPT AND MODERN ENGLAND.

THE shortness of life, says Dr. Johnson, has afforded as many arguments to the voluptuary as to the moralist, an assertion strikingly confirmed by a custom of the ancient Egyptians, recorded by Herodotus (*Euterpe*, p. lxxvii.). "At the entertainments of the rich, just as the company is about to rise from the repast, a small coffin is carried round containing a perfect representation of a dead body: it is in size sometimes of one but never of more than two cubits, and as it is showed to the guests in rotation, the guide exclaims,

"Cast your eyes on this figure; after death you yourself will resemble it: drink then and be happy."

From this practice apparently has been derived an English custom among our toppers, gormandizers, and *bons vivants*, which is much more impressive and admonitory. Instead of a coffin, a live voluptuary, sometimes an alderman, and always the perfect representation of a dead body, is exhibited to the company. Blotched and blear-eyed, his face either inflamed with blotches, or of a livid, ghastly hue, his steps tottering, his voice husky, his limbs paralytic, his decayed faculties betraying the sure approach of *delirium tremens*, he exclaims to each guest, in the legible language of disease,

"Cast your eyes on this figure; after a certain course of intemperance you yourself will resemble it. Drink then, and be as happy and as healthy as I am!"

UNREGULATED GENIUS.

In his "Letters on the Study of History," Lord Bolingbroke says: "Genius without the improvement of experience is what comets once were thought to be—a blazing meteor irregular in his course and dangerous in his approach; of no use to any system, and able to destroy any."

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"I MIGHT say that neither England nor France has afforded such instances of barefaced baseness as are to be found among the literary men of modern Italy. To what is this to be attributed but to the utter impossibility of their securing their independence by their honest labours? for what can be the value of a copyright which, perhaps, does not extend ten miles from the seat of the press? Literary property is absolutely worth nothing in Italy: it is evident therefore that literary men must be at the entire disposal of him who can pay them, and their baseness is to be considered as a matter of necessity."*

A still more signal illustration of the above assertion is offered by America, where with a few eminent exceptions, as praiseworthy as they are rare, the miscalled *litterati* are mostly editors of newspapers—men of little character, less talent, and no education, whose genius is exhibited in national vanity, party venom, and personal abuse. With these worthies are leagued a band of printers and paper-makers, constituting with their brother pirates and smugglers of France and Belgium, a vast and not unorganised conspiracy, which is rapidly lowering the value, and thereby degrading the quality of English literature.

That the underselling and cheapening system must first deteriorate and finally extinguish the works of genius, I hold to be unquestionable. You cannot annihilate copyright, and retain such authors as are worth preserving. He who desires a superior light from his lamp must take care to supply it with oil of the best price: if he feed it with a cheap and trashy substitute, he must expect its rays to be barely sufficient to make the darkness visible. He may change his old lamp indeed for a new one, like the gulled simpleton in the Arabian tale, and think he has made a capital bargain; but alas! he will find that the charm exists no more—that the spirit of the old lamp has fled, and with it the power and the riches that it placed at the disposal of its owner.

Such must be the result of the transition state in which English literature is now placed. Men of education and talent and a proper spirit will not throw pearls before swine—will not

Strictly meditate the thankless muse,

when the guerdon is beneath their notice, and their fellow-labourers unworthy their companionship. They will neither stoop to pick up

* Rose's "Letters from the North of Italy," vol. i., p. 290.

coppers with the "penny-a-liners" of the newspapers, nor will they compete with clowns in climbing up a greased pole for the chance of the leg of mutton that crowns its summit. In some little time two decent classes of writers will still exist—the *amateur* lady and gentleman dabblers will continue to scribble for the sake of the distinction that has hitherto attached to authorship: but as literature becomes vulgar and of *mauvais ton*, a declension that will speedily occur, they will throw away their pens, and resign fashionable novels for some novel fashion.

The second class will consist of those professional writers who are both loth to abandon a pursuit which they have hitherto cultivated with pleasure and profit, but who, when they find that they cannot make the publishers bid up to the fair value of their works, will infallibly lower their commodity to the price, by diffusing over three volumes the quantity of thought which they used to condense into one. A brewer told a cheap customer who complained of his beverage, that he had three sorts of beer—the best table, the common table, and the lamen-table—and that he could not afford to sell the first at the price of the last. Nor can an author. If the public will pay for swipes only, he can sell them swipes only. Watering his productions will, however, be the "head and front of his offending." His position in society and his sense of rectitude will not allow him to adulterate it with any noxious ingredients. But when this class has passed away, there is too much reason to apprehend that it will be succeeded by less scrupulous as well as less gifted caterers—by brewers of mischief, whose perilous trash will be as cheap as it is nasty, and as nasty as it is cheap.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

LORD BOLINGBROKE in his "Reflections upon Exile," while he contends that every man may bear his trials and conquer his difficulties by the sole assistance of philosophy and reason, speaks slightly of the healing influences usually ascribed to old Father Time, whom he contemptuously designates as the physician of brutes. The following extracts are from the same work:

"Let nothing appear so agreeable to us as our own understanding.—No man suffers by bad fortune but he who has been deceived by good.—Whatever is our best possession is our safest—lies beyond the reach of human power—can neither be given nor taken away.—Few men who are unhappy under the loss of an estate, would be happy in the possession of it.—Happy is that man who can say with Scipio, '*Innocuas amo delicias, doctamque quietem.*'—Much pains are taken and time bestowed to teach us *what* to think, but little or none of either to instruct us *how* to think. You may do every thing for yourself but think.—No man has a right to be benefitted by those who have preceded him, without seeking to benefit those who are to follow him."

A CARNIVAL ADVENTURE.

ONE of the first visits I received on arriving in Paris towards the close of the last Carnival, was from my friend Charles Bussy.

Bussy is an exceedingly pleasant fellow, five-and-twenty years of age, six feet in his stockings, and possessing a handsome, intelligent countenance, irreproachable whiskers, twenty thousand francs a year, and an inexhaustible stock of small talk. Of no profession, his favourite, and indeed sole occupation, is to make himself agreeable to the fair sex; and taking into consideration the qualifications enumerated above, and the assiduity with which he follows up his pursuit, it may be presumed he is not always unsuccessful.

After turning over every thing in my room, smoking a pipe of Turkish tobacco, telling me all the *on dits* of the day, and exacting in return an account of my adventures since we last met,

"What are you going to do to-night?" he inquired.

"Dine with P. Afterwards, nothing."

"There is a masked ball at the Opera House. I am going, and you must come with me."

I declared my willingness, and accordingly towards midnight Bussy called for me, and we drove to the opera. We had been walking about the ball-room upwards of an hour, elbowed and pressed on all sides by the motley crowd, and sometimes amused by the lazzi and repartees of the masks; but no one had as yet accosted us, and my companion, I saw, was discontented that he should not be thought worthy of attention by any of the numerous fair ones who flitted around us, but whose beauty the envious mask and domino made it impossible to do more than conjecture.

"No adventures to-night, Bussy," said I.

"Pshaw!" returned he, evidently a little vexed, "adventures at a masked ball! Not worth having."

At this moment, and as if on purpose to give me the lie,

"Charles!" said a silvery voice behind us.

We turned hastily round. The voice was that of a lady, whose face was hidden under a black mask, but whose pink satin domino was so made as not entirely to conceal the elegance of the wearer's figure. Two small white hands, partially covered by the most coquettish-looking little black mittens, emerged from the loose sleeves of the dress.

"I will rejoin you in a moment," said Charles, leaving me, and in spite of his so recently expressed contempt for masked-ball adventures, running after the domino who was walking slowly away. He overtook her, and soon after I saw him offer his arm, which was accepted. I met them several times as they walked up and down the theatre, and they were always in a close, and what appeared, a most interesting conversation.

At last Charles came up to me alone, with sparkling eyes and a triumphant expression of countenance.

"Well," said I, "an adventure?"

"A delightful one," he replied. "The most charming creature,
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full of wit and coquetry. She knows me very well, but I cannot find out who she is."

"What did she say to you?"

"I will tell you. When I joined her as you saw, I said, 'You know my name, fair mask?'"

"It would appear so, since you answer when I call you."

"Do you know any thing more about me than my name?"

"I do, and I can tell you an adventure that happened to you last week."

"Indeed! Let us hear."

"You had a dispute at a ball about a lady, and you were going to fight a duel the next morning at Vincennes, when your antagonist made an apology."

"That is all very true; but where did the quarrel begin?"

"At the last ball given by Madame de R."

"You must have been at the ball to be so well informed."

"You are mistaken."

"Then you are a friend of the lady who was the cause of the quarrel."

"Wrong again."

"Perhaps you are the lady herself."

"Indeed I am not."

"You are a charming woman whoever you are. Is there no possibility of seeing your face?"

"Perhaps—If I were sure it would please you."

"You wish to please me then?"

"It is always agreeable to please."

"I am sure I shall find you pretty, for I love you already without knowing you."

"What sort of a face do you fancy me to have?"

"A face as elegant, as your figure, as delicate as your foot, as soft as your hand—"

"Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera," cried I, interrupting him. "My dear fellow, your story is like all masked-ball stories, and unless the end is better than the beginning—"

"It is exactly the end that I am coming to if you will only allow me," said Bussy, looking very mysterious.

"Well, you saw her face?"

"No."

"Then what do you mean by an end?"

"A *rendezvous*!" replied Charles, squeezing my arm very hard.

"Oh! When and where, if I may ask the question."

"In five days; at the next ball here."

"Hum!"

And I thought of the nymphs and shepherdesses that the ball-givers station in their saloons with orders to make appointments with all the young men and induce them to return to the next ball.

"Surely," thought I, "they are not adopting that system at the opera."

Of course I would not spoil my friend's happiness by mentioning my suspicions.

"By what sign are you to recognise your fair one?" I inquired.

"By a most charming and original token," replied he. "The day of the next ball I am to go in the morning to Mademoiselle X.'s flower-shop in the rue Vivienne, and order a bouquet, arranged in such a manner that I may be sure to know it again. My incognita will send for it, and at night, at the ball, she will carry it in her hand."

The elegance of this idea dissipated my suspicions, and I acknowledged to Charles that his unknown friend began to obtain my esteem. He promised to let me know how his adventure went on and we left the theatre.

At noon the next day Bussy called upon me. He was pale and tired, and had evidently, instead of sleeping, been puzzling his brains as to who his pink domino might be.

"Here is a list of all the ladies of my acquaintance," said he, pulling a long slip of paper from his pocket. "I have been thinking the matter over, and I strongly suspect that my domino is the Baroness B."

As I knew the Baroness B. to be an arrant coquette, I told Charles he might very probably be right in his conjecture. This confirmed him in his idea, and he made up his mind that it *was* the baroness.

The day of the ball arrived, and at nine in the morning Bussy was at the flower-shop in the rue Vivienne ordering a most magnificent bouquet, in the centre of which he made them place a large flower that he was sure to recognise.

Throwing a Napoleon upon the counter, he told Mademoiselle X. to deliver the nosegay to a person who would call for it, but who would give no name.

She promised to do so, and in the evening when he called again, the bouquet had been taken away.

With a beating heart Charles hastened to the ball, and the next day came to me with his list again in his hand.

"I made a mistake," said he, "it is not the Baroness B."

"Who is it then?"

"It must be the Countess of O."

"How do you mean it *must* be? Do you not yet know to a certainty who it is? Did she not come to the ball?"

"She did; and I passed a most delightful hour in her society, but I neither saw her face nor learned her name. She lent a willing ear to my vows and protestations, but yet she could not make up her mind; there was some lingering feeling of remorse, or doubt of my sincerity; in short, I left her without having obtained more than a rendezvous for the day after to-morrow."

"Again at a masked ball?"

"Yes; but at the Opera Comique this time. I am to recognise her by the same means as last night."

"She wishes to see how far you will carry your perseverance," said I. "But what is your reason for promoting her? Why is she a countess to-day, when yesterday she was only a baroness?"

"Because I know no one but the Countess of O. who is to compare to her for wit and elegance of manner."

"The Countess of O. be it," said I, smiling; "but try to make more progress at your next interview than at the last."

"Oh, you may depend I shall," cried he. "I am violently in love with this woman."

He *was*, just as he said, violently in love; and it was necessary he should be so, to persevere in the pursuit, for the object of his flame put him off from one ball to the other, until at his fourth rendezvous, which was on Shrove-Tuesday, he was no further advanced than on the first day, but still in perfect ignorance of the person and name of the pink domino. His passion, however, had increased at each interview.

At the third, his belle was decidedly a marchioness; and at the fourth, he made up his mind she could be nothing less than a duchess.

"You say that you love me," said the mysterious mask, in tones that emotion rendered tremulous. "How can I believe you? You have scarcely known me a week. What [you call an attachment can be but a mere caprice, with the added stimulus of curiosity."

In short, poor Bussy was obliged to be contented with the promise of another meeting, at the masked ball given at mid-Lent at the Renaissance theatre.

After waiting three weeks, which appeared three centuries to my impatient friend, the day arrived, and Charles went to order his fifth bouquet of Mademoiselle X., who could not help laughing when she recognised him.

The unknown sent for this nosegay as she had done for the others, and kept her appointment with her usual exactness.

She congratulated Bussy on his constancy, and was more fascinating than she had ever been. On his part, determined to obtain the reward of his trouble and patience, he exerted all his powers of insinuation and persuasion.

"You insist upon knowing me, sir," said she at last, raising her hand to her mask.

Charles's heart beat quick, when a new doubt appeared to arise in her mind, and again his hopes were disappointed.

"If, after all, you were not to find me pretty," said she, in a trembling and agitated voice, "what a disappointment for you! What a vexation for me! Listen to me," she added, after a moment's reflection, and as though a sudden thought had struck her, "I do not wish to prolong unnecessarily the ordeal that you have supported with so much courage, but I should like to rob the one we have yet to go through of its terrors. Have patience for a few days longer, and next Monday go to the Opera Comique. From the very beginning of the performance I shall be in the last stall of the right hand balcony, dressed in a black gown and white bonnet, and with a bouquet similar to this one in my hand. Go into the opposite balcony and you will have a full view of me; if I am what you expect you can come and join me; if not, we will each remain in our places, and our acquaintance will be at an end without the awkwardness of an interview."

Charles was obliged to accede to this arrangement, although it appeared to him a most consummate and unnecessary piece of coquetry, but by this time he had almost got into the habit of being put off.

"If by some extraordinary chance," said the unknown on leaving "him, I should be prevented going to the Opera Comique next Monday,

I shall be there Monday week, or if not on the third Monday, but," added she with, a charming expression of voice, "I hope to be as exact this time as the preceding ones, and it shall not be my fault if your recompence is not equal to your merit."

"It will be a thousand times superior," cried Charles, reassured by the honey of the last sentence against the doubt expressed in the preceding one.

The next morning he came to tell me of this new incident, and made me promise to accompany him to the theatre the following Monday. We went accordingly, armed with the best possible opera-glasses, but they were useless, for the unknown had not made her appearance. The second Monday the same thing happened, and my confiding friend began to be alarmed.

The third and last Monday we returned to our post, and congratulated ourselves on our perseverance, when we saw the black gown and white bonnet at the appointed place.

"There she is!" exclaimed Bussy with some emotion. At the first glance he had recognised the bouquet she carried in her hand.

Our opera-glasses were immediately brought into play, and I saw a tolerably pretty person, who on her part seemed to be examining us very attentively through her glass. But I had hardly had time to look at her when I heard a chorus of angry exclamations all around me.

The exclamations proceeded from a group of young men whose eyes and opera-glasses were fixing the same object as we were. They were all more or less agitated, although in different ways. Some seemed ashamed, others furious, and some completely stupified, but all appeared afraid to look at one another.

"What is all this?" said I to Charles, who replied by a most piteous look, and seizing me by the arm dragged me into the lobby. Thence he took a last glance through the window in a box-door at the lady in the white bonnet, who had still her opera-glass fixed on the opposite balcony.

"What do you think of my duchess?" said he, with a tragi-comic smile.

"Why," replied I, "nothing very remarkable. I expected something better, I confess."

He put his mouth close to my ear, and sunk his voice into a low whisper.

"It is Mademoiselle X., the flower-seller in the Rue Vivienne! To-day is the first of April, and I leave you to judge of the extent of the mystification of which I and our friends in the balcony yonder have been victims. Profit by my experience, and above all if you should meet me in the street, in the course of the next three months, don't look me in the face."

So saying, and muffling himself in his paletot, Bussy darted down the stairs, leaving me struggling violently with an inclination to laugh, which became irresistible when I saw his companions in misfortune pass one after the other before me, each looking more foolish than the preceding one. I counted them and found they were ten in number, whence I concluded that at the rate of five twenty-franc bouquets apiece, the flower girl's carnival had produced her about a thousand francs in hard cash, without reckoning the amusement. These young men had, be-

sides, brought her shop into notice, so that now no dandy would think of buying a nosegay of any body but Mademoiselle X.

It was discovered afterwards that she had got the names and sufficient of the histories of her dupes from a friend of hers who was waiter at the club to which Charles and his companions belong. The skill with which she kept up their illusion, and the powers of captivation she gave proof of under the mask, will not appear surprising to those who are acquainted with the natural wit and tact commonly possessed by that class of Parisian women.

My friend Bussy learnt two things from his misfortune—to beware of the puffing system, whatever disguise it may assume, and to remember that at a masked ball there are no two persons more alike than a duchess and a flower-girl.

ON THE DUTY OF EVIL SPEAKING.

Jamais ne fut, et ne sera, quelques loix et ordonnances qu'on y puisse faire, que la mesdisance ne soit mieux reçue que la louange; mesmement quand elle est tirée de la vérité: et qu'il n'y ait cent fois plus de plaisir à mesdire d'un poltron qu'à louer un homme de bien.—SATIRE MENIPPÉE.

Peu de gens sont assez sages pour préférer le blâme que leur est utile, à la louange que les trahit.—LE ROCHEFOUCAULD.

It is a vainglorious thought, which in spite of our habitual modesty, (so well known to the readers of the *New Monthly*), will from time to time beset us, that the world is more indebted to essayists for the little truth it possesses, than the accustomed ingratitude of mankind will permit them to acknowledge. Most other writers resemble the paid advocates of our law courts, in being led to their choice of subject by some personal, if not corrupt, interest, some *quiddam honorarium*, either in meal or malt, which at once distorts their judgment, and leads them to adopt a partial and bigoted view of all things connected with it. Professional men, more especially, are “brought to the scratch” of authorship, by hopes of professional advancement; and write more to make a reputation for skill in some special branch of practice, than from a conscientious hope or desire of producing good and necessary books. Hence the numerous monographies of the medical profession, the reports and treatises of barristers, and the goodly octavo volumes of sermons, fired off by their reverend authors at those special and best judges of theology, the possessors of the gift of—livings. Setting aside this consideration, which nevertheless is a most potent cause of much worthless scribbling, it will be conceded that professional subjects are usually undertaken by professional men, under a presumptuous idea that they must know more of the subject in hand than other people. This it is true has the approbation of Horace; but we must avail ourselves of another Horatian rule against such authority, and decline to swear even in his words. That the writings of professional men are not to be trusted, is matter of every-day experience. Amidst the

endless multiplicity of English law books, we have not a single sound work on jurisprudence. As for the *quod medicorum est promittunt medici*, the whole corps of learned physicians have not yet taught the laity committed to their charge, to distinguish between quackery and science; while for the *tractant fabrilis fabri* of Divinity, let the *tractarian* expounders of protestantism serve for an example.

It has been said that the best way to learn a science is to sit down and write a book on it; the implication being of course that the book should be a good one; for a bad book could only teach badly. It follows then that a science can be well treated by one who begins writing in perfect ignorance. It is not therefore a long step that we require, when we ask our readers to concede, that thus to commence is the best way in which an author can proceed. But if they will further tax their memories to recall the endless prejudices, the hazarded theories, the opinions received universally, because they are never examined, which pervade the very best authorities, they will hardly hesitate in acknowledging the vast superiority of absolute ignorance over so much false learning. The men of art are mostly artful men; and for our own part, we know not the individual, who at some period of his life has not been the victim of that falsest of all proverbial follies, *cuiuslibet in arte sua credendum est*. But perhaps we shall be told the productions of the *extra professional*, the medical lucubrations of the clergy and other *dilettanti* old women of both sexes, and the manifold "religious breathings" of decayed spinsters and moping dowagers (the laity seldom dabble in law) are not remarkable for common sense; but it is by no means proved that the authors in question ever made an effort to get up their subject, or much as they may have read, that they ever took a reasonable trouble to digest. On the contrary they rather affect to write from inspiration, though they do not stop to inquire whether their own inspiration be not derived from the full moon—so often mistaken for a new light: the opposite of wrong is not always necessarily right.

Not, however, to seem altogether too paradoxical, we must admit that as far as the mere facts are concerned, professors *ought* to know more of their subject than other men; and when it is considered how dreadfully ignorant these same "other men" are of many things that most intimately concern themselves, it would not be too hazardous to say, that in this instance "*ought*" is not so very much a defective verb. But after all, facts are only the raw materials of the sciences; and it is to small purpose that a professor be (in ladies' parlance) ever so accurate concerning them, if he have not the art to draw from them the just and proper inferences, and to fructify them by an independant and a rigorous induction. Now it is precisely on this point that your professional man is weak. The honestest among them are apt to be led a whole world away from truth, by their inveterate addiction to the "nothing like leather" creed, the besetting sin of all who have devoted their lives to a speciality. If, however, we take virtue, as well as skill, into the account, and assume the average morality of professions in general, as a datum, little more can be expected from the professional writer than strings of conventionalities, one-sided views, sectarian dogmas, and the boldest assertions of untruth, whenever it is thought necessary to imitate what

Voltaire lays to the charge of the fathers, when he accuses them of talking *par économie*.

This defect does not appear so much upon the surface of law-books, which profess only to determine what the law is, and to maintain the authority of *la chose jugée*; but it is impossible to listen to legal pleadings with any attention, and not arrive at a conviction that the coherence of dogmas and systems, and not truth, is the scope of all the lawyer's labours. Go into our courts of *nisi prius*, our chancery courts, and our courts of civil law, and observe how in each a different basis of reasoning prevails. Nor is the case much mended among the doctors; the great difference being, that while authority is every thing, and while that which is established, supersedes the right and the just with the lawyer—among the medical tribe it is precisely the reverse; for it is with remedies as with horses, a new one is ever better than a good. But the great field for *ex parte* writers is theology. Who ever heard of a papist arguing fairly on the right of private judgment? what divine of the establishment speaks handsomely of dissent? and as for grace and predestination, have not the writers on either side maintained from the beginning to the end, a running fire of arguments on their own premises, without much serious wrestling with the principles of their opponents? In fact, we have but to inquire the university to which a theological writer belongs, to form a shrewd guess at the scope of his publications. So, too, a bare knowledge of the pulpit from which he preaches, the scene of his ministry, is alone conclusive, without opening the volume, as to his notions on the philological question of certain disputed texts in the Greek Testament, or on the compatibility of genuine Christianity with a state church.

Thus, too, is it in the world of politics, and thus even in the exact sciences, wherever opinion can gain a vantage ground for setting up a schism. The only exception to this general onesidedness in literature will be found in the department of essay-writing. The essay-writer is an *omnis homo*, bound down to no one science or subject. The theme of his expatiation is the *omne scribile*, and he has no petty leanings. The universal world of thought is his domain; and he looks down upon his particular subject from all the height of the most commanding philosophy. True it is, that the essayist, like all other men, must occasionally pay tribute to his age and *environage*; for it is not given to mortal man, wholly to avoid the *idola tribus*; but it is not less true that to the essayist, mankind is mostly indebted for those true truths which fix the foundations of thought; and that the Montaignes and the Bacons have done more for the human mind, than all the professed professors and *ex cathedra* dogmatizers that the world ever saw.

But where in the name of decency shall we find a ladder long enough to bring us safely down from the region to which we have thus ambitiously climbed—where discover a *facilis descensus* that will enable us, without too much preparation, to come unscathed to the point from which we started—our own *minimissime* contributions to moral truth? For, in all candour, we must confess that it was by a complacent retrospect on the new views we have occasionally offered of the world and its doings, and with a chuckling anticipation of the

blow we are now aiming at established prejudice, that we fell into the somewhat "Ercles vein" which opens this paper. But let us not be accused of vainglory. Every poet is not a Homer, nor every dramatist a Shakspeare; yet the poorest scribbler of verses, or grinder of worn-out characters, threadbare situations and stale jokes, may be permitted to rejoice in the excellence of his art, and to derive a reflex ray of self-glorification from its inimitable chiefs. We say it not, therefore, in vanity, but because the fact is so, the essayist is a benefactor of mankind, a pioneer in the march of mind; and on that account alone is entitled to say his say unrebuked, no matter upon whose corns he treads, in his *en avant* movements.

Our readers, it is to be hoped, after perusing these preliminary remarks, will be prepared to receive with the necessary patience, the statement we are about to make of our rooted conviction of the excellence, utility, and yeoman's service to society of scandal; and to suspend their judgment of the matter, while we declare our reasons for the faith within us—a faith so wholly at variance with the received opinions of the bleating and inconsequent many.

To those commonplace moralists who receive their opinions, *ex tra-*
duce from their grandmothers, without suspicion, and without examination, it must appear that the quotations which head this article betray a sad inconsistency in human conduct. How can it possibly happen (they will ask) that the gravest and the greatest, if they really think that evil speaking, lying, and slandering, are such detestable vices, should addict themselves to take pleasure in detraction, and that the higher the society you examine, the more universal will be found the preponderance of personality over all other themes of polite conversation? Yet nothing can be more certain than that the very best of men get rapidly *ennuyés* while listening to praise, even of the brightest actions and most estimable characters, in all cases in which they are not themselves the subject of discourse. Nothing is surer than that even saints and saintesses are never tired of the most even-flowing current of backbiters, but derive an endless pleasure in hearing holes picked in the motives and conduct of their very best friends.

How is this to be explained? It will not do to rely upon the barren universality that the thing is so, that man is by nature pre-eminently inconsistent. Man, it is true, is inconsistent enough, but we must arrive at some more proximate principle of humanity, before we can explain this apparently most outrageous instance of self contradiction. Man is not inconsistent for nothing, but has generally the very best reasons for the little gaps he makes in the concatenation of his thoughts and actions. The argument is perfectly correct, and as it is not very easy to imagine the corrupt interest which should induce sensible persons to prefer detraction to candour, in practice, we may well doubt whether they really entertained any serious displeasure at it in the abstract.

After long consideration of the difficulty, we have concluded that no such adequate motive exists; and thence we infer that the blame cast upon what is most slanderously called slander, if not a pure humbug, is mere delusion, and that nothing like censure is implied in the sentences we have prefixed to this essay. Indeed the majority of those who make the greatest outcry against scandal are they who are desirous by this means of acquiring a character for candour for themselves, the

better thereby to obtain credence for their own little detractions ; and the simple-minded few are more easily led to coincide with them, because, not being particularly fond of being scandalized themselves, they mistake that partial and particular view of the case, for their abstract and general feeling upon the merits and bearings of the whole question.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all that has been advanced by ethical writers to the contrary, we maintain that all men possessing in their veins one drop of the blood of their general mother, really, truly, and in their heart of hearts approve of slander, and that like Momus in the "Golden Pippin," they "dote on a sweet bit of mischief." This being the case, no one but the lost wretch who is utterly insensible to the beauties of natural theology, will refuse to acknowledge that there must be a sufficient final cause for the arrangement. It does not suffice to fall back upon original sin, and to throw the whole blame upon poor fallible human nature. Nature and sin are only answerable for the abuses of God's gifts ; for there is not a passion in our complex, however widely it may lead men astray, that has not its use as well as its abuse—not one, that when confined in the proper bounds of mood and time, does not contribute to the welfare of society. The love of slander, then, with the rest, must have its purpose.

That the love of detraction has its uses, and is no exception to this general rule, it will not be difficult to prove : and a better example cannot be offered of the force of prejudice, than the universal blindness of mankind to the moral and social value of that propensity.

For the more perfect understanding of this matter, the reader will please to call to mind that there are two sorts of detraction, the one faithfully retailing the simple truth, and the other drawing boldly upon the imagination, and disseminating the most baseless fictions, when fact will not answer the purpose. The law takes little notice of this distinction. For reasons of its own, which have nothing to do with general morals, the law chooses to regard all evil speaking as subversive of the queen's peace ; and if it makes any difference between simple slander and calumny, it is to treat the former as the least defensible. Truth, it says, or seems to say, so far from being a justification, is rather an aggravation of the offence, on the ground that the offended party is much more disposed to resent true imputations than false.

Now albeit we cannot agree with the law, inasmuch as we think neither the one nor the other form of scandal wrong, and therefore neither worse, yet as the public is of a different opinion, and affects to believe that in libelling, public and private, it is better, if possible, to speak truth, we must so far submit to the prejudice as to argue the first case first, as being less likely to provoke the ignorant impatience of the hearer. When we shall have succeeded in demonstrating the excellence of simple slander, we shall have the less difficulty in shaking our readers' established habits of thinking, in the more compound case of downright calumny.

First, then, of the first, as the divines say. As touching the uses of simple slander, we are really ashamed at being compelled to utter one word on so plain a subject. Slander is too obviously the pivot upon

which turns by far the larger part of the morality at present existing in society. How sings the poet?

Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
And touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.

But what is ridicule, if not a branch of detraction, or rather the feather which gives wing to detraction; and it derives all its restraining power from its superiority in doing the work of detraction. Some few men are kept to the right path by a moral, some by a religious feeling, and some again by a wise perception of the utility of virtue; but all men live in fear of the *qu'en'dira-t-on*. The law takes cognizance only of penal offences, the pulpit denounces chiefly breaches of the decalogue, the code of honour regards only the gentleman's *punctilio*. But the *qu'en'dira-t-on*, a truly inquisitorial star-chamber court, rules over every the minutest action of life, and restrains and regulates the in-goings and outgoings of all the world. There is no one so high in society as not to be checked by apprehension of some Mrs. Grundy; there is no one so low as not to think he has some character to defend. The most despotic monster lives in fear of the newspapers, and the proudest peer pauses ere he does what he likes with his own, in apprehension of the next county meeting. The queen on the throne is not too elevated to care for her popularity, and the condemned criminal on the scaffold dies game, to deprecate the ill-will and contempt of his brother thieves.

Now if mankind really abhorred detraction, if it had not a prurient desire to have its ears tickled with the dispraise of others, if men were anxious only to hide the lapses of their neighbours, and if they hooted out of society the backbiting Mr. Blacks denounced by the Roman poet, the whole world would be emancipated from this wholesome restraint, and it might safely say, with the personage in the play,

So I touch the coal, let the world talk and be d—d;

and then, as the wisdom of Cockaine phrases it, "there'd be a pretty go."

Detraction is also a powerful promoter of general morality by developing a greater degree of modesty in society. The classic practice of clapping a slave into the triumphal car, to prevent the conquering consul from becoming too cockahoop, was a poor and an unnecessary contrivance, and spoke ill for the civilization of a society thrown upon such a resource. However great may be the world's admiration of success,—its weakness in regard to those whom fortune favours,—there is in all communities that can boast of any tolerable moral development, plenty of honest men to give vent to the envy which is within them, and to whoop on Detraction upon the trail of the eminent. Let not the Lord Mayor elect then be too inflated, as he gives the last glance at his gilt coach, before he enters it on his way to the Exchequer, for in the crowd that follow through the dirt in his train, there are many who remember when he was not quite so great a man, and some too who are gifted with a prophetic second sight, that his paths of glory lead but to the *Gazette*. The apprehension of such thoughts and sayings should marvellously predispose the *parvenu* to courteousness; and multitudinous are the shakings of the hand, and great the outlay in felt,

or in cotton four-and-ninepennies, which should be and are produced by its agency.

The dread of detraction is, moreover, a great stimulus to charity; and many hundred pound notes find their way into subscription lists that the public may not have it to say that the givers bestowed less, and are, therefore, less well to do in the world than their neighbours or colleagues. The same laudable fear most powerfully assists in preserving undiminished the hospitality of public functionaries, who do not choose to have it said that they could do the thing less genteelly than the genteelst of their predecessors. Much too of domestic hospitality is levelled at averting the malice of detractors, in the vain hope that they who have opened their mouths to take in your good things, will not open them to let out their private opinion of the faults and absurdities of the donor. Not but that there are persons upon whom a good feed does operate in inducing a goodnatured view of the Amphitryon's parts and behaviour; but then this complacency does not outlast the duration of digestion, and it requires to be revived by a frequent repetition of invitation cards.

To form an accurate idea of the full extent of this influence of detraction is eminently difficult. Living, as we all do, habitually in the fear of what an illnatured world *will* say, we cannot even imagine how we should act in a world of simpletons, too mealy-mouthed to speak what they know, and too conscientious to repeat what they have only heard from others. But let any one just try to form an idea of what sort of acting we should have in a theatre where there was no clapping or hissing allowed, or to guess what may be the feelings of one running off to America from a suspicion of felony, and he will acquire some faint notion of the value of opinion on behaviour.

That innate and most irresistible desire which impels men, women, and children to occupy themselves in malice with the conduct and affairs of their neighbours more than with their own, is likewise a most necessary stimulus to individual industry. If the *bien est l'ennemi du mieux*, there can be no doubt that the majority would be well content to rest from their labours, and to enjoy in idleness the first small portions of good they have earned, if a consciousness was not always present that the public eye was on them, and that the said public feels more pleasure in noting deficiencies, than in admiring what is realized. As it is, more income-tax is paid in the ambitious effort to wrestle with the world's malignity, and to triumph over the envious, than by the whole accumulated labours of the operative masses, undertaken for the supply of food and raiment.

In this estimate of the blessings of detraction, it is by no means right that we should overlook the pleasure which we have said it affords *per se*. Even in those things, which, on account of the future ill consequences they entail, we call evil, unwholesome, or wicked, it is not to be denied that the immediate pleasure they produce is a pleasure. The excitement of the wine, and the gusto with which it is drunk, when separated from its after consequences, are things to be praised; and no one will dispute that the power which money possesses of procuring money's worth, is a desirable consideration, however indirect or dishonest may have been the means which have placed it at your disposition. How much more then should we reckon on the

pleasure afforded by things otherwise good, and which not merely benefit the individual in the enjoyment, but diffuse a mass of after-good in society in general. It would be sheer hypocrisy to deny that detraction in itself is a *jouissance*,—not, confined to the dowager maidens of a country village, or to the reverend inhabitants of a cathedral close, but relished by senators, philosophers, and magistrates,—by all indeed that are most conspicuous in station and deportment. Detraction gives the highest zest to politics; it is the staple of hustings eloquence, most influential (after “the consederation”) in determining the result. Detraction and personality will at all times gain the attention of the house, when sound argument and enlarged views vex the dull ears of the drowsy hearers. Detraction, too, sometimes makes a part even of “vital religion;” the idea of other people’s reprobation in matters of belief, gives as much satisfaction as conscious orthodoxy; and the moral denunciations of the pulpit would be less attentively received, if their application were strictly personal, and extended not equally to neighbours or friends. In medical matters, too, no one will dispute that the apothecary is esteemed in direct ratio to his powers of small talk; and that the views of interiors he has picked up in his daily round, are infinitely more enjoyed than his boluses and draughts. Detraction, too, gives flavour to the best-dressed dinners; it lends more spirit to the dance than the music; in the opera-box it will supersede the *floriture* of Gritti, or the fun of Lablache; and if we could benefit by Asmodeus, and learn the subjects of doorway flirtations, and embrasure *têtes-à-têtes*, no question but it would turn out that detraction had more to do than passion with those mysterious dialogues.

If, then, we have made good our point as to the detractions which are founded on truth, and which merely lay bare the seamy side of things as they are, it will be an easy task for us to satisfy our readers, that downright calumny possesses an equal utility in society, and is susceptible of an equally honest defence. As to the pleasure calumny affords in its propagation, it does not appear that the most scrupulous are always very careful to sift the authenticity of a tale, when it contributes in any way to their profit or delectation. In politics it is a received maxim, that a lie that has obtained four-and-twenty hours’ credence, has done its duty; it cannot therefore be expected that the most candid should scruple to take the benefit of a wrong which is of so transient a nature. Those accordingly who have watched the progress of a lie through the political club-houses, can best tell how little the improbability of a tale diminishes the pleasure with which it is heard and repeated. As to mere utility, on the other hand, it stands to reason that calumny, which has the whole range of the possible to revel in, must do the work of detraction more serviceably than the most pungent simple falsehood that is cribbed and confined within the limits of reality; for though truth *may*, and often does transcend pure fiction in interest and strangeness, yet the position does not extend to the commonplace truths of everyday life. It is lamentable indeed to think how few calumnious tales are so wholly divested of a real foundation, as not to practically set some bounds to the flights of the most poetic invention. So comparatively insipid, indeed, is truth as an engine of detraction, that the most punctilious sticklers for it insensibly fall into

a tendency towards high calumny; and as the portrait painter copies the face with some approach to accuracy, but gives to his subject the hands, arms, and bust that please his fancy, so the most rigid storyteller is satisfied with the great outlines of truth, and fills up his accessories with an exclusive view to general effect.

Further, as to the utility of calumny, it is a mere prejudice to think that it is "pleasant but wrong," and that it enters into the common category of vices, which are never practised for the sake of their consequences, but rather from the irresistible temptation of a temporary good.

That calumny is odious to the victim we freely admit; but not more so than simple detraction. Nay, the law is so far right in its dislike to truth as an enemy to the king's peace, that its victim must writhe under an accusation of which he knows himself guilty, more than under one where he is conscious of innocence. *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis et dici potuisse*, says the poet; but he adds as a clincher, *et non potuisse refelli*. It is to no purpose that the calumniated reflects on what is so obvious,—namely, that he has nobody to thank for his position but himself, and that he receives only the just reward of his ill deeds, in the denunciations of the libeller: so far from alleviating the load he bears under detraction, the knowledge of his own *lachesse* only adds to the bitterness of the sensation, and to the intensity of the resentment: "had mine enemy done this—!"

But the feelings of the victim form no part of the question. Worms do not like being impaled, as their wriggling indisputably declares; and we never heard a fish scream with delight at being dragged out of its element with a hook,—however much mankind may like being led by the nose. Society must have its scape-goats, its involuntary *Quinti Curtii*, and "these are of them."

But if we turn from the individual victim calumniated, to the interests of society at large, the merits of calumny are transcendent. It is not merely that whatever benefits can be bestowed upon the public by a simple detraction, must be much enlarged by calumny, as the more powerful agent: it is necessary also to look at the relation of supply and demand. For it is clear that detraction alone would not keep the market going; and that although most men know more evil of themselves than the world suspects, yet is this precisely a case in which the "*scire tuum nihil est*" applies to the uttermost extent. Men do not usually "wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at;" and *de non apparentibus*—we all know the conclusion. He, accordingly, who repeats only what he knows, comes soon to the end of his tether; so that detraction would soon be exhausted for want of its *pabulum*, if calumny did not step in to supply the deficiency. That it does so step in with most admired effect is so undeniably true, that certain periodical propagators of falsehood have found it convenient to refuse admission to the reclamations of the belied, as a practice far too troublesome to admit of toleration.

Thus, then, have we proved, that calumny, no less than detraction, plays a serviceable part in the melodrama of society; and that, were either piece removed from its machinery, the consequences would be nearly fatal. There is one beneficial application, however, of evil speaking, common to both, which we have overlooked, and that relates

to its influence on the *nosce teipsum* : there is no shorter and more royal road to that desirable attainment, than may be picked out of those little expressions of public opinion of our actions, which our friends and neighbours take such pains to propagate.

In what indeed shall we find the baseness of flatterers and parasites but in the injurious tendency of their assentations?

Pessimum inamicorum genus laudatores.

It may be readily believed, that the worst of men, at the moment of receiving the benefits of hospitality and protection, must really feel some slight degree of pleasure in the fair things they utter of their benefactor, and in fact really believe some certain portion of the eulogies to which they give utterance. This, in its way, is a sort of gratitude, and *pro tanto*, is rather praiseworthy than matter of reproach. The real depravity of such men lies in the danger of their blandishments, in the perversion of conscience they contribute to develop in their hearer, by selfishly withholding that "piece of their mind," which, but for their corrupt motives, they, like others, would be so ready to utter, and which is of so healing and wholesome an efficacy, in making the party to whom it is addressed know himself. If the moral effect of praise be thus evil, the moral effect of blame cannot but be good. Either it is merited, or it is not : in the former case, nothing is more likely to arrest the sinner in his vicious course ; and in the latter, it at least provokes self-examination, abates the overweening tendency to self-confidence, and strengthens good resolutions to avoid in the future those things, which, true or false, are so painful in the reporting. If it be really wisdom to prefer the blame that is useful, to the praise which betrays, the quality of these expressions of opinion is definitively fixed : and if, as Beaumarchais says, "little men alone dread little writings," there is nothing in libel which a good man should eschew. Indeed, the very law which punishes libel, by fixing the *gravamen* of the offence in its tendency to a breach of the peace, casts its stone rather against the touchy irritability of the calumniated, than against the dicacity of the offender. When the acrimony and vindictiveness with which the libeller is universally pursued, is brought into the account, it is impossible to doubt that something more would be urged against the crime than its incidental tendency, if there were really any thing inherently wrong in it to be advanced.

If the parent then is justified in not sparing the rod to spoil the child, and if apothecaries' stuff is not eschewed when it is so abominably nasty, neither is detraction to be discredited merely because it gives a little pain. Let the public, accordingly, change its tone with regard to the practice. We do not say, let society indulge more in personalities, nor let calumny be bolder or more inventive ; for that is impossible : but let men cease to be ashamed of avowing what they are not ashamed to do. Let the decalogue be altered with the rubric, to correspond with the manners of the age, and its Christian morality. Let the prayer against lying and slandering be struck out of the litany : and let no man set other bounds to his natural and innocent propensities in the particular, than those which are necessary to avert an action for damages, or an attack upon the nose. :—*diximus*.

THE LUCKY BOUGH ; OR, THE HOP-GARDENS OF KENT.

BY EDMUND CARRINGTON, ESQ.

For my part, I like your country superstitions.

FIELDING.

Sing hey ! sing ho ! the beggars are come to town !
 Some in rags and some in jags, and some in silken gown !

THERE they are !—(Callot's beggars !—shake hands with your brothers !)—there they go ! charivari ! charivarz, as Rabelais says. Waggon-loads of them ! live lumber by the ton ! ragmen, bagmen, magsmen, dogsmeat slicers and caterers for cats, gipsies, pedlars, tinkers, higglers, and hawkers of petty wares, oyster-bawlers, Billingsgates, costermongers, eggwives, orange-venders, the female fry of Whitechapel, the Minories, the Borough, St. Giles's, and Southwark, in all the motley of Rag-fair—its dingy lilac, primrose, buff, and green—old faded drawn-bonnets, tattered, lollopping Leghorns, pink gowns, yellow gowns, blue gowns, red gowns, scraps of riband, bobtails of old German velvet worn brown—the ghosts of heyday bravery ; shawls—slatternly, slammaking, and soiled—tags of scarfs, old bands, old buckles, Swiss-aprons at twenty-second hand, old soldiers' coats (the scarlet worn white) over a female boddice and green gingham petticoat—there they are, the motley queans ! there they are cheek by jowl with the ragamuffinry of their male comrades, pickpockets (for once setting out on an honest vocation, and to "pick"—not the pockets of her majesty's lieges, but something else, as we shall see by and by), members of the swell-mob worn seedy, with mustaches at a discount, topped with beavers without crowns, and shod with a boot on the off foot and a shoe on the near one,—bailmen out of jobs, ballad-bawlers, knife-grinders, mechanics "out o' work," the most unwashed of the "mighty unwashed," periwinkle-mongering—(a "pin for their winkles" now ! even the pin they once picked the winkles out of the shell with ! what care they for winkle-mongering ? they have better "fish to fry")—cads of cab-drivers, knackers' men, resurrection scamps and surgeons' larder-providers, lean understrappers of broken-down pettifoggers, scriveners out of scribbling (or term) time,—livid-blue visaged, threadbare, out-at-elbow dogs ! (a fox-tail is royal purple compared with their "foxy," seedy gear !) hangmen's satellites "quite done up" since "rope" has been less in fashion—the tatterdemalions ! there they are ! worthy compeers of the ragged queans they "chum" with, and drink with, and "bundle" with into the waggons, vans, and carts, which bear them singing, bawling, can-clinking, squabbling, toping at every pothouse they come to, at the expense of their—employers.

Hereby then hangs a tale ! *Whither* is all that cargo of ragamuffinry being exported, from the squalid, crowded haunts of the metropolis and its outskirts ?—that scum of the town and of the earth ? When we speak thus of the groups we have pictured, it is not in scorn but solely in truth : nay ! the spectacle they exhibit brings joy and contentment to our hearts to think that the very dregs and *désœuvrés* of

the metropolis are all at once not only called to employment (the grand desideratum) but are held, yet more, in *request* for their services !

In a word, throughout that garden of England—Kent, and the Weald of Kent especially, they are called forth now in the first week of September, on the pleasant and profitable errand of hop-picking, or, as it is familiarly called, “hopping.”

Reader, put yourself, at the season just specified, into a Dover railway carriage, be whirled down to the Tonbridge station, have horses ready outside the station gates, be whirled along to the town of Tonbridge, and then onwards along the road through Hadlow to Maidstone, and then making this spot your centre point, mount your prad, and lose yourself delightedly through those rich, luxuriant labyrinths where the hop-tendrils wave in thick clustering blossomed festoons over the heads of the motley “gatherers.”

A word here to your continental, and more particularly your Italian recollections—“comparisons” we were going to say—though these are no less prejudiced and foolish sometimes as regards “*things*,” than they are “odious” (according to the proverb) as regards “*men*.”

Though equally rich then, and sparkling in verdure, the scene before you is not, assuredly, so Arcadian as that which the valleys of Romania, of Pisa, and the Arno can show. You turn from the English vintage awhile (as the hop-gathering may be termed) to recall the festoons of vines, drooping in long luxuriant chain from elm-tree to elm-tree, and to call up, no doubt, to your fancy, all the dreams that a Nicolas Poussin might have delighted in—glades peopled with all sorts of Golden Age denizens—fauns, and goatfooted gentry, and nymphs that don’t know how to look fretful—Silenuses lolling on tame tigers, and little saucy urchins straining their best to pluck down the tempting purple bunches overhead, which tantalizingly hang *just* out of reach, till some goodhumoured bacchanalian damsel, or some tall gentleman of a faun, picks a bunch and flings it down to them, and prevents their pronouncing the grapes “sour !” •

Short, however, of the classic charm of the vineyard, the peculiar and pictorial beauty afforded by the disposition of the sprays and branches festooned as they are in Italy, there is no growth of any plant cultivated for the health and blessing of man so beautiful and graceful as that of the hop-garden.

The low, cut-down, ~~current~~ *espalier* style of the sloping French vineyards, fades into nothingness in point of beauty before the free and waving luxuriance of the hop tendril. No doubt, on the other hand, the peasant-groups along the banks of the Garonne afford specimens of rural grace, and set off the general effect of the scene in a manner, and with a charm, not to be looked for in the no less tatterdemalion than motley ranks which we have above portrayed, as constituting the group of London-hired hop-gatherers. Who can forget, too, the intervals of the French vintage hours, filled up with those happy dances, which characterizes at once the rustic pleasures of the light-hearted labourers, and give embellishment to the scene of their welcome toil ? We fancy we hear the glad some echoes (to which we have ere now listened), along the Garonne banks, of the dancers’ laugh, mingled with the glee-notes of viol and horn, and *chalu-meau*.

Happy are those peasants in their bright sky and smiling climate ; still, let there be no invidious contrast aimed at here ! Let no such un-English thought disfigure our friendly page ! There is happiness, too, on those banks of Medway ; in that rich lowland—the Weald of Kent ! Though natural and social habits vary in different nations and under different skies (necessarily influenced as they are by diversity of climate), yet for once the chill menaces and caprice of English skies are forgotten, and English labourers are happy in active employment and adequate pay : and though there is, as yet, during the hop-gathering no intervening dance or festivity as with the French peasant-groups by the Garonne,—yet such festivities may yet greet us ! Yes ! the hop-harvest-home is still observed by many good old Kentish farmers : men worthy of the old times, and worthy of the boast of “men of Kent.”

But to the winding up of our hop-harvest we have not yet come. There is happiness of heart, we say, for the hop-gatherer ; and though it bounds not (save now and then) to the sound of tabour and viol, it is tuned to a harmony no less welcome—the chink of good wages for honest toil ! A mercy it is to think how many in that hop-garden before us are rescued from beggary, starvation, vagabondage, and crime ! Crime the bitter offspring of want ! Crime, too often, the child of necessity !—and no worse source !

But look at the merry ragamuffins ! (they put us in mind of a set of Yankee “*follickers* !”) How their fingers wag away as if they had St. Vitus’s dance in their knuckles ! “Pickers” (though not “stealers” happily now), you may well call, with *Hamlet*, those fingers ! Ay ! many an additional pair of hands has been engaged by the hop-grower, in order to get in his crop as speedily as possible. The hands in his own neighbourhood are not sufficient—hence, the waggon-loads of live lumber already specified, which he is obliged “to import” at his own cost from the metropolis. So completely is the country scoured for procuring “hands” (it may here be observed), that all the cottages throughout the hop districts may be seen closed up during the “picking ;” father, mother, brats, and all, are absent at the “muster.”—“All are gone a hopping !”

If any man’s eyes glisten with satisfaction at watching the quick movements of those glib fingers, they are the hop-grower’s. The hop, volatile and evanescent in its nature, soon fades, soon turns “foxy” and red, and loses its best aroma, unless picked speedily. A single night’s tempestuous wind has been known to lessen the worth of a crop by nearly one-half, by spoiling the colour, and spoiling, too, the aroma and flavour, in consequence of the withering and bruising effect of the wind. Pick away then, my “jolly beggars !”—pick away, my hearties ! For the succour of the English vintage (and so we may call it), wag finger and thumb glibly ! Fancy yourselves thimble-rigging, and “fake away !”

“Tom, how many bushels have you picked ?”

“Nine,” says Tom.

“Why, you haven’t *half-worked* ! I’ve ‘tallied’ fifteen !”

Just here the “tallyman” comes up, and interrupts the colloquy, asking each gatherer as to the amount of his pickings, and giving to each respectively, a tally, with marks indicative of the number of

bushels he has picked ; so that according to the aggregate amount of his tally-marks produced at the end of the hop-gathering, he may demand payment. "Board and lodging," meantime, is found for him at the expense of the employer. When we say board and lodging, we should observe that it amounts merely to bread, milk, potatoes, and a shed or barn. Some employers, however, afford a somewhat better fare than this ; but we speak with reference to the more general character and limit of the dietary and accommodation allowed.

The sorts of hops are various : in the Weald of Kent the grape-hop will be found the most common ; the golden-hop is also a favourite where a somewhat warmer and drier quality of the soil favours its growth. A period of about six weeks constitutes the duration of the hop-harvest, from its commencement with the gathering of the earlier kinds, to its close with that of the latest. The mode of picking is convenient : the gatherers stand in long ranks or lines, facing each other, on either side of a row of wide and deep bags or sacks, swung between a sort of stands, or rude frameworks of wood : the hop-plants having been pulled down, together with the poles to which they cling, are put transversely over these stands by the side of the gatherers, who set to work, forthwith, and "whip off" the flowers, letting them drop from between their fingers into the sacks below.

An active picker has been known to gather as many as twenty-five bushels and upwards in a day's picking ; but then the work has been carried on through a whole day, and extended to as late an hour even as ten o'clock at night ; and by a bright moonlight, the scene is no less interesting than under the golden skies of a gladsome harvest-day.

The *general* quantity picked by an individual gatherer in a day is about sixteen bushels : the work closing at sunset and commencing at different hours in the morning, sometimes at six, sometimes at eight nine, or eleven ; for, suppose that on the preceding evening the hops, which have been picked, have not yet been all fully dried in the kiln, (and the drying process commences immediately after the gathering, or concomitant with it,) *then* there is a delay until the drying of the quantity at present in the kiln is concluded and the kiln empty, and ready for the reception of more hop-flowers. For if the flowers are picked *any length of time* before the drying process commences, the aroma evaporates, and the quality of the hop for the market is consequently spoiled.

We stated sixteen bushels a day as the general standard of a good picker's work : of course the amount picked will vary according to the adroitness and knack, or the awkwardness and slowness of the gatherer. A shilling is considered a fair price for picking ten bushels ; temperance is often given, but the price varies more or less as the crop is thicker in blossom or more scanty ; for the work is more laborious if the crop is a sparing one as the picker has to search the boughs more nicely, and pick more diligently, than when he has boughs brought to hand loaded with blossoms, which he then strips off with all speed and readiness. The farmer is, thus, witnessed as losing both ways in the instance of a scanty crop : first of all in his bad crop ; and secondly, in having more to pay for the picking it.

The signal for pausing in the labour is the accumulation of a suffi-

cient quantity of hop-blossoms in the large canvass bags or sacks, already mentioned, of the picker, to make a "keel" as it is called. This word is a corruption of the term "kiln."

The hop-kiln is much the same in appearance and construction as the malt-kiln ; there are ovens on the ground-floor, then over the funnels of these is the flooring of lathe, covered over with horsehair cloths, woven fine, on which the layers of hops are strewed or spread.

The steam of sulphur which comes up from the ovens below, now permeates the drying-room, and brings the hop to that state which renders it fit for the market. The air is tempered by the escape overhead, through the huge hoodlike chimneys, cowls, or vanes, which swing backwards and forwards with the wind, and carry off the mingled fume of sulphur and hop, which thus tempered is exceedingly agreeable and diffuses a grateful odour round the spot of the drying.

Let the hop-grower beware how he hastens the work of drying too precipitately ! If he does so, the effect is, that the outer layer of hops on the drying-floor is too dry, and the inner not dry enough ; and hence the proper aroma or *bouquet* is lost, and the hop-"pocket" is returned to him by the factor or brewer (when he offers his "sample" for sale) as worthless ! Guinness's or Barclay's gorge would rise at such rashly dried hop ! though certainly an inferior dealer would do better to purchase it, damaged as it is, than resort to the villanous adulterations made up of quassia and other trashy ingredients, which too often form a substitute for hops in this land of hops—whether they are the growth of Worcestershire, Nottinghamshire, Herefordshire, Kent, Sussex, or exquisite Farnham.*

Well ! the first "*keel* or kiln" being achieved, the picking goes on ; and another kiln, and another is completed, until the hops are all exhausted, and the hop-garden, instead of presenting its late luxuriant show of garlanded poles, and the happy toil of the pickers in their motley groups—now presents a flat, naked space, covered with the brown haulm, or discarded stems of the hop-plants, which have been stripped of their blossoms. These stems are raked up and taken away for litter or fuel, and the poles are piled up in circular heaps, the tops all meeting in a point, and the lower ends protruding, so as to give the piles, or heaps of piles, the appearance of so many tents. The hop-grower considers himself well paid if he gets six pounds per hundredweight—he will not "sneeze" on occasions at five : he will grin from now till next year with satisfaction should he net seven pounds ; and if you ask him what was the maximum price during the war he will tell you, "As high, bless you, as twenty pound !" But, then, mark ! the hop was at the war period less generally cultivated than it has been subsequently. The amount of produce per acre of course varies greatly, according to the quality, superior or inferior, of the soil, and also according to the season. What think you of sixteen hundredweight, my honest friends of the "Weald ?" Will you grumble at this ?

* When Farnham "pockets" are from 110s. to 130s. per cwt., those of the Weald of Kent are at 72s. to 82s. ; Mid Kent, 83s. to 120s. ; East Kent, 88s. to 120s. ; Sussex, at 70s. to 78s. ; such is the relative value of the kinds quoted ; and these prices are moderate.

Such then is the close of the hop-picking. The money-groups have passed away, happy in their pay. They have challenged of the "tallyman" the price of their "bushels:" let them take care they don't spend all their earnings in the glee of their hearts, almost as soon as they have gained it, and before the stain of the hop-flowers has worn off from their fingers.

The flower, by the by, stains the hand in picking, much as the walnut does. Never mind! to make up for this, the smell of the blossoms is most salubrious, and a genuine Katterfelto would tell you, if he catalogued it amongst his nostrums, that it was good for "head, blood, and chest,"—so, indeed, it is accounted in the hop districts.

The "tag, rag, and, bobtail," of London importations having now vanished from the scene, the farmer calls together that portion of the pickers which consists of his own farming-men—their wives, daughters, and families. See the honest clodhoppers with spick span-new green-coloured smock-frocks (such is generally the hue of this rustic livery in the part of Kent which we have in view), new "corduroys," half-boots (for the hop-harvest always regenerates the peasant's wardrobe, just as her majesty's birthday does that of the postmen), and rough *antigossamer* hats—see them throng to the master's hearth. Away they heel-and-toe it to the sound of the fiddle, and pan-pipe, and oboe, and "all sorts" of village minstrelsy. Heartily they laugh as they toss down mugs-full to the health of "*Measter*" and success to his hop-market.

The fiddle squeaks away, and the girls laugh and bounce down the middle and "*oop agin*," with hearty boys of Kent, while overhead hangs that mysterious "Bough"—(quite sibyline)—the "Lucky Bough," as an auspicious talisman of good luck to master and man. Happy is the girl or lad who is fortunate enough during "the picking" to light on a "Lucky Bough!" It is characterized by all its leaves and flowers growing only on one side of the stem, and just as if they had been all twisted in this peculiar position. It is not of frequent occurrence, and the individual who finds it is considered "lucky," and the hearth over which it hangs is sacred.

Such is the lowly as happy superstition of the "Lucky Bough!" There it hangs! fair and fragrant, no less than auspicious, over the heads of those jolly clodpoles and their bright-eyed partners; the fiddle is put on still severer duty as the heat of the dance now waxes warmer—it would do you good to hear their hobnails clatter on the floor! It would do you good, too, to hear the cans clatter, and the mugs jingle, and master and man chuckle over happy recitals of the "gathering" well "got in." It would do you good to join the hop-harvest-home (we wish it was more universally kept than it is!) and worship the "Lucky Bough."

THE TWO HEADS :

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

I AM the second son of a gentleman of ancient descent but moderate fortune, in one of the northern states of Germany. My father, a man of high and honourable feeling, resolved that as his means would not allow him to provide adequately for all of his four sons, the younger ones should endeavour to carve out fortune for themselves, rather than pass their lives in the useless and often painful position of *cadets de famille*. He was esteemed by the sovereign of his country, and he trusted that with the aid of some interest and a good education, his children might rise high in the professions they should adopt. From an early age, therefore, one of my brothers was destined to the army, another to the church, and I, myself, was to become a lawyer.

However good my father's intentions undoubtedly were, he committed an error of judgment when he allotted to me the dry and sterile study of the law, which was in every way unsuited to my character and disposition. Of a highly nervous and excitable temperament, it was painful, and almost impossible for me to fix my mind and attention on any thing that did not in some degree appeal to or captivate my imagination. Even in my boyish days, and in my intercourse with lads of my own age, a tendency to the fantastic and ideal, and distaste for the more solid and material affairs of life revealed themselves in an unusual degree, and were unfortunately pampered by free access to a style of reading that should have been carefully withheld from me.

I had a maiden aunt who resided at my father's, a most determined reader of fiction, and who, pleased to discover a kindred taste in me, willingly supplied me with the kind of literature in which she delighted. The wildest and most fantastic creations of the German school were hourly in my hand, and I would remain whole days, filling my mind to repletion with this unwholesome food, till I attained such a pitch of excitement, that the hours allotted to sleep were passed in uneasy and dream-broken slumbers, or in tossing to and fro on my feverish bed, and recapitulating the horrors and wild fancies I had read of in the day.

At college my silent and unsocial disposition caused me to be little sought after by other students, whom I, in my turn, gladly avoided, devoting to solitude and the perusal of my favourite authors, all the time I was not compelled to give to study. Even now the pleasantest hours I can call to mind are those spent in the green-woods that surround the university town of C—. Many were the long summer afternoons I passed under their shade, absorbed in my books; and when my temples ached, and my brain grew dizzy with the excitement the latter occasioned, I would bury my face in the thick grass, and as though reflected on a black and shining mirror, scenes and figures surpassing the wildest dreams of Callot and Hoffmann, glided before my distempered vision.

My vacations I usually spent at a country-house belonging to my

father, which to me offered a peculiar charm, from its bizarre and antique construction, and still more from the thousand tales and superstitions that existed concerning it, and which it was my delight to collect from the neighbouring peasants, and from one or two old domestics, who had grown gray in the service of the family.

The outside of this mansion had been carefully preserved in all its picturesque rudeness, but the interior had undergone numerous changes suggested by increase of luxury, and was as comfortable as a more modern dwelling could have been. One room, however, had been in no way altered since its first construction. It was a spacious apartment, of greater length than width, roofed and wainscotted with black oak. Its original destination was that of a picture-gallery, and to this use it had always been applied. Panels three or four feet in width were left plain, and filled up with pictures, between which were carved devices of the most strange and fanciful nature. Fauns and satyrs, grim-looking helmeted heads, fabulous animals, and chimeras of all kinds, were placed round the spaces occupied by the pictures, which latter were, for the most part, family portraits.

This gallery, which was seldom visited, except by some dust-de-testing menial, was my favourite haunt. There was one picture that attracted my particular attention. It represented a lady in an eastern costume, holding in her hand a large open fan, on which was depicted a combat between Moorish and Christian cavaliers, minutely and beautifully painted. The lady's face was of exceeding loveliness, and bore the impress of stormy passions and much suffering.

There was a story connected with this picture and one of my ancestors who had gone to aid the Spaniards in their wars against the infidel.

He had been taken prisoner, so ran the legend, and escaped by the assistance of the daughter of a Moorish prince. Before they had got far from the fortress in which he had been confined, they were met by the lady's father. A struggle ensued, and the Christian being unarmed, was about to be overcome, when his mistress supplied him with a poniard, which a moment later was reddened in her father's blood. The escape was effected, but the lady died of remorse a year afterwards.

Before this picture I used to pass hours, lying on an old settee, book in hand, and occasionally suspending my reading to gaze on that beautiful face, in which fierce passion and deep remorse were so strangely blended.

I cannot define the feeling which the contemplation of this painting occasioned me. Had the picture had a living original, I doubt not I should have become passionately enamoured of her, so great was the fascination which those deep, sad, and yet fierce eyes exercised over me. If, however, I remained in the gallery after dusk, my admiration was exchanged for a superstitious terror, and I would hasten trembling away, hardly daring to turn my back to the picture lest it should leave its frame and follow me.

Habits and reveries of the nature I have sketched, were, as may be supposed, by no means favourable to serious study, and I scarce know how it was, and at what rare intervals I succeeded in gaining a

sufficient knowledge of the law to be admitted to practise as a barrister.

A year passed away, and found me but little changed or improved in the weaker points of my character. On the few occasions on which I was employed during that space of time, I managed to acquit myself tolerably, but without giving any indications of talent; and it was owing to family interest, and not to merit of my own, that at an unusually early age I was appointed public prosecutor at the criminal court of a small provincial town.

Somewhat roused by my new appointment, it was with a feeling more like ardour in my profession than any thing I had yet felt, that I entered the court on the opening day of the assizes.

The first and only important case that came on for trial, was that of a murder committed on a traveller, and of which an inhabitant of a neighbouring village was accused. I opened the prosecution in a tame speech, amounting to no more than a tolerably plain statement of the facts. The evidence was gone through, and it was late in the day when it again came to my turn to address the court. But I was now in a very different frame of mind from that in which I had first spoken.

As the proceedings had advanced, my interest in them, and a feeling of partisanship against the prisoner, of which I was myself unconscious, had rapidly increased. I had also become irritated by the badgering cross-examination which the counsel for the defence had made some of my witnesses submit to. It was with a flushed brow and almost unintelligible volubility of diction, that I began speaking for the second time. As I proceeded, however, my utterance became less rapid, my ideas more collected. I felt that I was eloquent, and that feeling made me more so. I was listened to with the deepest attention, and when I wound up an energetic and powerful speech, by a forcible appeal to the justice of my country, and a tremendous denunciation of the murderer's crime, a loud buzz of applause burst from the hitherto breathless audience.

As I glanced round the court, and drank in the admiration expressed on every countenance, my eyes met those of the prisoner. The revulsion of feeling was instant, from the pride of triumph to the dejection of compassion and remorse.

The accused was a man who had been a soldier from his childhood, and had left the service only a few months before the commission of the crime for which he was now arraigned. He was about fifty years of age, and possessed of one of those marked, stern countenances that artists willingly choose for models when desirous of depicting the *beau idéal* of a veteran soldier. His thick, black mustaches, in which a few lines of gray were perceptible, added to the military turn of his features, but took away nothing from the frankness expressed in his bronzed, open countenance, and clear gray eyes, that were now fixed upon me with an expression of reproach and proud contempt, that seemed to say as plainly as looks could speak,

"Well done! you have sacrificed an innocent man to the empty triumph of a moment."

I sank back upon my chair. Conviction of the prisoner's inno-

cence replaced the virulence which had so recently animated me. That man, I thought, cannot be a murderer. I was scarcely conscious of what passed around me till I heard the word "Guilty" pronounced, and the next moment sentence of death was passed.

Involuntarily my eyes turned towards the condemned man, as he was being led away from the bar at which he had stood.

"I shall die innocent," said he, "may my blood be at the door of those who caused it to flow."

And his eyes were fixed upon me as he said it.

I shuddered, and the alteration of my countenance must have been very perceptible, for two persons stepped forward to support me, as though I had been about to faint. A glass of water was brought, and in a few minutes I was able to leave the court. My agitation was attributed to fatigue and the heat of the crowded hall.

The two days following the trial I passed in a state of indescribable agitation. My first care was to go attentively over all the depositions in the hopes of finding something that would convince me of the culprit's guilt.

But the contrary effect was produced: the evidence against him, although strong, was entirely circumstantial. There existed a doubt; and prepossessed as I now was in favour of the accused, the more I pored over the proceedings, the more I became convinced of his innocence.

Two days elapsed in these investigations. On the fourth the sentence was to be put in force. Hastening to the executive authorities, I declared to them my doubts, or rather my conviction that the man was innocent, and besought them to delay his punishment, that I might have time to repair to the capital, and use all my efforts to obtain a remission or commutation of the sentence.

My request was refused. The man had been found guilty. Several murders had recently taken place in that province; an example was wanted, and the law must take its course. My repeated entreaties, and wild, hurried manner, excited surprise, but produced no other effect.

It was late on the evening preceding the execution, before I became convinced that all my efforts were vain. I ordered post-horses to be at my door at daybreak, for I could not bear to remain at N. while the execution took place.

It was about noon when I drove into a town some twenty leagues off. As the carriage arrived in a large, open square, its progress was impeded by a dense crowd of persons, apparently assembled to witness some spectacle, and whose numbers increased so rapidly, that before the postilion could make up his mind whether to turn back, or endeavour to push through the mob, we found ourselves wedged in among carts and pedestrians, in a manner that made it impossible to move either backwards or forwards.

Absorbed in painful thoughts I had at first not noticed the stoppage, but, at last looking through the window, I saw the cause of the assemblage that barred our passage. In the centre of the square a scaffold was erected, on which three men dressed in coarse black habiliments, and one of them with a broad, bright sword in his hand, were standing round a block.

An execution was about to take place. Scarcely had I observed these preparations when four persons ascended the scaffold. Two of them were priests, but in one of the others I recognised to my horror the unfortunate man of whose unjust ~~condemnation~~ ^{condemnation} I considered myself the principal cause. The headsman at N. had been seized with sudden illness, and as there was an execution to take place at the town in which I now found myself, the prisoner had been transferred thither. Of this arrangement I had not been made aware.

I called to the postilion to drive on. He endeavoured to do so; but it was impossible.

At this instant, and while my eyes were fixed, as by a species of fascination upon the scaffold, one of the prisoners knelt down, the executioner's sword flashed in the sunbeams, and the next moment an assistant held up a human head. The blood was streaming from the severed arteries, and some of it had splashed upon the pale face, and dripped from the long mustache, while the as yet unclosed eyes seemed fixed upon me, with the same expression they had worn on the day of the trial.

My head swam and my senses left me. When they returned, I found myself lying in bed at an hotel, with a physician standing over me, administering restoratives.

A violent fever was the consequence of the agitation and excitement I had gone through; and, although I at length recovered, there remained a depression of spirits, which from its long duration excited the alarm of my friends. My nights were terrible. I scarcely dared to sleep, for in my dreams I was perpetually haunted by the features of him whom I considered my victim.

Night after night was the scene of the execution present to me in my feverish slumbers. Even when not sleeping, but in a sort of doubtful state between slumber and wakefulness, the most horrible visions passed before me. The same pale, blood-stained visage would peer out at me from behind the furniture of my room, hover in the air above my head, and even place itself in frightful proximity upon my very pillow. My friends, and especially a kind-hearted and skilful physician, who was a near connexion of my family, tried every means to rid me of these hallucinations. I was persuaded to travel, and to take share in amusements of all kinds; but although change of scene and pleasures at first produced a beneficial effect, the improvement was only temporary.

A circumstance at length occurred, which gave those who interested themselves in me, the strongest hopes of my recovering a healthy tone of mind.

I became deeply attached to a young lady of good family and great personal attractions. The medical man, who with friendly zeal had studied my case, and meditated on all the remedies most likely to benefit me, declared that marriage was of all means that in which most hope might be placed. The obligations of a married life, the new objects of interest it would offer, and duties it would impose upon me as a husband and father, were, he sanguinely trusted, almost certain to produce a beneficial change.

The passion with which Cecilia von S. had inspired me was not unre-

quited by her, and nothing remained but to obtain the consent of her family.

She was an only daughter, and in order to induce her parents, who were wealthy, to receive my suit favourably, my father, with the full concurrence of my brothers, ensured me greater advantages than he could give to all his children. Among other things he made over to me the country-house, that I have already had occasion to mention.

The necessary delays were abridged as much as possible, and the marriage solemnized in the capital, where several weeks passed in a round of pleasures and amusements, and my friends observed with delight that the predictions of my medical adviser seemed fully realized. The harassing nervous fancies that had hitherto rendered my existence burdensome left me, my spirits improved, and while the unpleasant recollections of the past became dim and faint, the future presented itself to my view with an unclouded horizon.

My marriage had taken place in early spring, and at the beginning of May I set out with my bride for the country-house, the gift of my father, at which we intended to pass the summer. The curious architecture of the building excited my wife's admiration, and the day following our arrival, I accompanied her over the house, which she was desirous of inspecting in its minutest details.

From some unaccountable feeling, perhaps a presentiment, I felt unwilling to visit the picture-gallery that had been the favourite resort of my more youthful days. Its old worm-eaten door, however, attracted her attention, and as I had no reason to assign for refusing to open it, I sent for the key and we entered the apartment.

Nothing had been changed in the arrangement of the room during the four years that had elapsed since I last visited it. Probably no one had ever entered it during that space of time. I thought I recognised the same cobwebs hanging about the wainscoting, and felt certain of the identity of one or two venerable spiders, who, seated pompously in the centre of their webs, seemed to greet me as an old acquaintance. I scarcely heard Cecilia's exclamations of delight at the picturesque aspect of the apartment, and answered I know not how to her questions concerning the grim-looking warriors, and hooped and powdered dames that decorated the walls.

At length we arrived opposite the portrait of the Moorish lady, and something of my old superstitious feelings came over me as we stopped before it. There hung the picture, the object of my boyish admiration and terror, the same half demon half Magdalen look upon the features, the same fascinating gaze in the deep dark eyes that again fixed mine beyond the power of withdrawal. My wife repeated her questions concerning this picture several times without obtaining an answer, and at last, surprised at my silence, and at the reverie in which I appeared plunged, gazed earnestly in my face, and called me by my name.

"Rudolph!" cried she.

I started, and as though the spell were broken, I turned my eyes from the gray old picture to her bright and blooming countenance. But what strange idea flashed across me at that moment? Was it Cecilia's portrait I had been gazing on? The features were the same,

the same eyes, the same oval beautiful face, the same straight, Grecian nose, and full pouting lips. All was identical. Even the earnest expression of my Cecilia's countenance was a softened resemblance of the more marked and less pleasing one worn by the portrait. I felt a strange, overpowering sensation in my head. It was as though a hot hand were pressed upon my brain. Feigning a sudden indisposition I hurried my wife from the gallery.

During the remainder of the day I was in a high fever, and I felt all my former malady returning with redoubled violence. Cecilia was greatly alarmed, and insisted upon sending for a physician, who prescribed a sedative, which I drank, although fully convinced it would be of no avail. But that night, how horrible was that night! The opiate gave me sleep, but sleep a thousand times more fatiguing than wakefulness. The most frightful visions hovered round my pillow, and conspicuous among them all was that ghastly, blood-dripping head, as it had appeared to me when held up by the executioner. The Moorish princess, or my wife in an oriental garb, one of them, or both, I knew not, so horribly confused was the dream, would pass before me with pale and menacing countenance, and seizing in their arms the gory head that grinned and chattered in exultation at my terrors, danced and waltzed around me in horrible revelry. Thrice welcome was the dawn that at length appeared. But it brought little relief. The state of feverish agitation was succeeded by a depression of spirits that crushed me to the very earth, and to which the efforts of my affectionate wife, who did her utmost to cheer me, brought no alleviation. Towards evening the fever returned, my temples burned, and my pulse beat with hammer-like violence. Dreading a repetition of the preceding night's tortures, I resolved to remain up late, in hopes that a long vigil might procure me sounder sleep. Cecilia wished to remain with me, but I insisted upon her retiring to rest.

Scarcely had she done so, when I felt an irresistible impulse to visit the picture-gallery. I could not assign to myself a reason for this feeling, which was accompanied by an indefinite sensation of terror. It seemed as though some invisible power drew me against my will to a crisis I would gladly have avoided. I paced up and down for some time, struggling against the feeling, but at length seizing a light I hurried from the room.

A damp chill came over me as I pushed back the creaking door and entered the old gallery. The feeble light of the taper I was carrying glanced and flickered over the carved wainscotting, black and shining from age. Hastening on with rapid step, I paused before the portrait of the Moorish lady, but as far from it as the opposite wall would allow. Gazing earnestly at the painting, I again sought the resemblance to Cecilia that had so forcibly struck and affected me on the preceding day. *But the head of the portrait had disappeared!* The body and dress were there; the slender form, the snow-white fingers laden with jewels, the rich robe, the painted fan, all were in their places. *Only the head was wanting.*

I passed my hand before my eyes, doubting whether I saw aright, and again looked at the portrait. Across the dark hazy space where the head had been, a something appeared to be flitting, some mysterious

change to be going on. At length the features of a human face were faintly shadowed out, became stronger, took light, shade, and colour. I remained breathless, watching the strange appearance. But that was no woman's face. It became more vividly distinct. Horror and madness! The head I had beheld upon the scaffold, the grim and blood-stained features of my victim were before me, the glazed wide open eyes glaring revengefully upon me. The light dropped from my hand, and uttering a shriek of despair I fell senseless to the ground.

I know not how long I remained in this state. When I recovered, all was dark around me, and I felt cold, very cold, but my brain burned like fire. I left the gallery, and moving like an automaton, for my thoughts were far too confused to direct my steps, sought my bedroom.

Two wax-lights were burning upon the table, but partially illuminating the apartment, which was large and lofty. I threw myself upon a chair, and leaning my head upon my hands endeavoured, but in vain, to collect my ideas, and check the violent throbbings that seemed to split my very skull asunder. I might have been some minutes in this attitude, when I was startled by a rustling in the direction of the bed. I looked up. The heavy purple curtains were drawn nearly together, but between them was an opening a few inches wide, behind which I saw something moving. I fixed the object, and pushing away the light that dazzled my eyes, gazed intently into the dusky space behind the drapery. Did I see aright? Again that ghastly face was before me!

Frantic I started up, and seizing one of the heavy bronze candlesticks hurled it with the strength of a desperate man at the vision that thus persecuted me. There was a faint cry. I rushed towards the bed and tore asunder the curtains. Oh, God! the sight I there beheld! My adored wife expiring, murdered by my hand. A stream of blood flowed from her temple. One gentle sigh, one mild forgiving look, and my Cecilia was a corpse.

A long blank succeeded. When I awoke as from a deep sleep to the torture of memory and remorse I was in the madhouse, whence I now write. My first sane interval was but short. It has been succeeded by others, during which my family visit me, and do all in their power to sooth and console. But my lucid moments are too rare and uncertain in their duration to render it advisable to remove me even for a space from this dreary abode. During my periods of insanity I have no consciousness; they pass as long nights of heavy and unrefreshing sleep, and I awake from them weak and exhausted, as by severe illness. That one may arrive from which there shall be no awakening is my constant prayer to that Being in whom I place my trust. May it please Him soon to bestow upon me the repose that would be the greatest of all boons, that repose which is unbroken in this life, the deep and dreamless slumber of death.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

No. VII.

PLAYING TO THE BOXES.

EVERY performer whose ambition may occasionally have led him to attempt to shine for a few nights as a theatrical *Star*, must in the progress of his astral excursions have been exposed to many similarly ludicrous incidents as those now about to be related, and could bear testimony to the frequency of their occurrence.

In the full tide and zenith of Elliston's popularity during his first engagement at Drury Lane theatre, he one morning received an offer from a country manager, till then unknown to him, to *star* it for a few nights at a theatre in a somewhat remote part, on highly liberal *sharing terms*. The close of Drury Lane for the summer season, giving our great actor a *cong  * for a few months, he resolved to embrace the offer, but having no acquaintance in the scene of action, nor indeed knowing any thing about the place, he applied to a city friend, who had an extensive connexion in that locality, to furnish him with a letter of introduction to its principal resident. Procuring the desired credentials, the performer secured a seat in one of the long *stages* which then passed through the town to which he was bound.

As all the parties to this anecdote with the exception of the comedian himself, are, it is believed, now living, the narrator will, to avoid personality, take the liberty of shadowing both persons and place, under feigned names; the reader will therefore be good enough to suppose the manager is a Mr. Truncheon, the town in question Little Grassington, and the great proprietor of the place, the actor's patron in this instance, as Squire Ramsbottom.

There was but one house of public entertainment at that time in Little Grassington, it could scarcely be called an inn, but was rather a roadside alehouse, rejoicing in the sign of the Eight Bells; here, Elliston and his luggage were duly deposited. Partaking of such humble refreshment as the house afforded, the comedian after making his toilet, in which he was always very particular, set out to secure the interest of the great man of the town, by delivering his letter of introduction in person, calculating on a *bespeak* for his benefit at least.

Arriving at the squire's residence—the principal mansion in Little Grassington—our actor pompously sent in his card through the obsequious footman, who was much struck with his distinguished appearance; he was instantly ushered into the presence of the squire, his

two fair daughters, the Misses Rosa and Emily. Being completely on his best behaviour, our actor's prepossessing person and manners made an instant impression in his favour, the squire was delighted, his lady charmed, while the young ladies were in perfect ecstasies.

A servant was despatched at once to the Eight Bells for Elliston's

luggage, for the goodnatured squire insisted on our comedian making Ramsbottom Lodge his head-quarters during his stay in Little Grassington.

The actor passed a delightful day, the dinner was excellent, the squire's Madeira capital; he drank with his host, complimented his hostess, accompanied the young ladies with his voice in their efforts at the piano, and won the hearts of all the servants with sundry confidential sly nods and winks, and various funny stories.

It was determined that the whole of the squire's establishment should support our hero's *début*. The squire himself, with his family and some relations engaging to fill the stage-box, which was to be secured for the purpose. Wonders were expected—thus passed the first day.

The following morning, was that of the night when it had been settled the actor was to make his first appearance, and astonish the inhabitants of the good town of Little Grassington; he therefore prepared to visit the theatre, knowing a rehearsal would necessarily be called. Promising the squire to return in time to dinner he proceeded to seek out Mr. Truncheon.

It was with some difficulty that he at length found his way to this functionary's temple of Thespis, which was situated in a by-street at the back of the town. It was a barnlike-looking structure, the little that could be seen of it, was very dirty and uninviting, and was as unlike what might have been expected as possible. The whole fabric, from its irregular formation, and the singular way in which it seemed to be stuck, as it were, in the midst of the surrounding houses, had very much the appearance of having been abstracted, bit by bit, and from time to time, from its different neighbours. Theatres have not unfrequently stolen into existence in this manner.

Inquiring the way to the stage-door, the comedian was directed through a muddy and ill-savoured alley, running down one side of the building, which conducted him to a sort of stable-yard behind, here a ladder afforded access to a kind of loft-door—this was the stage-door. At the risk of breaking his neck, the comedian clambered up this ladder: inquiring for the manager, that important person instantly presented himself. He was a tall, gaunt, hungry-looking individual, so hollow-eyed and wobegone, not he, who drew King Priam's curtains in the dead of night could have presented a less inviting appearance. He would have needed no pinching in, aptly to have personated the starved apothecary, *Lampedo*, in the "Honeymoon," or even *Slender*, *Shadow*, or *Jeremiah Thin*.

An abundance of very deferential bows followed Elliston's consequential announcement of himself; he was most respectfully greeted by the manager, who expressed the greatest delight at his appearance, and immediately produced a bill, in which the future great lessee of Drury saw himself announced to perform the part of *Hamlet*, *Prince of Denmark*, that very evening—his name being printed in capitals, so large, as to fill up nearly half the bill.

"I have called a rehearsal of the play, sir," said the manager; "every thing is ready—Little Grassington is all excitement—we shall have a brilliant house. Will you do me the honour to step on the

stage, and we will run through the play—take care how you come—there is a large hole in the boards there.”

The interior of the theatre was in such a state of darkness, that it was impossible to make out much of its shape or condition. It appeared from the stage, however, as far as our *star* could distinguish, that it was not very prepossessing, it looked both dirty and dilapidated. A number of ill-dressed persons of either sex, forming the *corps dramatique* of the Theatre Rural, Little Grassington, were assembled at the prompt wing, to whom the manager, with much solemnity, introduced Elliston.

“I hope,” said our hero, examining the only stage-box, which, as before mentioned, his new friends the Ramsbottoms, had signified their intention of taking, and which the prompter had pointed out to him, “I hope, Mr. Truncheon, you will have some of those cobwebs, I see there swept down.”

“Every thing shall be quite right and fly to-night, sir, depend on it,” answered Mr. Truncheon, bowing.

The rehearsal commenced—the royalty of Denmark, consisting of the *King* and *Queen*, with the chamberlain, old *Polonius*, were duly present; there was, however, no court. Elliston remarked this to the manager.

“I shall cloak the court, sir,” said the manager, “always cloak the supers here.”*

Elliston took this assurance in its literal sense, it being a theatrical technicality with which he was not then acquainted, and was satisfied.

“I hope too,” continued he, “this is not intended to be the scene—this cottage interior does not at all look like the royal halls of Elsinore.”

“It shall be all right at night, sir,” rejoined the manager.

In the subsequent platform-scene, Mr. Truncheon begged to stand up for the *Ghost*.

“Where is the gentleman who is to play the *Ghost*?” inquired Elliston. “Why does he not attend the rehearsal?”

“It shall be all right—the *Ghost* shall walk at night, sir, depend on it,” said the manager.

As the rehearsal proceeded, the prompter was obliged to read for *Guilkenstern* and the *Second Player*.

“How is this?” inquired Elliston, waxing wrath.

“The *Second Player* will be doubled at night, sir,” said the manager, “and *Guilkenstern* will be all right.”

“Really your company are very remiss in their attendance this morning,” said Elliston: “I fear you are not strict enough.”

“It will be all right at night, sir, be assured,” again reiterated the manager.

* To cloak a part is where the manager, prompter, or other official person goes on enveloped in a large cloak, for any unimportant part, for which there may happen to be no representative. An ingenious country manager has been known to go on, in a heavy play, for half the *dramatis persona* by this curious expedient.

"I hope it will, sir," rejoined our actor, rather grandly, "for the sake of the very distinguished persons who intend to patronize my performance; but really, I must say, that I never saw a rehearsal conducted in a more slovenly manner; there has not been a single property, nor have your scene-shifters in any one instance put on the right pair of flats."

"Every thing will be correct at night, sir," said the manager.

The rehearsal then proceeded till it came to the churchyard-scene, when Mr. Truncheon read for the *First Gravedigger*.

"Hallo!" said Elliston, "reading again! Where's the *First Gravedigger*?"

"Gone after the *skull*, sir," said the manager.

"Oh! in that case, dig away," replied Elliston.

The skull was *supposed*, as indeed almost every thing else had been.

It now came to the last scene; the manager, who again stood up for *Osric*, apologised for the absence of the foils, as they had not arrived from the tinman, but pledged his word, they would be all right at night.

Elliston therefore went very *amiably* through the fencing-scene with the gentleman who was to play *Luertes*, both of them making the passes, thrusting, parrying, *carte* and *tierce*, with their hands.

The rehearsal now ended, and with the exception of the singing being left out by particular desire of the manager's wife, who was to play *Ophelia*, and who only *hummed* the tunes, every thing really promised, as Mr. Truncheon had said, to be all right at night.

With many serious injunctions touching the stage-box, the properties, &c., our actor then departed for the Lodge, where his distinguished friends with their relatives, the Clutterbucks, who were invited for the purpose, were anxiously waiting his arrival to dine.

In proper time in the evening, after much bustle of preparation, the whole of the party proceeded in the squire's own carriage, and an additional one borrowed for that night only, to the theatre. The squire, Mrs. Ramsbottom, Miss Rosa, Miss Lilien, and their cousins, the Clutterbucks, were soon installed in the stage-box; all the servants, from the butler downwards were in the pit, and a great many of the squire's tenants had congregated in the gallery.

The music was rung in—but what an orchestra! To our hero's horror, there was only one fiddler, who acted as leader, a lad who played the pandean pipes, and beat the big drum at the same time, supplied the place of two other musicians; while a gentleman with a French horn, whom Elliston shrewdly suspected he recognised as the individual officiating as postilion at the Eight Bells, and who had no doubt been expressly engaged to perform the various requisite "flourish of trumpets," completed the band.

The house was extremely crowded, all the rank, fashion, and beauty of Little Grassington was present. The curtain drew up and our *Prince of Denmark* appeared, dressed with great care in the graceful costume of black velvet, first introduced by John Philip Kemble, and ill replaced by some subsequent barbarous attempts at a more correct style of dress by would-be *costumiers*. His appearance was hailed with repeated rounds of applause, which he acknowledged by a profu-

sion of his most graceful bows, and the usual touching application of the right hand to the left breast, so beautifully symbolical of theatrical heartfelt gratitude.

The play proceeded; but what was our actor's astonishment, when, on being addressed by the usurping *Claudius*, he turned round and found, though assured it would be "all right at night," that the majesty of Denmark was assembled in the identical rustic cottage he had reprobated so strongly in the morning, and that the whole court of Elsinore was comprised in the person of Mr. Truncheon, who was spreading himself out in a very suspicious cloak and beaver.

"How is this, sir?" whispered Elliston, aside, rather angrily. "Where are the supers?"

"I'm *cloaking* them, sir," said the imperturbable Mr. Truncheon; "I told you I should cloak them—we shall manage very well—beautiful house, sir!"

Elliston cast an imploring look towards the stage-box; the bland and condescending regard of the squire, Mrs. Ramsbottom's gracious and encouraging looks, and the fascinating smiles of the Misses Rosa and Lilien, with the plaudits of the Clutterbucks, completely reassured him, and the whole scene went off with great *éclat*, much aided by the spirited flourishes of the French horn in the orchestra.

In the subsequent platform scene, our star had made himself up for the first of his *great effects*; his attitude and look of astonishment when he encounters the ghost; the awful moment came—the "buried Majesty of Denmark" entered. Elliston gave the usual start, though he did not, like Garrick, disarrange his wig!

"Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!" he exclaimed, with well-feigned terror; suddenly breaking off with—"Curse me if it isn't Truncheon again!" recognising that worthy in the character of the *Ghost*, armed with a helmet and breastplate, in the first of which our Danish prince thought he recognised the dish-cover that had kept his kidneys warm at the Eight Bells, while the latter bore a striking resemblance to a tin dripping-pan he had caught a glimpse of when passing the kitchen of the same respectable auberge.

It was some time ere he could recover from his astonishment! the natural look of surprise this discovery involuntarily occasioned was mistaken by the audience for prodigious fine acting, and thunders of applause followed.

"Confound it, Mr. Truncheon," muttered Elliston, aside, chagrined to the last degree, "you here again! this is really too bad! Where is the gentleman that ought to have played the *Ghost*?"

"He was taken very ill, sir, with the toothach, and was obliged to give up the *Ghost*," said the manager, very composedly. "You hear how satisfied the audience are at the change—a brilliant *first account*, sir, every part crowded."

Elliston again cast a deprecating glance at the stage-box—kind expressions of encouragement, and warm glances of admiration beamed from the Ramsbottoms, and the play proceeded smoothly enough till the well-known scene of the Recorders with *Guildenstern*, when the ubiquitous manager again presented himself.

"Zounds!" growled the enraged star, "you, *Guildenstern*, too? Why, confound it, if you are not half your company!"

"I have got another dress on, sir," whispered the complacent Truncheon; "the audience can't know me—no standing room, sir."

"But, my dear sir, what must my distinguished friends in the stage-box think?"

And again he glanced imploringly towards them; but there was the same unvaried smile, accompanied with the tapping of fans, and other tokens of approbation.

Elliston took the mimic musical instrument that was presented to him.

"Can you play upon this pipe?" said he to Truncheon.

"My lord, I cannot."

"No, nor any body else," cried the furious Dane, flinging it indignantly at the manager, and almost breaking his shins with it, on perceiving that it was nothing more nor less than a common mahogany ruler, which had been borrowed from the office of the only attorney then practising in Little Grassington, and for the loan of which the attorney's clerk had received a free admission, and of course, as in duty bound, duly applauded the missile's appearance.

"Zounds, sir, though you may *fret* me, you shall not *play* upon me!" continued the vexed star, furiously.

The poor manager rubbed his shins. The house of course took all this as the natural effect of the scene, and volleys of applause followed.

Then came the celebrated play scene—but here again the perturbed spirit of the manager, who had determined not to rest, nearly frightened the house from its propriety; for when the poison was about to be administered, "*in jest*," and Elliston lying at *Ophelia's* feet, was acting as the chorus to the puppets while they were dallying, and had to say on the entrance of the second player,

"This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king!" he suddenly added, "No, confound me if it isn't Truncheon again!" once more seeing the indefatigable manager, who was really doubling the second actor.

"Yes, my husband, sir," simpered the fair *Ophelia*,—"don't he do it well?"

The princely Dane groaned with inward agony; but a look of sympathy from the beautiful Miss Rosa Ramsbottom, enabled him to go on, and as requisite "catch the conscience of the king," so on they went, till the progress of the incidents brought them to the churchyard scene; but here, when agreeably to his cue, *Hamlet* enters with *Horatio*, who should pop his head up at the trap, as the *First Gravedigger*, but the multitudinous manager again. Elliston was here astounded, beat to a stand still, and the manager stoutly proceeded with the grave waggery of the part.

There was no remedy. Our actor thought he would make the best of circumstances. One of his greatest excellences in *Hamlet* had always been the soliloquy on the skull of *Yorick*; he had mentioned this to the Ramsbottoms, and they were of course all expectation; but when the skull was thrown up, instead of it being a veritable *caput mortuum*, of any thing Christian, or even a respectable imitation, it appeared to be no other than the phrenological bones of some innocent animal, whose cranium, by possibility, might previously have served as a dinner for some one of the company. A broad titter followed

its display, from the pit and gallery. Our star could bear it no longer.

"I appeal," he exclaimed, turning at the same moment, "to my distinguished friends in the stage-box. Is this conduct fit to be pursued towards ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON? "A sheep's-head! Pah! how it smells!"

Here he threw it in a violent passion at the head of the unfortunate manager. There was a hollow concussion. The well-bred politeness of the Ramsbottoms, however, prevented them indulging their risible faculties. *Ophelia* was therefore buried in peace.

In due course came the last scene of all that ended this strange eventful history, and Elliston hoped for a crowning triumph; but he was doomed to be thwarted to the last. When the "water-fly" *Osric* appeared with the foils, again did one present himself, who had no foil, no fellow, who was himself alone, and had been eight or ten other characters besides—Trunccheon, the manager. Elliston felt almost stifling with rage.

"The foils, my lord," smirked Mr. Trunccheon, presenting them to our prince.

Alas! the foils were only a couple of curtain-rods, with a brass button at one end, and a wooden handle at the other.

"Villain!" roared the infuriated Elliston, making a desperate lunge at him with one of the weapons that had been presented to him.

The terrified manager retreated to the back of the stage, and took refuge behind the king; but our *Hamlet* darted towards him, His Majesty, as the part directs, immediately fell to the ground as if mortally wounded, leaving the poor manager totally exposed and unprotected. Fortunately for him, however, Elliston stumbled over the prostrate monarch's body, and thus allowed him an opportunity of escaping.

The house was in convulsions of laughter, in which they were this time heartily joined by the distinguished family in the stage-box, the politeness of the Ramsbottoms being unable to hold out any longer. The prompter seeing *Hamlet* fall, concluded that the tragedy was over, and ringing the bell, the curtain descended amidst the universal roars of laughter of the whole house.

For a long time after this, Elliston was very particular in ascertaining the state of the premises when he went starring it in the country, and never again took it on credit that it would be "all right at night," whenever he had any serious intention of "*playing to the boxes*."

EVERY INCH A KING.

NATURE certainly intended Elliston for a great personage. But for a mistake in his birth, he must inevitably have been a king, a prince, or a duke at the least—his person was truly magnificent, his manner dignified, and his whole bearing, as before remarked, of an aristocratic character, even to his very faults. He did every thing on a grand scale, delighting to have a little court of followers of his own always about him. He was never so happy as when holding a theatrical levee of the officers of his household, his acting and stage-managers, treasurer,

prompter, composer, authors, scene-painters, tailors, mechanists, property men, &c. &c., whether at Drury Lane, the Olympic, or the Surrey, whichever it might chance to be—receiving despatches from his provincial states of Leicester, Birmingham, Leamington, Croydon, &c.; attending to the Foreign Department, as he would half in jest, half in earnest, term it. The pertinacity with which he persevered to the very last in management, may therefore be easily accounted for.

Who can forget his imperial consequence on his accession to the managerial sceptre of Drury Lane. It is scarcely any disparagement to that most princely of monarchs, the late George IV., to say he had no unseemly representative in his kingly office in Elliston. It would have been hard to decide, perhaps, which was the most imposing in appearance when decked out in the trappings of royalty, which was the most lofty and noble in his air, and most graceful and courteous in his manners, the monarch or the manager; the latter, it is true, arrogated to himself the precedence in these particulars, for being once complimented on his perfect imitation of his royal master.

"Sir!" he exclaimed, indignantly repelling the idea of imitation; "*I imitate him! You mistake, he imitates me—only he does not king it quite so royally!*"

Robert William's *Duke* in the "Honey Moon," when he originally performed it before he had contaminated his style by a connexion with the minors, can never be forgotten, it was a perfect pattern to the peerage, and won by its lordly grace and polished elegance the hearts of all that beheld it—it was truly illustrious!

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, with such requisites that the great comedian delighted in the production of royal spectacles—he entered *con amore* into the various mimic representations of "coronations," "installations," &c. &c., which he, from time to time, brought forward to surprise and delight the public, always reserving the part of the principal person in the pageant, the "admired" of all beholders, "the observed of all observers," to *himself!* Nothing less than *real* silks and *real* velvets satisfied him on these occasions, tinsel and tammy he regarded with disdain. The expense he incurred in order to give a greater *vraisemblance* to these performances would scarcely be credited.

Possessing such feelings, and nourishing such ideas, it is not surprising that in these displays his brain, elevated by wine, he should sometimes lose himself in the transient glory of the scene; and as if in defiance of fate, really believe himself, for the moment, the royal personage he represented, and totally forgetful of all around that might remind him to the contrary, move and act as if he were absolutely regal. He delighted in such assumptions; they were the charm of his day dreams; peopled his nightly visions, and haunted his waking moments. *Effect* was the great study of our actor's life, all was *display* with him; he disliked every thing that looked little or mean, and lived in a prodigal world of his own; made up of announcements of "enormous expense," "great outlay," "overpowering magnificence," "imposing grandeur," "total disregard of cost," "brilliant triumph," "glorious success," &c. &c.

This wanton profusion it was that caused his occasional difficulties,

and not any lack of patronage on the part of the public. His valedictory speeches to the audience at the close of each season, were closely modelled on those of royalty, when proroguing parliament, and dismissing the legislature for the session. In fact, royalty was "the glass" in which he used to "dress himself;" he was truly a great man; a star that had by accident shot out of its proper sphere.

The play-going public must still remember the circumstances of the great lessee's being so completely carried out of himself one evening when representing his sovereign *George IV.*, in the far-famed pageant of "The Coronation," at Drury Lane, as absolutely, under the inspiration of the grape, to imagine himself, *in propria personâ*, his royal master. In crossing the platform over the pit, he acknowledged the enthusiastic applause of the audience with a condescending, but dignified and gracious "God bless you my people!"

Hundreds can bear testimony to the truth of this ruling passion "strong in *drink*," this delusion of the scene, but a detail of the after transactions of this memorable evening has never yet been recorded. An account from a relation of one of the spectators may be acceptable.

When the kingly performer, after this speech, which perfectly electrified the audience, had with some difficulty made his way over the orchestra to the scenic representation of the abbey on the stage, and was seated in the confessor's chair to go through his imposing inauguration, he fell into the common mistake of supposing those around him to be in the same glorious state of sublimation in which he was himself.

"Your Grace of Canterbury is drunk, very drunk," hiccupped he, addressing the performer who represented that right reverend primate, "you must take care my people do not notice it." Then turning to the actor, who, as the Right Reverend the Bishop of London, was with difficulty endeavouring to support him. "Hold, my lord," said he, "your lordship seems to have been indulging. Well, we are all mortal, mere men, sinful men, but take care you make no mistake. Our throne must not be endangered by missing an iota of the sacred rights. Those fellows," alluding to the chorus-singers, who were chanting the coronation anthem, "do not sing out half loud enough. Our master of the choir, Cook, must look to it."

As the greater part of this pageant was represented in inexplicable dumb show, it proceeded to its conclusion without exciting any other manifestation on the part of the audience than the usual applause.

The curtain having fallen, the mimic train of nobles, dignitaries, &c., began to vanish, when Elliston turned to the young ladies who personated the royal pages, and dismissed them with an air of much kingly condescension in the following words:

"Now, little girls, you may all of you divest yourselves of your unmentionables, and retire to your several homes, and one of these days, perhaps, I may create you Maids of Honour!"

"This day's solemn duty ended, 'tis fit that we refresh; therefore, good son-in-law, royal Cobourg," addressing the actor who personated that august personage, "step to the Crown and Cushion over the way, and order me a bottle of Madeira."

"Not I, great Rusty!" most gracelessly answered the actor,

"you've had too much already by a bottle and a half at least; they may bring you some water if they choose, you get no Madeira through me!"

This unprincely reply roused all the dignity of the Guelphs in the soul of the mimic monarch.

"What ho! guards here!" he hiccupped out, "arrest this daring traitor—commit him to the tower."

But ere the order could have been obeyed, his theatrical highness had retreated.

The manager then indignantly turned to the underling who figured as the lord of the woollack.

"Lord Chancellor," said he, "assist your sovereign!"

But the Chancellor of Drury most disloyally made himself scarce.

It was the same with the other august and dignified persons of the kingly pageant, they severally dived to their dressing-rooms, to become once more themselves. Not so our hero. Feeling himself "every inch a king," he determined to remain one, and not all the entreaties of the persons around him, backed as they were by those of the stage-manager, could prevail on him to budge one step. Abdicate his temporary throne he would not. A king he was, and a king he would remain. They soon gave up the attempt as hopeless. As a last resource, the performer who personated the pious prelate of York, approached to add his entreaties that the great lessee would resign the cares of state, for that night, and retire to his more humble residence in Stratford-place.

"No, no, your grace," said Elliston, "I shall sleep in the Abbey to-night."

"I had rather you than me," cried the stage prelate, seeing him thus determined, and followed his brother performers.

The potential manager's meditations now remained undisturbed, till Phil Stone, the property boy, as he was called, though he was then a married man, having his lovely Mrs. Stone, and two or three little Phil Stones looking up to him for support, as he himself was wont very complacently to remark, advanced with a basket for the purpose of collecting the crown, sceptre, sword of state, crosiers, censers, and other paraphernalia of the royal ceremonial, with the guardianship of which he was specially intrusted, and which it was a part of his duty to collect.

"Ha!" roared Elliston, as Phil laid hold of the crown "what's this? Another Colonel Blood! Daring rebel, forbear, I say!"

"It's no use, Mithter Ellithton, thir," lisped Phil, "you are not the king, thir, I musth take care of the properties. Phil Sthone never neglethsts hith duties. You are a very great man, thir, Phil Sthone will willingly acknowledge that, but you are not the king, Mithter Ellithton, thir; you are not the king, though you are ath great ath a king here, and dithpotic enough too for that matter, ath I know to my cothst, when you fined me five sthillings for thinking I vos intoxicated the other night, and couldn't take care of the properties, but Phil Sthone will return good for evil. You thall thee I can take care of the properties now, so have the crown I will," making a sudden snatch at it.

The autocrat of all the Hundreds of Drury, muttered something that was not very distinct—about “cutpurse of the empire,” “that from the shelf the precious diadem stole,” and “put it in his *breeches pocket*,” but it was totally disregarded by Phil, who bore off the crown and sceptre in triumph, to deposit them, as he said, along with the other paraphernalia and regalia in the property-room.

How long the kingly actor might have remained undisturbed after this is uncertain, had not one of the sweepers of the theatre approached; her husband, a flyman, had unfortunately incapacitated himself for work some short time before, by falling through a trap. The partial stoppage of his salary, and the expenses unavoidably incurred for advice and necessities, had reduced the poor creatures to much extremity: the wife thought this would be a good opportunity to prefer her humble petition for a little assistance. She therefore timidly approached the recumbent sovereign of Drury, and in a few simple but affecting words stated her case.

Elliston, who at all times, as has been said, was naturally good-hearted, was moved to magnanimity at the recital.

“The prayer of your petition is granted, my good woman,” hiccupped he, “Heaven forefend any of our good subjects should be denied justice at our hands. Your husband has been a faithful servant of our dynasty, he has received his wounds in our service, and must not be unprovided for. Our treasury shall grant him a pension of twenty shillings per week till he can resume his professional duties.”

“Heaven bless you, sir,” said the poor woman, “will you in your goodness signify your generous intentions under your hand to the treasurer,” rightly judging there was nothing like striking the iron while it was hot, and making assurance doubly sure.

“Ah, you want our sign manual. You would have it under our royal hand—well be it so, but we have no pen and ink.”

“Here they are, sir,” said the poor woman, going to the prompt wing where a bottle, with ink, and a pen was luckily hanging, and producing a piece of paper from her pocket, “here are pens, ink, and paper, sir.”

“On your knees, woman,” said Elliston, taking the pen and paper, and making a desk of the poor woman’s shoulders. “Steady.”

He then scrawled in characters very much resembling the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the following words.

“To our trusty Treasurer.—Allow to bearer one pound per week till the recovery of her husband. Given under our hand, in our Abbey of Westminster, this first season of our coronation—Robert William.”

“There, woman,” said he, “there is the grant, now exit, quit the court!”

With many thanks the poor woman speedily disappeared. Resigning himself to the grateful satisfaction of his own feelings at this well-intentioned act, a loud flourish from his nasal organs very soon announced that he was lost in dreams of earthly grandeur.

It should have been mentioned that on clearing the stage at the close of the performance, for the coronation happened to be played

this night as a last piece, which was not usually the case, that in addition to the entreaties of the performers, that he would resign the sceptre, his dressers had duly made their appearance for the purpose of divesting him of the royal trappings, and encasing him in his more appropriate attire of broad cloth and casimere, but Elliston thinking that majesty without its externals was literally what the riddle signifies it to be, "*a jest*," obstinately refused to part with any portion of his royal habiliments, and imperatively ordered them to quit the presence; they dared not disobey him, but retired to watch their opportunity.

The gas being turned off, the theatre was now left in perfect gloom, except the dim glimmering of the fireman's dark lantern, and the occasional gleams of the night watchmen's lamps, as they went their rounds for the purpose of showing their vigilance and punctuality by marking the "tell-tales." On the assurance from the manager's olfactories that he was in a quiescent state, his dressers now ventured to re-appear, and taking hold of the mimic sleeping monarch by his legs and shoulders, without further ceremony conveyed him to the Shakspeare, fortunately only a stone's throw distant, where they actually put him to bed, dressed as he was in the royal robes. He did not wake the next morning till rather late, when he found that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and like Prince Hal had a most villanous longing for "small beer."

The poor sweeper, as may be imagined, did not fail regularly to present Elliston's grant to the treasury, but the first lord of that department, after carefully perusing the document, returned it to the bearer, telling her he could not pay any attention to such an order, as it was evidently written by Mr. Elliston when in a *non compos* state, that she must procure one from him written when he was sober, before he should think himself authorized to act on it.

The disappointed applicant candidly acknowledged that her illustrious master was certainly rather intoxicated when he gave it her, and departed with much dejection and misgiving in search of him, having very little hope of being equally fortunate in a second appeal.

It was with some difficulty she found out, and procured admission to the dramatic potentate; when at length she did, and stated the nature of her errand, the whole affair was quite new to Elliston, he had totally forgotten it, since the preceding evening—he however reflected for a few minutes, read the document rather gravely, then smiled, and taking up a pen he rewrote the order, somewhat more legibly, and in a more business-like way, and presented it to the poor woman with these words,

"There, my good woman, since it clearly appears it was our kingly intention to have provided for your poor husband, and we would always fain act like a king—ay, every inch a king, if we could, though fate, unfortunately perhaps for the world, has not actually made us one—there is an order our treasurer will not refuse. The good we did as the monarch we must not undo as the manager, nor stifle those regal feelings in the playhouse which we nurtured in the palace, albeit it was but a presumed one. Take the order, get the money, comfort your husband, and don't forget while you are doing so, faithfully to perform your duty, and like a loyal subject exclaim, 'God save the King!'" *Finis coronat opus!*

THE HOUSE-WARMING!!

A LEGEND OF BLEEDINGHEART YARD.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSEY, ESQ.

Did you ever see the Devil dance ?

• OLD QUERY.

SIR CHRISTOPHER Hatton he danced with grace,
He'd a very fine form and a very fine face,
And his cloak and his doublet were guarded with lace,
 And the rest of his clothes,
 As you well may suppose,
In taste were by no means inferior to those ;
 He'd a yellow-starched ruff,
 And his gloves were of buff,
On each of his shoes a red heel and a rose,
And nice little moustaches under his nose ;
 Then every one knows
 How he turned out his toes,
And a very great way that accomplishment goes,
In a Court where it's thought, in a lord or a duke, a
Disgrace to fall short in " the Brawls "—(their Cachouca).
So what with his form, and what with his face,
And what with his velvet cloak guarded with lace,
And what with his elegant dancing and grace,
 His dress and address
 So tickled Queen Bess
That her Majesty gave him a very snug place ;
And seeing, moreover, at one single peep, her
Advisers were, few of them, sharper or deeper,
(Old Burleigh excepted), she made him Lord Keeper !

I've heard, I confess with no little surprise,
English history called a sarrago of lies,
 And a certain Divine,
 A connexion of mine,
Who ought to know better, as some folks opine,
 Is apt to declare,
 Leaning back in his chair,
With a sort of a smirking, self-satisfied, air,
That " all that's recorded in Hume, and elsewhere,
 " Of our early ' *Annales* '
 " A trumpery tale is,
" Like the ' Bold Captain Smith's,' and ' the luckless Miss
 Bayley's'—
" That old Roger Hoveden, and Ralph de Diceto,
" And others (whose names should I try to repeat o-
" ver, well I'm assured you would put in your veto),
 " Though all holy friars,
 " Were very great liars,

" And raised stories faster than Grissel and Peto—
 " That Harold escaped with the loss of a 'glim'—
 "—That the shaft which killed Rufus ne'er glanced from a limb
 " Of a tree, as they say, but was aimed slap at *him*,—
 " That Fair Rosamond never was poisoned or spitted,
 " But outlived 'Queen Nell, who was much to be pitied ;—
 " That Nelly her namesake, Ned Longshanks's wife,
 " Ne'er went Crusading at all in her life,
 " Nor suck'd the wound made by the poison-tipped knife !
 " For as she,
 " O'er the sea,
 " Towards far Galilee
 " Never, even in fancy, march'd carcass or shook shanks,
 " Of course she could no more suck Longshanks than Cruik-
 shanks,
 " But, leaving her spindle-legged liege-lord to roam,
 " Staid behind, and suck'd something much better at home,—
 " That it's quite as absurd
 " To say Edward the Third,
 " In reviving the Garter, afforded a handle
 " For any Court-gossip, detraction, or scandal,
 " As 'twould be to say,
 " That at Court 'tother day,
 " At the fête which the newspapers say was so gay,
 " His Great Representative then stole away
 " Lady Salisbury's garters as part of the play.—
 " —That as to Prince Hal's being taken to jail,
 " By the London Police, without mainprize or bail,
 " For cuffing a Judge,
 " It's a regular fudge ;
 " And that Chief-Justice Gascoigne, it's very well known,
 " Was kicked out the moment he came to the throne.—
 " —Then that Richard the Third was a "marvellous proper
 man"—
 " Never killed, injured, or wrong'd of a copper, man !—
 " Ne'er wished to smother
 " The sons of his brother,—
 " Nor ever stuck Harry the Sixth, who, instead
 " Of being squabashed, as in Shakspeare we've read,
 " Caught a bad influenza, and died in his bed,
 " In the Tower, not far from the room where the Guard is,
 " (The octagon one that adjoins Duffus Hardy's).
 " —That, in short, all the ' facts' in the *Decem Scriptores*,
 " Are nothing at all but sheer humbugging stories."

Then if, as he vows, both this country and France, in
 Historians thus gave themselves up to Romancing,
 Notwithstanding what most of them join in advancing
 Respecting Sir Christopher's capering and prancing,
 'Twill cause no surprise
 If we find that his rise
 Is *not* to be solely ascribed to his dancing !

The fact is, Sir Christopher, early in life,
 As all bachelors should do, had taken a wife,
 A Fanshawe by family,—one of a house,
 Well descended, but boasting less “nobles” than *nous* ;
 Though e’en as to purse
 He might have done worse,
 For I find, on perusing her Grandfather’s will, it is
 Clear she had “good gifts beside possibilities,”*
 Owches and rings,
 And such sort of things,
 Orellana shares (then the American Stocks),
 Jewell’d stomachers, coifs, ruffs, silk-stockings with clocks,
 Point-lace, cambric handkerchiefs, nightcaps, and—socks—
 (Recondite apparel contained in her box).
 —Then the height of her breeding
 And depth of her reading
 Might captivate any gay youth, and, in leading
 Him on to “propose,” well excuse the proceeding ;
 Truth to tell, as to “reading,” the Lady was thought to do
 More than she should, and know more than she ought to do ;
 Her maid, it was said,
 Declared that she read
 (A custom all staid folks discourage) in bed ;
 And that often, o’ nights,
 Odd noises and sights
 In her mistress’s chamber had giv’n her sad frights,
 After all in the mansion had put out their lights,
 And she verily thought that hobgoblins and sprites
 Were there, kicking up all sorts of devil’s delights ;—
 Miss Alice, in short, was supposed to “collogue”—I
 Don’t much like the word—with the subtle old rogue, I
 ’ve heard call’d by so many names—one of them’s “Bogy” —
 Indeed ’twas conceived,
 And by most folks believed,
 —A thing at which all of her well-wishers griev’d—
 That, should she incline to play such a vagary,
 Like sage Lady Branhholm, her contemporary,
 (Excuse the false quantity, reader, I pray),
 She could turn a knight into a waggon of hay,
 Or two nice little boys into puppies at play,
Raison de plus, not a doubt could exist of her
 Pow’r to turn “Kit Hatton” into “Sir Christopher :”
 But what “mighty magic,” or strong “conjunction,”
 Whether love-powder, philtre, or other potation
 She used, I confess,
 I’m unable to guess,—
 Much less to express
 By what skill and address

* “Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.”

She "cut and contrived" with such signal success,
As we Londoners say, to "inwiddle" Queen Bess,
Inasmuch as I lack heart
To study the Black Art;
Be that as it may,—it's as clear as the sun,
That, however she did it, 'twas certainly done!

Now, they're all very well, titles, honour, and rank,
Still we can't but admit, if we choose to be frank,
There's no harm in a snug little sum in the Bank!

An old proverb says,

"Pudding still before praise!"

An adage well known I've no doubt in those days,
And George Colman, the Younger, in one of his plays,
Makes one of his characters loudly declare
That "a Lord without money,"—I quote from his "Heir-
At-Law"—" 's but a poor wishy-washy affair!"—
In her subsequent conduct I think we can see a
Strong proof the Dame entertain'd some such idea,

For, once in the palace,

We find Lady Alice

Again playing tricks with her Majesty's chalice

In the way that the jocosse, in

Our days, term "hoccussing;"

The liquor she used, as I've said, she kept close,
But, whatever it was, she now doubled the dose!

(So true is the saying,

"We never can stay, in

Our progress, when once with the foul fiend we league us.")

—She "doctor'd" the punch, and she "doctor'd" the negus,
Taking care not to put in sufficient to flavour it,

Till, at ev'ry fresh sip

That moisten'd her lip,

The Virgin Queen grew more attach'd to her Favourite.

"No end" now he commands

Of money and lands,

And, as George Robins says, when he's writing about houses,

"Messuages, tenements, crofts, tofts, and outhouses,"

Parks, manors, chases, She "gives and she grants,

To him and his heirs, and his uncles and aunts;"

Whatever he wants, he has only to ask it,

And all other suitors are "left in the basket,"

Till Dudley, and Rawleigh

Began to look squally,

While even grave Cecil, the famous Lord Burleigh,

Himself, "shook his head," and grew snappish and surly.

All this was fine sport,

As our authors report,

To Dame Alice, become a great Lady at Court,

Where none than her Ladyship's husband look'd bigger,

Who "led the brawls"* still with the same grace and vigour,
 Though losing a little in slimness and figure;
 For eating and drinking all day of the best
 Of viands well drest,
 With "Burgess's Zest,"
 Is apt, by degrees, to enlarge a man's vest;
 And, what in Sir Christopher went to increase it, he
 'd always been rather inclined to obesity;
 —Few men in those times were found to grow thinner
 With beefsteaks for breakfast, and pork-pie for dinner.

Now it's really a difficult problem to say
 How long matters might have gone on in this way,
 If it had not unluckily happened one day
 That Nick,—who, because
 He'd the gout in his claws,
 And his hoofs—(he's by no means so young as he was,
 And is subject of late to a sort of rheumatic a-
 -ttack that partakes both of gout and sciatica,)—
 All the night long had twisted and grinn'd,
 His pains much increased by an easterly wind,
 Which always compels him to hobble and limp,
 Was strongly advised by his Medical Imp
 To lay by a little, and give over work,
 For he'd lately been slaving away like a Turk,
 On the Guinea-coast, helping to open a brave trade
 In Niggers, with Hawkins† who founded the Slave-trade,
 So he call'd for his ledger, 'the constant resource
 Of your Mercantile folk, when they're "not in full force;"
 —If a cold or catarrh makes them husky and hoarse,
 Or a touch of gout keeps them away from "the Bourse,"
 They look over their books as a matter of course.

Now scarce had Nick turn'd over one page, or two,
 Ere a prominent *item* attracted his view,
 A Bill!—that had now been some days overdue,
 From one Alice Hatton, *née* Fanshawe—a name
 Which you'll recognise, reader, at once as the same
 With that borne by Sir Christopher's erudite dame!
 The signature—much more *prononcée* than pink,
 Seem'd written in *blood*—but it might be red ink—
 While the rest of the deed
 He proceeded to read,
 Like ev'ry "bill, bond, or acquittance" whose date is
 Three hundred years old, ran in Latin,—"*Sciatis*

* The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
 The seals and maces danced before him.

GRAY.

† Sir John Hawkins for "his *worthye attempts and services*," and because "in the same he had dyvers confflights with the Moryans and slew and toke dyvers of the same Moryans" received from Elizabeth an *honourable* augmentation to his coat armour, including, for his crest "*A Demi-Moor sable, with two manacles on each arm, or.*"

(*Diaboli?*) *omnes ad quos hæc pervenient*—
 —But courage, dear Reader, I mean to be lenient,
 And scorn to inflict on you half the “Law-reading”
 I picked up “umquhile” in three days’ Special-pleading,
 Which cost me—a theme I’ll not pause to digress on—
 Just thirty-three pounds six-and-eightpence a lesson—
 “As I’m stout, I’ll be merciful,” therefore, and sparing
 All these technicalities, end by declaring

The Deed so correct

As to make one suspect,

(Were it possible any such person could go there)
 Old Nick had a Special-Attorney below there :
 ’Twas so framed and express’d no tribunal could shake it,
 And firm as red wax and *black* ferret could make it.

By the roll of his eye

As Old Nick put it by,

It was clear he had made up his mind what to do
 In respect to the course he should have to pursue,
 When his hoof would allow him to put on a shoe !!

Now, although the Lord Keeper held, under the crown, house
 And land in the country—he’d never a Town-house,

And, as we have seen,

His course always had been,

When he wanted a thing, to solicit the Queen,
 So now, in the hope of a fresh acquisition,
 He danced off to Court with his “Humble Petition.”

“Please your Majesty’s Grace,

“I have not a place,

“I can well put my head in, to dine, sup, or sleep !

“Your Grace’s Lord Keeper has nowhere to *keep*,

“So I beg and intreat,

“At your Majesty’s feet,

“That your Grace will be graciously pleas’d for to say,

“With as little delay

“As your Majesty may,

“Where your Majesty’s Grace’s Lord Keeper’s to stay—

“—And your Grace’s Petitioner ever will pray !”

The Queen, when she heard

This petition prefer’d,

Gave ear to Sir Christopher’s suit at a word ;—

“Odds Bobs, my good Lord !” was her gracious reply,

“I don’t know, not I,

“Any good reason why

“A Lord Keeper, like you, should not always be nigh

“To advise—and devise—and revise—our supply—

“A House ! we’re surprised that the thing did not strike

“Us before—Yes !—of course !—Pray, whose House would
 you like ?

" When I *do* things of this kind, I do them genteelly,
 " A House?—let me see! there's the Bishop of Ely!
 " A capital mansion, I'm told, the proud knave is in,
 " Up there in Holborn, just opposite Thavies' Inn—
 " Where the Strawberries grow so fine and so big,
 " Which our Grandmother's Uncle tucked in like a pig,
 " King Richard the Third, which you all must have read of—
 " The day,—don't you know?—he cut Hastings's head off—
 " And mark me, proud Prelate!—I'm speaking to you,
 " Bishop Heaton!—you need not, my lord, look so blue—
 " Give it up on the instant! I don't mean to shock you,
 " Or else by ——!—(The Bishop *was* shocked!)—I'll unfrock
 you!!"

The Queen turns abruptly her back on the group,
 The Courtiers all bow as she passes, and stoop
 To kiss, as she goes, the hind flounce of her hoop,
 And Sir Christopher, having thus danced to some tune,
 Skips away with much glee in his best rigadon!

While poor Bishop Heaton,
 Who found himself beaten,

In serious alarm at the Queen's contumelious
 And menacing tone, at once gave him up Ely House,
 With every appurtenance thereto belonging,
 Including the strawberry-beds 'twas so strong in;
 Politely he bow'd to the gratified minion,
 And said, "There can be, my good lord, in opinion
 No difference betwixt yours
 And mine as to fixtures,
 And tables, and chairs—
 We need no survey'rs—

Take them, just as you find them, without reservation,
 Grates, coppers, and all, at your own valuation!"

" Well! the object is gain'd!

A good town-house obtained,
 The next thing of course to be thought of, is now
 The "house-warming" party—the *when*, and the *how*—
 The Court ladies call,

One and all, great and small,
 For an elegant "Spread," and more elegant Ball,
 So, Sir Christopher, vain as we know of his capering,
 No sooner had finished his painting and papering,
 Than he sat down and wrote,
 A nice little pink note

To every great Lord, whom he knew, and his spouse,
 "From our poor place on Holborn-hill (late Ely House),
 "Lord Keeper and Dame Alice Hatton request,
 "Lord So-and-so's (name, style, or title exprest)
 "Good company on
 "The next Eve of St. John,

" Viz.: Friday week, June 24th, as their guest,

" To partake of pot-luck,

" And taste a fat buck.

" N.B. Venison on table exactly at 3,

" Quadrilles in the afternoon,

R. S. V. P.

" For my good Lord of So-and-so these ! and his wife !

" Ride ! ride ! for thy life ! for thy life ! for thy life !"

Thus, courtiers were wont to indorse their expresses

In Harry the VIIIth's time, and also Queen Bess's.

The Dame, for her part too, took order that cards

Should be sent to the mess-rooms of all the Hussards,

The Household troops, Train-bands, and horse and foot Guards.

Well, the day for the rout

At length came about,

And the bells of St. Andrew's rang merrily out,

As horse-litter, coach, and pad-nag, with its pillion,

(The mode of conveyance then used by " the Million.")

All gallant and grand,

Defiled from the Strand,

Some through Chancery (then an unpaved and much wetter)

Lane,

Others through Shoe (which was not a whit better) Lane,

Others through Fewtar's (corrupted to Fetter) Lane ;

Some from Cheapside, and St. Mary-le-Bow,

From Bishopsgate Street, Dowgate Hill,* and Budge Row,

They come and they go,

Squire and Dame, Belle and Beau,

Down Snore Hill (which we have since whitewashed to Snow),

All eager to see the magnificent show,

And sport what some call " a fantastical toe ;"

In silk and in satin,

To batten and fatten

Upon the good cheer of Sir Christopher Hatton.

A flourish, trumpets !—sound again !—

He comes, bold Drake, the chief who made a

Fine hash of all the pow'rs of Spain,

And so serv'd out their Grand Armada ;

With him come Frobisher and Hawkins,

In yellow ruffs, rosettes, and stockings.

Room for my Lord !—proud Leicester's Earl

Retires awhile from courtly cares,

Who took his wife, poor hapless girl !

And pitch'd her neck and heels down stairs ;

Proving, in hopes to wed a richer,

If not her " friend," at least her " pitcher."

* Sir Francis Drake's house, "the Arbour," stood here.

A flourish, trumpets ! strike the drums !
 Will Shakspeare, never of his pen sick,
 Is here—next Doctor Masters comes,
 Renown'd afar for curing men sick,—
 Queen's Serjeant Barham* with his burns
 And tipstaves, coif, and wig forensic ;
 (He lost, unless Sir Richard lies, his
 Life at the famous "Black Assizes.")

Room ! Room ! for great Cecil !—place, place, for his Dame !—
 Room ! Room ! for Southampton—for Sidney, whose name
 As a *Preux Chevalier*, in the records of Fame
 "Beats Bingham"—e'en now his praises, we all sing 'em,
 Knight, Poet, Gentleman !—Room for sage Walsingham !

Room for Lord Hunsdon !—for Sussex !—for Rawleigh !—
 For INGOLDSBY !! Oh ! it's enough to appal ye !

Dear me ! how they call !
 How they squall ! how they bawl !
 This Dame has lost her shoe—that one her shawl—
 My Lord's got a tumble—my Lady a fall !
 Now a Hall ! a Hall !
 A Brawl ! a Brawl !

Here's my Lord Keeper Hatton, so stately and tall,
 Has led out Lady Hunsdon to open the Ball !

Fiddlers ! Fiddlers ! fiddle away !
 Resin your catgut ! fiddle and play !
 A Roundelay !
 Fiddle away !
 Obey ! obey !—hear what they all say !
 "Hip !—Music !—Nosey !—play up there !—play !" ¹
 Never was any thing half so gay
 As Sir Christopher Hatton's grand holiday !

The clock strikes twelve !—Who cares for the clock ?
 Who cares for—Hark !—What a loud Single-knock !
 Dear me !—dear me !
 Who can it be ?—

Why, who can be coming at this time of night,
 With a knock *like that* honest folk to affright ?—
 "Affright ?"—yes, *affright* !—there are many who mock
 At fear, and in danger stand firm as a rock,
 Whom the roar of the battle-field never could shock,
 Yet quail at the sound of a vile "Single-knock !" ¹
 Hark !—what can be the Porter be thinking of ?—What !—
 If the booby has not let him in I'll be shot !—
 Dear me ! how hot
 The room's all at once got !—

* Called by Sir Richard Baker "The famous Lawyer."—See his *Chronicle*.

And what rings through the roof?—
It's the sound of a *hoof*!—
It's some donkey a-coming upstairs at full trot!
Stay!—the *folding-doors* open! the leaves are thrown back,
And in dances, a tall *Figurant*—ALL IN BLACK!!

Gracious me what an *entrechat*! Oh, what a bound!
Then with what an *a-plomb* he comes down to the ground!

Look there! look there!

Now he's up in the air!

Now he's here!—now he's there!—now he's no one knows
where!—

See! see!—he's kick'd over a table and chair!

There they go!—all the strawberries, flowers, and sweet herbs,

Turn'd o'er and o'er,

Down on the floor,

Ev'ry caper he cuts oversets or disturbs

All the “Keen's Seedlings” and “Wilmot's Superbs!”

There's a *pirouette*!—we're

All a great deal too near!

A ring!—give him room or he'll “shin” you—stand clear!

There's a spring again!—oh! 'tis quite frightful!—oh dear!

His toe's broke the top of the glass chandelier!!

Now he's down again!—look at the *congees* and bows

And *salaams* which he makes to the Dame of the House,

Lady Alice, the noble Lord Treasurer's spouse!

Come, now we shall view

A grand *pas de deux*

Perform'd in the very first style by these two!

—But no!—she recoils—she could scarce look more pale if

Instead of a Beau's 'twas the bow of a Bailiff!—

He holds out his hand—she declines it, and draws

Back her own—see!—he grasps it with horrid black claws,

Like the short, sharp, strong nails of a Polar Bear's paws!!

Then she “scream'd such a scream!”

Such another, I deem,

As, long after, Miss Mary Brown* scream'd in her dream,

Well she might! for 'twas shrewdly remark'd by her Page,

A sharp little boy about twelve years of age,

Who was standing close by

When she utter'd her cry,

That the whole of her arm shrivell'd up, and grew dry,

While the fingers and thumb of the hand he had got

In his clutches became on the instant RED-HOT!!

Now he whirls and he twirls

Through the girls in their curls

And their rouge, and their feathers, and diamonds, and pearls;

* *Vide* the celebrated ballad of “Giles Scroggins.”—*Catnach's ed* : ? diles, Lond : 1841.

The House-warming !!

Now high,—now low,—
 Now fast, and now slow,
 In terrible circumgyration they go ;
 The flame-coloured Belle and her coffee-faced Beau !
 Up they go once ! and up they go twice !—
 Round the hall !—round the hall !—and now up they go thrice !
 Now one grand *pirouette*, the performance to crown !
 Now again they go UP ! !—and they NEVER COME DOWN ! ! !

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•The thunder roars !

And the rain it pours !

And the lightning comes in through the windows and doors !

Then more calling, and bawling,

And squalling, and falling,

Oh ! what a fearful “stramash” they are all in !

Out they all sally,

The whole *corps de ballet*—

Some dash down Holborn-hill into the valley,
 Where stagnates Fleet Ditch at the end of Harp Alley,
 Some t’other way, with a speed quite amazing,
 Nor pause to take breath till they get beyond Gray’s Inn.
 In every sense of the word, such a *rout* of it,
 Never was made in London, or out of it !

When they came the next day to examine the scene,
 There was scarcely a vestige of all that had been ;
 The beautiful tapestry, blue, red, and green,
 Was all blacken’d, and scorch’d, and look’d dirty and mean.
 All the crockery broken, dish, plate, and tureen !
 While those who look’d up could perceive in the roof,
 One very large hole in the shape of a *hoof* !

Of poor Lady Hatton, it’s needless to say,
 No traces have ever been found to this day,
 Or the terrible dancer who whisk’d her away :
 But out in the court-yard—and just in that part
 Where the pump stands—lay bleeding a LARGE HUMAN
 HEART !

And sundry large stains

Of blood and of brains,

Which had not been wash’d off notwithstanding the rains,
 Appear’d on the wood, and the handle, and chains,
 As if somebody’s head, with a very hard thump,
 Had been recently knock’d on the top of the pump.
 That pump is no more !—that of which you’ve just read,—
 But they’ve put a new iron one up in its stead,

And still, it is said,

At that “small hour” so dread,

When all sober people are cosey in bed,
 There may sometimes be seen on a moonshiny night,
 Standing close by the new pump, a Lady in White,

Who keeps pumping away with, 'twould seem, all her might,
Though never a drop comes her pains to requite !
And hence many passengers now are debarr'd
From proceeding at nightfall through Bleeding Heart Yard !

MORAL.

Fair ladies attend !
And if you've a "friend
At Court," don't attempt to bamboozle or trick her !
—Don't meddle with negus, or any mix'd liquor !—
Don't dabble in " Magic !" my story has shown,
How wrong 'tis to use any charms but your own !

Young Gentlemen, too, may, I think, take a hint,
Of the same kind, from what I've here ventured to print,
All Conjuring's bad ! they may get in a scrape,
Before they're aware, and whatever its shape,
They may find it no easy affair to escape.
It's not every body that comes off so well
From *leger-de-main* tricks as Mister Brunel.

Don't dance with a Stranger who looks like a Guy,
And *when* dancing don't cut your capers too high !
Depend on't the fault's in
Your method of waltzing,
If ever you kick out the candles—don't try !

At a ball or a play,
Or any *soirée*,
When a *petit souper* constitutes the "*Après*,"
If strawb'ries and cream with CHAMPAGNE form a part,
Take care of your HEAD !—and take care of your HEART !

If you want a new house
For yourself and your spouse,
Buy, or build one,—and honestly pay, every brick, for it !
Don't be so green as to go to Old Nick for it—
—Go to George Robins—he'll find you "a perch,"
(*Dulce domum's* his word,) without robbing the Church !

The last piece of advice which I'd have you regard
Is, "don't go of a night into Bleeding-Heart-Yard,"
It's a dark, little, dirty, black, ill-looking square,
With queer people about, and unless you take care,
You may find when your pocket's clean'd out and left bare,
That the iron one is not the *only* "PUMP" there !

T. I.

THE WIDOWS' ALMSHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," "COLLEGE LIFE," &c.

No. VII.

THE MAN OF MANY CHARITIES.

CHAP. I.

The *blue* above and the *blue* below.

LE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

"It has often occurred to me as somewhat singular," said I to my friend Jonathan Sternpost, as he concluded the story of Mrs. Montacute, his cigar, and whisky toddy at the same moment, "that people are so ready and willing to confide their little all to a bank of issue, or, better, a banker who issues to an unknown extent."

"Bah!" said Jonathan, looking contemptuously, and selecting a cigar No. 2 from his box of Cabanas.

"Why bah?"

"Bah! bah! bah! help yourself, my dear fellow, and do not express your wonder at any thing of the sort," replied my friend. "People take things for granted, and hate trouble. They are told that Smash and Co. are very rich, and they believe it. They have certain sums to receive and pay, and it saves them a world of trouble, and gives them an air of respectability to do it through Smash and Co. A check for 2*l.* 14*s.* given to a little wine-merchant for a dozen of what he calls sherry—Marsala spoilt by a dash of strong Spanish—*tells* more with him than if it were remunerated in two sovereigns and a half in gold, and four shillings in silver. Besides, every one likes to talk of 'my banker,' and 'my account at the bank.' As far as one's pride is concerned what matters it if 'my banker' is solvent or not, or if 'my account' is overdrawn or not. Then if Smash and Co. *happen* to fail, and in the country such events *will* occur, it sounds so grand to say, 'I risked my whole fortune with Smash and Co., and they have smashed.' Bless you, it is a great consolation to be ruined by and with a ruined banker: your name appears in the papers amongst a list of fellow-sufferers, and you are brought into notoriety by being a witness against your banker in the Bankruptcy Court. It is a fair excuse for not paying a troublesome dun that you are involved with Smash and Co., and until a dividend is declared you cannot 'stump up.' Ten to one your dun is involved with him too, and he sympathizes with you, and gives *your* excuse for non-payment to the very first individual who comes to his shop to dun *him*."

"I have but little in the world to invest," said I, "but I think I should be cautious in investing it—I am so little acquainted with money matters that I dare say I use the wrong term—in depositing it, may be better, with any man who had not a good estate in dirty acres—tangible subsoil—whether of marl, loam, stonebrash, sand, or blue clay."

"Good," said Jonathan; "there is nothing like having some 'ground to stand upon.'"

"And to fall back upon," I continued. "'Fallen, fallen from his high estate' is not so very desperate a fall if you have your banker's estate to fall upon; but where there is the *vox et præterea nihil*, the name on the brass plate, of Smash and Co., bankers, and nothing else, great is the fall of yourself and your little dependants."

"It is inconceivable the extent to which the reliance on such men is carried, and the depth of misery which results from such overweening confidence reposed in them by parties who have a character for more than a common share of prudence in worldly matters," said Jonathan.

"Inconceivable indeed! how many an Ernest Lowe has ruined every tradesman in a country town, and driven maids, wives, and widows into parish poorhouses? There is only one consolation," said I, rather emphatically, giving the table a glass-gingling rap with my fist, "the causes of ruin to others are punished severely themselves, and pay for the ruin they have caused by years of privation and wretchedness."

"*Exempli gratiä*," said Jonathan, looking at me basiliskishly through the smoke of his cigar, "I know a case in point where the sufferings of a ruined banker were the most painful events I ever witnessed."

"Indeed," said I, "I confess I should feel a pleasure in hearing them described, though I am not generally hard-hearted, and have known one case at least where the kind-hearted feelings of a banker, and an incapability of saying *no* to a man in need have ruined himself and his family: say on."

I thought I saw a very odd kind of expression flit, like a vapoury cloud on a hot summer's day, over my friend's face, displacing for a second the basilisk look that I have alluded to, and a convulsive twitch of the corners of his mouth, as he removed the cigar from his lips to tell me the following little anecdote.

"I had a friend, I was going to say—an acquaintance I mean—who opened a bank in a country town, which, as I cannot reveal the real name of it, I will call Dullton. He 'carried on the war,' as Mr. Ernest Lowe would have called it, most gloriously. Who so gay as he? Dinners, card-parties, balls, and all sorts of rioting and revelling were rife in his mansion, and never did charity, or the giving away of money for what are called charitable purposes, exhibit itself at a more 'bountiful old rate' than it did at the house of the principal banker's in Dullton."

"Robbing Peter to subscribe to Paul," said I.

"Exactly," replied Jonathan. "Paul had the best of it, and the Peters suffered severely; for in the height of — and Co.'s prosperity—smash! he was gone, ruined, done up completely."

"More to his own surprise, I presume, than the surprise of his customers," said I, ironically.

"I really think so," said Jonathan, "for he meant to realize largely on a speculation in tallows, and to invest the realization in landed property—if he had been successful; of which he had no doubt, as he had had 'the office given him' by some parties who were supposed to be 'wide awake,' and who proved themselves to have been so by 'selling' at the time when they recommended — and Co. to 'buy.'

The consequence of their friendly advice was, that — and Co. *did* buy, and cleaned out the tallow-market and their coffers at one and the same moment. They were gazetted—but not ‘to a company.’ The company was found to be *nil* (*vel, nemo*), and —, the banker, was ruined past redemption.”

“Ruining some few hundreds with him whose hundreds he was supposed to have safe in his safe,” said I.

“Precisely; but that is not what I wished to describe,” continued Sternpost, “I merely wished to let you have an insight into the horrible state of living of — himself, after closing the bank and retreating from the town of Dullton.”

“That is what I long to hear,” said I, looking very maliciously gratified; “now then,” and I really believe I rubbed my hands exultingly over the fancied miseries of a man who had through his fancies ruined hundreds.

“He had not left his home in Dullton many weeks when I received a letter from him in which, after expressing his deep regret for the *inconvenience*—it was a very mild term—which he had caused to one of my relations by leaving her penniless, he begged of me to call on him at ‘a little hut of a place,’ to which he had retired in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, in order that he might explain to me the causes of his little mistake in ‘vesting the monies deposited with him. The letter was so cleverly written, and contained so glowing a description of his present wretchedness, that I resolved to go down, and, leaving all business considerations out of the question, to offer him all the consolation in my power.”

“Well,” said I, “you found him very wretched, his wife in tears, his children in rags? Cold shoulder of mutton and potatoes on a dingy table-cloth, and—”

“Bah! if you know the real state of things, why ask me to tell you about it?”

I begged pardon.

Jonathan proceeded.

“Well, I got into a stage in Gracechurch-street, and gave the coachman orders to set me down at Prospect Cottage, which was the classic name assigned by — to his ‘little hut of a place.’

“‘All right,’ said Jehu, ‘I know it; Mr. —’s *cottage horney*.’

“We rattled along, and after many other stoppages for taking up and putting down passengers, I found myself the *ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the insides, with one exception, and that exception was a very sly-looking, elderly gentleman, wearing the livery of the society of Friends, *aliis verbis*, a quaker.

“This gentleman had briefly replied to a series of interrogations on my part, by a yea or a nay, nor could I get one word more from him until the coach was suddenly jerked up opposite one of the prettiest little mansions I had ever seen.

“‘Whose very pretty place is that?’ said I, addressing the quaker.

“‘It is the abode—the *cottage*—of thy friend—the bankrupt banker, where I did hear thee order the driver to deposit thee,’ was the reply; the truth of which was confirmed by Jehu, opening the door, and saying,

" 'Now, sir, here we is.'

"I explained to him that there must be some mistake; he assured me and his horses at the same time as he mounted the box, that it was 'all right.'

"The horses believed him and trotted off, leaving me standing before a very pretty Gothic lodge, and a large pair of iron gates.

"Can this be 'the little hut of a place?' thought I, and I believe I thought aloud, for before I could pull the handle of an enormous bell, dangling outside the lodge, a six-foot-high servant, in a dazzling livery, touched his hat to me through the bars of the gate, and requested to be informed of my business.

"I hesitatingly inquired if Mr. — lived there.

"The porter without giving a direct answer to my query, threw open the gates, and begged me to walk up to the cottage, where his master would join me in a few minutes, as he was merely gone out for a short ride in his pheayton, and had left word that he should be home to lunch punctually at two o'clock.

" 'Phaeton!' thought I, *aloud* again, I suppose, for Cerberus, brushing his plushes, said,

" 'Yas, sarh! Master's gone out in the pheayton, for the *brishcar* is out of repair.'

"I own I thought—but not aloud—that there must be some mistake; I, however, threaded the mazes of a serpentine walk through the shrubberies to the Cottage.

"I knocked at the door, and inquired of a second six-footer in splendid plushes, &c., if this was Mr. —'s.

"The same affirmative reply, and the same assurance, that 'He was only gone out for a drive in the pheayton, and would be in to lunch at two, punctual,' induced me to enter the house.

"I was shown into a very correctly-appointed study, and amused myself by looking at the backs of some superbly bound books, which filled the shelves of a series of neat mahogany cases. I had not been long engaged in my survey when a handsome *or-molu* clock, in a glass case, announced by its miniature bell, that it was 'two of the clock by the dial.'

"Scarcely had the sound ceased, when the sound of hoofs and the grating of wheels on the well-rolled gravel, induced me to look out of the window, and I beheld, Mr. —, the bankrupt banker, 'tooling' as pretty a pair of tits, in as well-appointed a carriage as I had ever seen turned out. The interior was filled by his wife and two daughters, who certainly

Bore their blushing honours thick upon them,

for they were decked out in pink silks, and pink ribbons, which colour happened then to be all the fashion. A coachman sat by his master's side, and a huge fellow held on behind, making *only* the fourth male servant that I had seen *as yet*.

"A tremendous rat-tat-tat—emulous of Eaton-square—was the signal for banging of doors, letting down steps, and other noises preliminary to ladies descending from carriages. A little bustle took place in the hall, and all was silent for a few minutes. Then came the servant who had admitted me, and begged me to follow him to the draw-

ing-room. I went, of course, and walked as silently as Schedoni, or any other mysterious character in romance, over carpets as soft and yielding as the *tapis vert* of an English garden to a room which rivalled in splendour many a drawing-room in May Fair.

"Although the furniture and effects of the banker had been sold by public auction at his house in Dullton, I recognised many articles which had graced—might I not say with justice under the circumstances—*disgraced*? that splendid mansion. There was the horizontal grand pianoforte of *rosewood*, and by *Broadwood*; the ornamented harp by Erard; the magnificent chimneyglass, reaching from the marble-slab to the very ceiling, around whose frame fluttered little gilded cupids in all manner of equivocal attitudes. There were articles of *vertu*, and little crinkum-crankums as expensive as they were useless—in fact, except that the room was very much smaller than the one in which I had seen these elegancies at Dullton, I might have fancied myself to have been transported in my sleep by some fairy porter into that magnificent establishment.

"I had scarcely time to examine the furniture before Mr. ——— entered. He had evidently dressed himself for effect, and 'got up' a lugubrious look, which was meant to convey to me the excess of grief which was corroding his heart of hearts. A suit of black and a white tie suited the mournfulness of his countenance, and might have imposed upon some people. It did not impose upon me. I felt very much inclined to kick him very hard, when he placed his hand on—I was about to say his heart—the left-side of his coat, and made me a most Surrey-side-of-the-water stage bow.

"*'To business, sir,'* said I, *'if you please.'*

"He flung himself into a chair, with a signal to me to follow his example, which I did, and after passing a white cambric handkerchief across his tearless eyes, with many sighs and groans, he entered upon explanations, with which I need not trouble you. To me they were any thing but satisfactory, and the only circumstance that reconciled me to the visit, was a hint judiciously thrown out—that there was a prospect of a handsome dividend.

"I rose to take my leave, but Mr. ——— could not think of my returning to town without taking a little luncheon. I consented, I confess to you, out of pure curiosity—a wish to see the style in which such matters were done, at this 'little hut of a place.' The bell was rung, and the servant ordered to announce to the ladies that we would take luncheon with them.

"While the man went to execute the order given, Mr. ——— began to complain bitterly of the change—the unavoidable—the painful change in his mode of living, and the frightful deprivations to which he was obliged to submit in his altered circumstances.

"I threw a meaning glance round the room. He saw it, and replied to it, that some kind friends, sympathizing with his wife's feelings, had come forward and bought in a few little trifles, which it was impossible for a lady of her refined taste to do without, and which the little income which had been fortunately settled upon her, entitled her to enjoy.

"I felt calcitratory inclined at the quiet hypocritical way in which this explanation was given, but lunch was announced, and I was ushered

with much ceremony into the dining-room, which I saw at a glance, was a miniature likeness of the banqueting-room at Dullton. It was clear to me that the same sympathizing friends who had saved the *trifles* in the drawing-room, had 'bought in' *all* the furniture, pictures, and plate that a lady of refined taste could not do without.

"The refined lady and her double-refined daughters had evidently rehearsed the parts they had to play. They sat down in silence and with deep sighs to the little meal. Mrs. ——— waved her hand tragedy-queenically, and the servant removing the solid silver-covers of four solid silver dishes, displayed their contents—viands of exquisite odour, and evidently not concocted by an English artist. They were discussed, but not freely, by the ladies and ourselves, and were succeeded by a little game and cheeses in great variety. But the wines! amidst the deep regrets of the *ci-devant* banker and his spouse, that they could not treat me *now* as they had done before their misfortunes overtook them, we quaffed silleri, chateau margot, hermitage, and Burgundy out of splendid glasses, filled from chased silver beakers. I felt a sort of undefined hope that the wine might 'go the wrong way,' and suffocate one or all of them.

"It had a contrary effect; it threw them off their guard. They forgot the parts they had to play, and on a few hints maliciously thrown out by me for the express purpose, rattled away as they were wont to do of yore, and gave me a very clear insight into the shocking deprivations to which their altered circumstances forced them to submit. It was really shocking what they must have suffered! two carriages and a poney-chaise put down! only two pair of horses and a hackney left in the stables! scarcely enough servants left to do the duties of the establishment! the German governess *chasséd*, and only two English ones retained! &c. &c. &c., *usque ad nauseam*.

"A loud ring at the lodge-bell gave me a fair excuse for abdicating my seat. I left them with a formal bow—a kitchen pokerer—and mounted a stage that was passing just as three handsome carriages drew up at the gate, filled with the gayest of the gay, who had travelled from town to Blackheath, to condole with the suffering banker in his 'little hut of a place.'

"There is a tale of horror for you!" said Jonathan, with a peculiar smile, "replenish, lest it should cause you a sleepless night."

"But the dividend," said I; "was it ever paid?"

"Yes," replied Sternpost, "it was—at the end of three years—and amounted, errors excepted, to exactly tenpence-three-farthings in the pound."

"And Mr. ———?"

"Still survives at his little hut of a place on a limited number of carriages, and on the little property fortunately settled on his wife."

"Confound him! he ought to be—"

"No! no! better as it is," said Jonathan, deprecating my rising wrath, and stopping a fine current of abuse, "better as it is. Rely upon it, there is a little something about the region of his stomach that spoils the flavour of his Burgundy, and embitters the taste of his French cookery. He gives away largely in charity to hide the multitude of his wickedness."

"Charity!" said I,—“what an abuse of the word.”

“Well, then, charities—the word in its plural has a very different application; and, by the by, if you are not too sleepy, I will tell you a little tale of a ‘man of many charities,’ the husband of the widow who sat next to Mrs. Montacute.”

“A pretty little woman, with smiling blue eyes, and a most unromantic *ensemble*,” said I.

“A sweet-tempered creature, with a heart too big for her pretty little body. You shall hear her history.”

CHAP. II.

THERE is a spot in the centre of what was London, but now in the far east, if spoken of with reference to Eaton-square and Buckingham Palace. It bears the unclassical name of Cow-cross. The propriety, however, of the name, cannot be disputed, for it is in the immediate neighbourhood of that difficult-to-be-removed market called Smithfield—the field of glory to Mr. Martin—alas! that I should have to write the *late* Mr. Martin—umquhile M.P. for Galway.

How he would rush into a crowd of inhuman drovers as they were goading an over-driven ox, and making him progress by beating him cruelly over the hocks. How he would seize on the greatest brute of the lot—I do not mean the ox, but the man—and in spite of all opposition, drag him up to the nearest magistrate, put in force his own act against him, assuring his worship that “the baste there that calls himself a man, would have murdered the other baste intirely altogither if he had not been there to intherfare in his behalf.”

Well, in Cow-cross stood a large, long, murky shop. You might have gazed at its low shop-window, composed of thick sashes and small panes of muddy, dusty glass, for ages before you could have made up your mind as to the nature of the trade carried on within. You might have fancied that it was the habitation of a pawnbroker—the universal *patruus* or *avunculus* of the lower orders—for, as far as the dinginess of the glass would enable you to see, it was filled with every description of portable property. There were pistols, guns, and swords; mathematical instruments of all kinds; watches and jewellery; clothes of all sorts for masculine gentlemen, feminine ladies, and juveniles of both sexes; writing-desks, dressing-cases; cutlery of all sorts; a large assortment of books; boots and shoes innumerable; paint boxes and pictures; children's toys, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Yet it was not what is termed by the initiated, the nephews and nieces of the aforesaid uncle, a *pop*-shop. If you gazed above the shop-front, you might see on a broad, black board, in white letters indistinctly written, *BARNABAS JUST, TALLYMAN*. And what is a tallyman? asks every inquisitive reader.

Let him or her—M. or N., as the case may be—follow that not very respectable old lady into the shop, and he or she will see a little into the nature and objects of tallymanship.

She is the wife of a hardworking artisan—a watchcase-maker at Clerkenwell, and she wants a new gown to appear smart in at Green-

wich Fair, whither she has made up her mind to go. She cannot command the seven shillings necessary to pay for the new gown at the linendraper's, so she goes to Mr. Barnabas Just, and agrees to give him fourteen shillings for the same article, and to pay for it by weekly instalments of one shilling each, which she contrives to secrete out of the sum allowed her by her goodman for the expenses of the house. When she has paid more than the real value of the article, she is allowed to carry it away, and a collecting clerk calls weekly upon her for the payment of the shilling.

Such is a brief sketch of the nature and objects of this most abominable business, which does more to demoralize and ruin the lower classes than a Tom and Jerry, tidley-wink, or gin-shop. They can obtain any thing, from a pair of list-shoes to a court-dress; from a brass shirt-pin to a diamond tiara, if they are willing to pay double its value for it by weekly instalments.

Over such an establishment Barnabas Just had presided for many years; and though his establishment was, of necessity, an expensive one, his profits had been so great, his instalments so regularly paid up, that he was a wealthy man. He was tired of his business, and resolved to take an active partner, and become a sleeping one himself. He wanted fresh air; he felt smoky and dingy, and resolved to retire to the heights of Highgate, Hampstead, or Finchley, and get his body purified from the sulphuretted hydrogen gas of the city end of the metropolis.

He had but little difficulty in effecting the objects he had in view. His foreman found the amount necessary for buying himself into a half of the concern. An advertisement in the *Times* readily procured him a house near Finchley Common, and while he was engaged in furnishing the house and arranging the grounds, buying a carriage and horses, and hiring servants, Barnabas was a happy tallyman. He did *not* pay by instalments, but *downed* with the money at once, and took a liberal discount for "the ready."

When the place was properly fitted for his final reception, and he had given the usual house-warming dinner to his city friends, Barnabas began to feel himself an unhappy tallyman. He could not buy happiness or even enjoyment for ready money, or pay for it by instalments. He was very much surprised at it.

He worked in his garden, rode out in his carriage, had a nap before dinner, and another after, drank the best of wines—as far as port and sherry went—smoked his pipe in an abour of his own architecturing, and retired early to bed; yet he was cruelly dull. He could not read; he hated writing; moreover, he had no one to write to, and nothing to write about, save to his partner and about the tally-trade. His only pleasure, real pleasure that is, during the six working days, was to muse and meditate upon the chances of which and what number of his friends would get off the Finchley stage at the Baldfaced Stag on the following Sunday, in order to be in time for his well-spread dinner-table. How he wished every day in the week was a Sunday!

Even these Sunday dinners ceased to amuse him. He saw the same faces over and over again, only relieved now and then by some strange countenance, the effigies of some friend whom one of his old friends

"had taken the liberty of bringing with him, as he know'd his old friend Barnabas, didn't stand upon no sort of ceremony."

Moreover, although these old friends ate heartily of his beef and plumpudding, drank of his porter and port wine, they never invited him to return their visits. Perhaps they thought that as he did not stand upon ceremony, he could have come uninvited if he pleased. Perhaps they had good grounds for supposing that he was sick of London, and preferred remaining at his very pretty place in the country.

Barnabas was resolved to cut the connexion effected between the City and Finchley through the medium of the Finchley stage. He did not like to warn his friends off his manor formally, or to put up a notice that steel-traps and spring-guns would hereafter be set on his premises to catch or shoot his Sunday visitors. He manœuvred, and succeeded in his manœuvres.

He went down to Margate for a fortnight, and left word with his housekeeper to tell every one that called, that he had gone into the country for an indefinite term, and put all his servants on board wages. He felt that this would have the desired effect. He knew that not one of his dear friends would pay for more than one halfcrown ticket at the ordinary on Sundays at two o'clock, at the Bald-faced Stag, and the fare up and down by the Finchley stage. He was right. Two stages full inside and out—two ordinary's at the little wayside inn did the business. On the third Sunday the stage was empty, and the inn deserted. The experiment had succeeded.

Barnabas returned to his home. Previously to his return, he had given his partner a hint that he should be glad to see *him* whenever he liked to come down, but that he was not at home to those who had shown so thorough a contempt for the system of reciprocity which ought to be held sacred in matters of hospitality.

Barnabas enjoyed himself alone—that is, with his old housekeeper—for two successive Sundays. The third came, and he began to regret that he had discouraged the visits of his friends. He gave his partner a special invitation for the fourth Sunday, but as he talked of nothing but tallymaning, of which he was truly tired, Barnabas did not ask him to repeat the visit.

All at once it struck him, and hit him very hard too, that his home was not so enjoyable as it ought to have been, simply because he had not a wife to share it with him. He consulted with his housekeeper, who rather promoted his views on the subject, until she discovered from the tenor of his remarks, that he had no intention of promoting her to the head of his table.

Then she "went on the other tack," as the sailors say, and threw out many hints of marriage being a mere lottery, more blanks than prizes—the odds being ten to one you did not get even a sixteenth of a five pound-prize, and about a million to one you did not get the highest prize in the wheel.

Her remarks, however, came too late. The eloquence she had displayed in promoting his views as long as she thought that she might be Mrs. B. J., was of too forcible a character to be obliterated by her feeble after truisms. Barnabas resolved to get married, and Becky

felt that the whole and sole control of butchers' and grocers' bills, soap and candles, bread, flour, and kitchen-stuff, was gone from her for ever. She began to look out for another place, well knowing that no married lady would permit a bachelor's housekeeper to remain in her service after the honeymoon was over.

Barnabas had but a very limited acquaintance in the female world. He had never been domestically received into his friend's families. The civilities he had received from them previously to his retirement, had generally been displayed in the dining or supper-rooms of certain favourite taverns where they were wont to resort to play and receive bets of rumps and dozens, or legs of mutton and trimmings.

He resolved, however, to make a round of his friends' houses, and examine their establishments to see what female commodities they contained. He began with the wealthiest first—though to do him justice, Barnabas was not a mercenary man—still he thought a *little* money with a wife was not objectionable. He made his calls, but except in two instances, where he found only a housekeeper, like his Becky, presiding, he was not invited farther than the back-shop. Had he only given one hint to any one of his friends that he was exploring on a voyage of matrimony, every house, from garret to drawing-room, would have been thrown open to him; every daughter and niece, unmarried sister, or poor dependant cousin, brought before him for inspection and approval.

Becky, to whom he confided the result of his calls, after trying to induce him to remain single, and finding her attempts unsuccessful, suggested to him that he should give a dance and invite all his friends and their families. This had the desired effect. Glass-coach after glass-coach deposited its burden of ladies, varying from sixteen to sixty, at the door of his house, and the ball was fully furnished with guests. Barnabas was a happy tallyman *in prospectu*.

Becky gave a hint of the object which her master had in view, when he gave out the tickets for the ball, to one of his oldest friends. The news flew like wildfire—faster than a pigeon from Epsom to Liverpool or Manchester, and Barnabas found himself the nucleus of the ball-room, with ladies radiating from him in all directions, of all ages, heights, and complexions. He grew alarmed. His merits were so suddenly and so forcibly placed before him, that instead of believing himself, as he had hitherto done, to be a respectable, plain-looking, ill-dressed, middle-aged gentleman, he was impressed with a conviction that Mrs. Grigs was right when she said that he was “a very fine-featur'd man,” and that the wife of Mr. Deputy Gubbins could not be wrong when she pronounced his “general cut to be uncommon particular correct.” Nor could he give discredit to Huggins's sister, who whispered to his nearest neighbour, that she “thought Mr. B. Just was too young to settle down for life yet.”

Still Barnabas, though flattered, was what Huggins called flabbergasted. He was too evidently “made a dead set at.” If he went to talk to a pretty-looking girl, he was surrounded immediately by mothers, who begged to introduce him specially to their own Anna Marias, Isabellas, or Julias; and he heard more virtues predicated of their girls individually, than he had had the slightest notion belonged to the sex generally.

Barnabas's ball ended without a proposal on his part. He had not the slightest chance of making one. He was not allowed to be alone with any *one* lady for any one moment. They flocked around him in covies or beves, led on by the old hens, their mammas. He complained in bitter terms to Becky of the way in which his guests had treated him. Becky, to console him, told him "it sarved him right."

Wonderful was the sum disbursed weekly on threepenny posters, containing invitations from his lady friends to evening parties. Barnabas accepted them all. He popped out of a dance into a musical party, and from the musical party he popped into a card-room. But he neither danced, listened to the singing, nor cut in at whist. He could not, he was too much excited. Some of his friends *said* he was mad, others only *thought* so, until a little event occurred which loosened the frænum of their tongues.

Mrs. Deputy Gubbins had three very fine daughters, who sang, played, and danced to admiration—that is to the admiration of several young men in the ward of Portsoken. All these acquirements they owed to a remarkably nice young lady, who had been educated in an orphan school, and been hired out, when her time was up, to Mrs. Deputy Gubbins, at twenty pounds per annum. Truly she earned this noble salary! Not only had she to drive all she could into the thick heads and coarse fingers of her three pupils, but had to bear the snubs and rubs of Papa and Mamma Gubbins, and to submit to the impudence of their menials, who looked upon her as "a vastly inferer character to themselves." Still Lucy Lovechild bore with all her troubles and all her snubbings and rubbings, with a meek and humble spirit, though her heart was at times wellnigh broken.

What had she to hope for? an orphan, without a relative in the world that she knew of. When her time of service should have expired, she could only look forward to being transported into another family, who might treat her worse than the Gubbinses. She, however, concealed her wearied heart under a calm, placid brow, and relied on Providence to provide for the friendless orphan.

Barnabas Just staid the whole of one evening at the Deputy's. He hung over the piano, turned over the leaves of the music-books, sung second to "All's Well" very much out of tune, and stood up for a quadrille. He repeated his visit, Night after night his yellow chariot was at the door of the Gubbinses, though there was no party there. Mrs. Deputy was too cunning to throw away a chance. No one should rival her daughters, so no one had the *entrée* of the drawing-room but her daughters and Miss Lucy Lovechild—but then she was "only the governess."

Mrs. Deputy Gubbins saw clearly that Barnabas Just was caught by one of her daughters; by which of them she neither knew nor cared. She told the deputy in confidence and in bed, that she had a conviction in her mind that it would not be very long before the gentleman in the tally trade proposed.

Mr. Deputy, who had been dining with his fellow Portsokenites, turned on his side, and told her "not to bother him."

Mrs. Gubbins was right, however, in her conviction. Barnabas Just did propose.

Thus it was. Mrs. Gubbins had shammed ill for the purpose of leaving her daughters open to an offer unrestrained by her presence. Barnabas had purchased four concert-tickets for that very evening, and a glass-coach was hired, and at the door to convey four ladies to the concert-room.

Now Mrs. Deputy could not recover from her indisposition with sufficient rapidity to make one of the party. Her ticket was transferred to the governess, who for propriety's sake, was ordered to accompany her pupils and their lover.

What took place during that evening it is not in my power to disclose. *All* the young ladies said it had passed off delightfully.

On the following morning the yellow chariot was at the deputy's door at twelve precisely. The tallyman begged to speak to Mrs. Gubbins *alone*.

Hurry scurry! helter, skelter! the three Miss Gubbinses ran up stairs to put on their best clothes, and their best looks with palpitating hearts!

There we must leave them and return to the drawing-room.

Barnabas found the lady-mother seated in state; not quite alone, it is true, for Miss Lovechild was there, but as she said, "It worn't of no manner of consequence—it was *only* the governess."

Barnabas bowed and the governess blushed.

"You must have seen, madam," said he, "that I have formed an attachment for one of your—"

"In course I have—I an't blinded like a mole," said the lady, smiling very pleasantly.

"I am here, marm, to ask your consent to—"

"It's granted—Mr. Barnabas Just. Lucy ring the bell," said the lady.

"Pardon me one moment before you announce my happiness to your daughters. I think I ought to tell you what provision I have made for my future wife in case of my death, You are her protector—her only friend—"

"Her father—"

"She is fatherless, and—"

"Fatherless! who? why the deputy an't departed sudden?" screamed the lady.

"I am speaking of this young lady," said Barnabas, taking Lucy by the hand and leading her up to her protector.

Mrs. Gubbins shrieked, threw herself back in her chair, and kicked so energetically that she upset a little table, and smashed a glass vase containing two gold and one silver fishes.

The noise summoned the daughters from above, and the father from below. What a sight met their eyes! There was the mother in mock hysterics, kicking and throwing her arms about her frantically; Mr. B. J. holding the fainting governess on his bosom, and the three little fishes flapping their little tails on the wet Wilton amidst fragments of crystal.

An explanation ensued; a war of words followed; screams were uttered—tears shed—threats given and received, and as Mr. Barnabas half carried the poor little governess down stairs, the last he heard from the Gubbinses was,

"Saucy minx ! Imperent feller !"

The impudent fellow placed the saucy minx in his yellow chariot, and drove her to his partner's, where he left her for the night under the care of that gentleman's wife while he went to procure a licence. On the following morning, the bells of the parish church rang a merry peal for Miss Lucy Lovechild was *Mrs. B. Just*.

"What a brute !" said his former female friends.

"What a fool !" cried the males, "to marry a girl without any *tin* !—only a governess too !"

CHAP. III.

TWELVE months passed. Barnabas was really happy, for his wife had very wisely induced him to take a little interest in the business again. He drove daily into Cow Cross, looked into the books, chatted to his customers, and returned home to his five o'clock dinner, with a little fund of conversation for the evening. He smoked a pipe while Lucy played and sang to him, and went to bed a really happy tallyman.

The cup of happiness, however, is never unmixed. The drop of bitter in the chalice of Barnabas Just was—that he had not a child to call him father.

This vexed him and preyed on his mind ; he grew fidgety, then fretful, would not go to town, but moped about his garden, poking at the weeds with a paddle, lost his appetite, could not relish his pipe, snubbed his dear little wife until the tears came into her eyes, kissed them off again, cried himself, and at last became really ill.

Mrs. B. J. sent for a doctor, and the doctor, alarmed, sent for the clergyman—after he had tried to physic a mind diseased to no purpose.

It would be improper to reveal the secrets of a sick chamber. It will only be necessary to show the results of the consultations held therein.

Barnabas grew gradually better. When he was completely recovered he became an altered man. I do not mean that he was altered from an invalid to a valetudinarian only, but morally as well as physically changed.

He explained to his wife that he had neglected to do what he ought to have done—give a portion of the talents committed to his care to those that stood in need. Mrs. Just urged him to begin the good work at once. He took her advice.

The reader must have seen that when Mr. B. J. resolved upon any measure he carried it out with zeal and impetuosity—nothing could stop him.

When he had made up his mind to be charitable, he became excessively so. He became a governor of every institution that he could hear of within the bills of mortality ; he attended public meetings and subscribed his guineas freely ; he dined at public dinners at the Crown and Anchor and handed up his five-pound notes amidst loud shouts and rappings on the table. He even spoke in favour of the emancipa-

tion of the blacks, and his speech, thanks to the reporters, read remarkably well in the morning and evening papers.

It is needless to say that Barnabas became a public character—a marked man. His table was covered with prospectuses for benevolent institutions, lunatic asylums, and hospitals for the sick and lying-in ladies. His breakfast was interrupted and prolonged to a painful length, by reading petitions from persons professing to be afflicted by all the ills that flesh is heir to; widowers with large families and motherless children; widows with several small fatherless children, and little children without fathers or mothers, all laid their complaints before him, and told him distinctly that he would be rewarded in another and a better world if he relieved *their* wants.

That sort of charity, however, was not accordant with his views, he might be imposed on if he gave away to persons of whom he knew nothing, but from their own statements, into the truth or falsehood of which he had not time to inquire. He loved public institutions, where the cases were examined for him, and where he saw his name in the governor's room in gold letters on a black ground; where he met Lord That and Lady This at least once a year, and received their sweet smiles and gracious bows, when the accounts were audited, and he paid in his annual subscription.

There was something delightful and respectable in that. He felt that his generosity was *known* and appreciated.

Now it happened that the clergyman who had set the machinery of his charities going, had a large little family, and a very small income, as somehow or other, most clergymen do have. He modestly solicited the interest of Mr. B. J. with his city friends to place one of his boys in Christ's Hospital.

The hint was enough: Barnabas drove into town the very next day, and made inquiries of the secretary of that noble institution, as to the mode of getting on the governor's list. He paid the necessary sum, and having found out a person who wished to exchange a presentation for a boy who would not be of age for three years, with some one who wished to exercise his right immediately, he returned home, and made his friend the clergyman happy by giving his son the appointment.

As soon as the boy was dressed in the peculiar costume of the school, his patron visited him every week. He became mad on the subject of bluecoat schools; he built a new blue coat and inexpressibles for himself, and would have adopted the muffin-cap and yellow stockings, had not his wife prevented him, by pointing out the absurdity of such a proceeding. He could talk of nothing else but the blues, until he gave his wife and all who listened to him the blue devils. He loved the sight of sailors because they were clad in blue, the new police force was a special favourite with him for the same reason. He never passed a fishmonger's shop without buying an unboiled lobster. He cultivated blue bells in his garden, and always took his luncheon at the Blue Posts.

How happy he was when the sky was all blue, and the water below was blue with its reflection.

The blue above and the blue below.

was his favourite song, and Lucy had to sing that verse of "The Sea," over and over again every evening; until, as sailors say "all was blue" in her imagination. He even felt happy with the candle as he *blew* it out in getting into bed. He was clearly in what I once heard an old nurse call the *purple fever*, though she, poor ignorant woman, meant to say puerperal.

Barnabas Just became so enamoured of the blue school, that at last he came to the resolution of building a blue school of his own, upon a small scale. He made up his mind to become as celebrated a founder as King Edward VI., Thomas Sutton, who founded the Charterhouse, or the gentleman—I forget his name—who built and endowed that excellent institution, belonging to the Draper's Company in the Mile-End-road. He thought *him* a wise man because he dressed his boys in blue coatees, and Thomas Sutton a fool, for allowing the Carthusians to wear a *black* dress, like that of an undressed groom in mourning—he resolved, I say, to have a bluecoat-school of his own.

He made known his intentions to his wife; she was delighted; she believed him to be, as he was, very rich, and she thought that he could not do better with some of his superfluous wealth than amuse himself and benefit some of the rising generation.

As soon as Barnabas had made his mind up to become a founder and be prayed for, by name, in the daily service of the chapel he meant to build, he set about carrying out his plans with his wonted energy.

He purchased a bit of land not far from the scene of his early days, Cow Cross. He pulled down the dilapidated buildings standing on the intended site of Just's bluecoat school. Architects were invited to send in plans, builders were to send in contracts and specifications; lawyers were consulted as to the proper means of securing the property to the masters and governors for ever, and noblemen were applied to, to form a committee of twelve, to commence operations as governors as soon as all other operations should be completed.

What a happy little tallyman was Barnabas Just while employed in this laudable manner. His time was fully occupied; he had not even spare time for attending Crown and Anchor meetings, though that place was the Exeter Hall of his days. He scarcely found time for sending his annual subscriptions to the various institutions to which he was an annual contributor; he had even entertained thoughts of withdrawing from them all, and concentrating his moneys as well as his energies on the bluecoat-school alone; but how could he resign the approving nods and smiles of the lords patrons and the ladies patronesses of those benevolent asylums—it was not in his nature to do it.

Well, the ground was bought and paid for; the old buildings disposed of for a mere old rubbish price. The plan for the new building selected and approved.

The highest contract was entered into because the chief lord of the committee of twelve patronized that particular builder, who happened to wear a blue surtout when he delivered it into the hands of the founder in his own proper person. Scores of men were set to work at once, and the builder drew his monthly sums as specified in the contract—they were readily and cheerfully paid.

Nearly two years were occupied before the building was roofed in. When that happy day arrived, Barnabas gave a dinner in the hall that was to be, to the committee of twelve, and a feast in the quadrangle to all the workmen and their wives and families.

Barnabas got particularly jovial, and not only exceeded himself, but was the cause of excess in others; but it was very excusable on such an occasion, as the committee of twelve allowed as they rattled home westward in their carriages.

On this eventful day, big with the fate of blue coats and of Barnabas, we must beg of our readers to accompany us to Finchley, where Mrs. Just is quietly sitting and working in the arbour with old Becky by her side, fondly fancying the joy of her husband, and the fun that was going on at the house-rearing in Cow Cross.

A bell rings loudly at the outer gate, and Becky hastens to answer its summons, wondering who it could be, who was fool enough not to know that her master was founding a school while she was confounding the bell and the ringer of it.

She returns in a few minutes to say that master's partner was in the parlour a wishing to speak to missus.

Poor Lucy, who fancies that the roof of the building, which, of course, was covered with *blue* slates, had fallen in upon her husband, and crushed himself and all his hopes of founding the school, hurries up the gravel-walk and enters the parlour in a great fidget.

The gloomy looks of the partner in the tally line confirm her suspicions, and she sinks into a chair, whispering out,

"Then he is dead!"

"Dead, marm," says the partner, "who?—that old fool, Barnabas. No, marm—I almost wish he was. He's ruined—*that's all*—and I am afraid I am not better off myself."

"Ruined—Barnabas Just ruined! impossible. He is known to be rich," says the lady.

"He was rich *once*, marm—he *had* upwards of 15,000*l.*, besides his half of the tally trade; but it's all gone, every dump, and he has been raising money in all directions, and I've been fool enough to join. I'm in for 5000*l.*—only found it out this afternoon—tried to get at him in his fine new building, but they would not let me in at the gates—looked as blue as blazes at me, and sent me away with a blue-bottle in my ear—I could not stop at home, so hurried up to tell you. Confound the little ass and his blue schools."

So saying, the partner throws his hat upon the ground, and jumps upon the crown of it, to spite Barnabas Just, and then rushes from the house with the crushed beaver in his hand like a madman as he was.

Poor Lucy sat like one dreaming; Becky tried to rouse her from her lethargy, but could not. She well knew the cause of her mistress's sufferings, for she was not deaf though she was old, and the partner had spoken loudly enough to be heard through any keyhole in the world. She did not torment her with questions, therefore, but simply told her that she was sure that it was all a lie, and that master was as rich as ever.

Lucy shook her head, drew a shawl round her, and sat shivering

until the sound of carriage-wheels announced the return of the man of many charities.

He was carried into the hall and up to bed, overcome with wine and intense excitement. His wife sat up by his side, and heard him mutter about "the proudest moment of his life,"—"the spot on which future lord chancellors and archbishops were to start for the race of fame,"—"the first step to gaining the honours of the blue garter," and other phrases, which proved to her that he was repeating himself in his after-dinner speech.

Morning dawned, but Barnabas opened not his eyes; he tossed and tumbled about in his bed, talked unintelligibly, and laughed in a most unearthly manner.

Lucy was alarmed, and sent the coachman for the nearest medical man. He felt the patient's pulse, and pronounced him to be in a dangerous state of fever.

Barnabas did not recover: a few days sufficed to make Lucy a widow—a widow, and worse than penniless by some hundreds.

The partner's account was quite true. Barnabas, had he lived, must have applied for support to some one of the numerous charities, which he had so freely but recklessly supported.

The Just's bluecoat school was sold to help to pay the creditors, and is now occupied by a respectable pewterer.

Poor Barnabas's ghost, if it walks, must be disgusted to see over the gateway of the building, an half-obliterated inscription, running thus:

———T'S ——— —AT SCHOOL.

This fragment was all that remained of Barnabas Just and his many charities, except his widow, who was provided for at Mount Whistling.

A DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

WE have seen an Actor play *Hamlet*, in the Ghost scene, with so little sense of propriety, as not only to draw his sword, according to the stage practice, but actually to threaten and make a lunge at the parental Apparition with the naked weapon. Nothing can be in worse taste. *Marcellus*, it is true, offers to strike at the Royal Phantom with his partizan, but the act, though somewhat disloyal, is not unfilial. But in *Hamlet*,—the son of the shade,—the attempt at violence is unnatural and parricidal, and totally at variance with his character. He shrinks from bloodshed, though supernaturally enjoined, and remembers the ties of kindred. Witness his extreme reluctance to kill his uncle;—whereas a man who tries to stab a ghost, will assuredly *stick at nothing*.

T. H.

ADVICE GRATIS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

THE Advice which the author of *L'Allégre* describes—Advice “with scrupulous head”—springs from so very distant a branch of the family to which Advice “gratis” belongs, that there can hardly be said to be any actual relationship existing between them. Assuredly there is not the smallest personal resemblance.

Advice gratis wears a remarkably unscrupulous aspect. He has a long tongue which hangs half out of his mouth, a long sight which detects the approach of a victim before he has turned the corner, a long finger to twine round the button of a hapless listener, and a short memory which causes him to recommend two opposite remedies to the same patient, both wrong ones.

He is a creature wholly destitute of imagination, and although constantly found in the company of another, never yet saw anything out of himself. He substitutes self for the person he advises, and devoutly recommends as adapted to his fellow what is suited only to his own case. He never cares to consider whether you have a weak or a strong sight, so that you consent to wear his spectacles, with which you cannot see at all. He will set you dancing, but it must be in the tight boots or the crazy slippers he himself is wearing. In whatsoever you may seek his help, he offers what agrees with him, and not what agrees with you. In a pining atrophy he bids you adopt the system applicable to his own gout.

“Advice gratis” appears to be attended with one just principle—that it is always disposed of at its exact value; but this is an error—for seldom can we follow advice gratis, for nothing.

That the strongest and wisest, the best armed and the most knowing, often need advice, is not to be denied; the king’s minister might have taken it profitably from the lips of the king’s jester upon a thousand occasions. Great wits may sometimes get very needful help from very dull people; as we see an eclipse best by looking through smoked glass.

The bone-knife, there is no disputing the fact, was found, with its blunt edge, a better paper-cutter than the razor; but ever since the days of Swift—and before, even up to the birth of History—the bone-knife has boasted of itself as decidedly the best instrument to shave with.

It is so with the clever people who press their service at all times and in all ways in the form of advice. Because they are not voted utterly useless, they must claim to be useful universally. Because you needed a few drops of advice once, you must be drenched with it. The physician might wait till he is called in; but he bursts upon us at all hours and places—insisting that we shall take the draught, because it would do *him* good. The advice-giver will compel us to have our new shoes made by his last.

At may be argued that the widely-prevailing habit of proffering ad-

vice, unasked and unwanted, upon all subjects, is a token of philanthropic concern and charitable interest in the affairs of humanity. It does seem generous in idle people to bestow their wise thoughts and precious time upon us of their own free will, and as often as they are *not* solicited.

When our old acquaintance in story lost his horse, nobody gave him one in place of it; but when he lost his wife, every family in town offered him another. Thus it is, that this much-vilified human nature will give away a part of itself, its flesh and blood, its finest store of mental wealth, its scanty allowance even of invaluable and irrecoverable time, for the benefit of one who neither claims nor needs the gift.

But in answer to this, it must be urged, that the advice-giver does not actually make a sacrifice, on the score either of thought or time; for though he may put his tongue to some little trouble, it does not often happen that he troubles his brain about the business; and as for the intricate affairs over which you, who best know them, have pondered long—presto! he simplifies and cuts them short in half a second!

Before any of us doubt, let us call to mind how slowly men deliberate upon their own concerns, and in what an off-hand and summary way they decide upon the same points submitted for their judgment by others.

When a step involving important but doubtful consequences is before us, we draw back, pause, advance, shrink again, ponder, look behind, try the ground with the foot, flinch, resolve finally, and yet are slow to take it; but in the case of a friend pausing at the very same step, we drag him back or push him on without much consultation. We look at the position from our point of view, not from his, and see few of the difficulties which would be palpable enough, if we were actor instead of adviser.

Were it, however, otherwise—if the giver of Advice gratis had bestowed both time and trouble upon the knotty point—pondering, weighing, and changing places with his victims, before he counselled them to stir—still must he be voted one of the most intrusive and self-sufficient personages that ever obtained toleration, age after age, in every country, on the plea of good nature and benevolence.

For what a height of conceit and impertinence must the giver of Advice gratis have attained to, before he can pretend to tell us that he has surveyed in an hour what it had taken us years to explore—unravelling in a day the threads of our long life—mastered our secrets and plucked out the heart of our mystery; that he knows our affairs better than we do—that he can judge, upon a slight acquaintance, more accurately of what falls in with our interest than we can who are familiar with whatsoever affects it—that he, a foreigner, can speak English better than ourselves—that, tyro as he is, he can beat us in that very study which we have most pursued—that he is infinitely our superior, a wiser, a more reflecting, a more practical man—as far above us as *Nous* the schoolmaster is above young *Dolt* or little *Dog's-ear*.

All this he plainly says to the understanding, though not to the ear. He bids you stand aside while he looks in the glass to show you your own image. The contradiction, that Coleridge's picture was more like

him than Coleridge was like himself, has no subtlety for the gratuitous adviser—it is perfectly clear. He would act your part more correctly, more like life, than you would. He comes to you as an amateur lunacy-commissioner, and assumes that you are incapable of managing your own affairs. Not only does he contend that the bystander must see most of the game, but he generally concludes that the players know nothing at all about it.

Does this in reality mean any thing less than the most intolerable assurance and conceit? What ground has the advice-giver for assuming that you are ignorant of what you ought most to know? And even if he had reason to esteem himself better informed than yourself on a given point, what degree of decency does he observe when he thrusts himself forward to tell you of the fact? Superior, either in the power of forming an opinion, in dispassionate observation, in a sense of justice, in decision of conduct, or in dexterity of management, he manifestly conceives himself to be—and indeed boasts of being—when he steps up with his patronizing piece of counsel.

Be by your friends advised,

is his morning and evening song—but what is the moral of it? And why are your friends, without evidence produced of their qualifications, to be constituted your law-makers?

If you are translating an ode of Horace, you must adopt his reading, though he never got further with his verbs than the second conjugation, *Moneo, I advise*. If you determine, after a long and patient watching of character and inclination, upon making your son a shipwright, he bids you take his advice and make the boy a dancing-master, or you will repent it to the longest day you have to live; and if you were a fox, he would earnestly advise you to cut off your tail, because he had left his in a trap.

In defiance of the proverb, it is wise and right to look a gift horse in the mouth. Serve gift-advice in the same way, for sometimes it has teeth that bite sharply.

The best excuse that offers for the freedom and pertinacity evinced by volunteer advice-givers is, that they never by any accident have reason to presume that their counsel will be followed. There is to be sure something in this that acquits them of all criminal design, and leaves them convicted only of impudent vanity, and vexatious interference. Of the myriads to whom such phrases as—

“If I might presume to advise—”

“If you would but take my advice—”

“Now, pray, without another word, be advised by me—”

With fifty variations of the same note of superior wisdom and voluntary patronage—of the myriads to whom this phraseology is common, not one in a thousand expects, while using it, that it will ever penetrate beyond the ear of the listener. Not one of them all, so much as dreams that the listener will really act upon the advice, bestowed as it was with every manifestation of anxiety and fervour.

They all know pretty well, that, practically, there is something in the very nature of advice which gives it rather a repelling than an attracting character. When it does move us, the movement is usually contrary to the tendency of the counsel; and upon this principle, advice

is occasionally applied with wonderful effect. Where an author is seen to excel in a particular style of writing, he should be told to avoid it, the better to induce him to persevere. Where he is most faulty, he should be warmly encouraged, and his faults will be abandoned. Not a few of us are Irish pigs, allowed to think we are going to Fermoy, that we may be got to move quietly in the opposite direction.

But the excuse for the givers of *Advice gratis* extends further than the surface, as we see if we call to mind how astonishingly the habit is encouraged by another prevailing weakness—the practice of *asking* advice upon every subject of all comers. There is a large class of people, alive at this hour, and averaging in age half a century each, who are just as ridiculously helpless as when they were born.

Unless we note closely, we never know the extent of their miserable dependence. They can do nothing whatever if they are not advised. They have no convenience, no comfort, while they are left to their free will.

The expressions quoted above from the mouths of the many-headed adviser, are matched by as varied a set of exclamations on the part of most destitute and eager-eyed applicants, wandering in troops over the world—

“What would you advise—”

“I do so want your advice—”

“Well, I did think you would have advised me—”

“Knobs advises me to try the knocker instead of pulling the bell—What is your advice?”

You must advise them whether the pin is to be stuck on the right or the left-shoulder—and whether they are to shut the book at the seventh or eighth chapter. Points which they alone can decide, must be decided for them. Give them but their choice, and all enjoyment has fled—tell them that there is not the slightest difference, and they are distracted by the increasing difficulty.

Nor are the systematic and habitual seekers of advice at all particular in their selection of advisers. Any body's opinion will lend the prop they require. They never pause to consider whether the person addressed ever had, or ever can have, the slightest pretensions to play the oracle on such a subject.

“What would you advise?” is the imploring appeal to all passers-by—whether the question relate to a lame horse or a cameo—whether the questioned party be pedlar or prince.

“I am recommended to purchase this cat, Sir Matthew—he's a Persian, I believe, and scarce—what would you advise?”

“Not competent to form a judgment, ma'am,” said Sir M., glancing momentarily downward at the intruding animal, and then quietly proceeding with his duck and peas—for it was at dinner.

“He's very handsome—do look!”

“I suppose so,” (here another glance, with a spilling of peas); “but I lament, ma'am, my total ignorance of every thing relating to cats, both domestic and foreign.”

“Do you think him at all like the cat in the pretty Persian story?”

“Can't say I ever read that story, ma'am.”

“But don't you think the ears something like—”

"Never read the account, ma'am," repeated Sir M., pursuing his peas with tremendous avidity.

"These marks, Sir Matthew—Come here, you beauty—" (a stare first, and then a smile from Sir M.)—"these marks add to his value, you know—"

"No, I do not, ma'am!"

"I wish you would give me your honest opinion now of the breed."

"Haven't an idea on the subject, upon my honour," returned Sir Matthew, in a final tone, re-collecting his scattered peas.

"Should you think thirty guineas dear?—Let me have your advice—"

"But I should mislead you—I'm the worst in the world—so totally unconnected with cats, so unacquainted—"

"The tail, you observe, Sir Matthew, is of the true character."

"No doubt, ma'am," replied the pestered pea-hunter, dropping fifty from his fork for about the sixth time; "and to an admirer of cat's tails, it must be a treat indeed!"

All the lady wanted was advice—she was not so unreasonable as to demand a knowledge of the subject besides—but some people are so fastidious.

As there must often be presumption in the unconsidered proffer of advice upon numerous subjects, so the solicitation of it must frequently contain one of the most valuable of compliments. We cannot properly seek counsel on matters of consequence, without attributing to the adviser the possession of some ennobling gifts—some qualities of judgment and of sincerity to which we respectfully defer. For the sake of both parties, advice should be as cautiously asked as given. The help, in the form of true counsel, which we can best accord one another, will never be secured but by the nicest discrimination in the choice of advisers. To ask advice at random, is too often to call upon the hatter to clothe the body, and the tailor the head; and to receive it in the same way, is to permit the lawyer to treat our ague, and the physician our chancery-suit.

In most cases, it is thought enough to know, when advice is sought, that it is asked of a friend; and to two persons, the most opposite in all qualities of judgment and experience, the same question is put, with equal confidence in the integrity which is perhaps the sole qualification of both. The different counsel thus obtained, sends out the puzzled querist in quest of an umpire; till the umpire is sought in every acquaintance that can answer a question without considering its bearings.

In choosing councillors and adopting advice, much care is requisite to avoid being taken in by the showy qualities. We may always remember with usefulness the question put by the great Mrs. Siddons to the shopman, who, handing her some muslin for a dress, was in love with its pattern, and in raptures with its colour.

"Young man," said she, in a full and measured tone, which, startling his nerves, seemed to carry a great moral lesson, a solemn admonition and warning into his soul, "young man, WILL IT WASH?"

THE WALNUT-TREE CABINET.

Oh then I see Queen Mab hath been with you:
She is the fairies' midwife.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

HE who quits London in the spring, leaves balls, scientific socialities, dinners, and other *eating cares*; for he flies also from those exhausting and too often suicidal labours that corrode the brain, and weigh upon the heart.

The first puff of the gallant old roarer of a locomotive, as it pants to rush off with its comet-like train, is music to the ear of him who longs for the country. The breezy hills, the rich lowlands, the broad silvery winding river, the hawthorn hedges, the glorious green cultivated patches, the flocks, the herds, the trim gardens with their lilacs and laburnums, and the snowy guelder-rose, just tossing its foamy bloom above the foliage; the nest of a cottage with its wreath of misty blue smoke, rising against the sheltering wood, the village church, and, above all, the lovely hanging orchards, forming one sheet of apple-blossom, pass in rapid succession—and a charming moving panorama it is. The eye has no time to tire; the quick succession of beautiful pictures comes in a stream of perpetual novelty. Blessed be the man who invented railroads.

Well, here we are, scores of miles from the mighty metropolis; and the steady companion of a life, he, who more than brother, has shared our pleasures and sorrows from childhood to ripe manhood, says, as we look from the terraced garden on the tufted wood that overhangs the trout-stream gliding below, and as if he instinctively divined my thought,—

"Yes. We will have some of *them* out; the mill-tail and the tumbling bay hold not a few handsome, silvery-sided and marygold-bellied ones; but—don't be angry—it is, I grant, sounding the base string of humility—but, no pond-fishing have I had since we were boys. I *do* long to see the floats dancing again—let us be boys once more, and go after the carp and tench in 'Broadwater.' It has not been fished for years."

Now this "Broadwater" was a temptation. Besides the gray-headed carp and the tench sabled with age, there were stores of noble perch and huge pike that I was sure never could resist a well-spun minnow or gudgeon.

"Agreed," replied I.

"To-morrow, then?"

"With all my heart."

The resolution was no sooner taken than I felt carried back to the freshness of youth, to those supremely happy days when the very odour of the cobbler's wax, that made all right and tight in the tackle, was redolent of meadows spangled with kingcups, cowslips, daisies, and orchises; and raised visions of crimson spotted trouts, and the most bright-eyed and brilliant-finned perches. Talk of "Tyrian dye" indeed! 'twas a faded red garter to the perch-fin of our imaginings.

The ground and spinning-tackle, *patent hoisters* (as a knowing old

Thames fisherman terms Paternoster lines) and all, in order set, and every thing ready for an early start, the hour arrives for turning in.

At such times what a phantasmagoria uprises in the dreamy state which precedes slumber—one sense, so to speak, going to sleep after another: some awake while others are steeped in oblivion.

First, as you gradually drop into a dose, there comes vividly on the retina of your fancy a lovely quiet picture by Wynants last seen by the eye of flesh, long, long ago, with its angler intent upon the float on which the light glances brightly, as it rests on the unruffled clear, deep, dark water, not without lilies, beneath the richly festooned trunk of a tree, such a trunk as Wynants alone knew how to place before the spectator. This gradually dissolves into a vision of a real scene. There lies the broad lake-like expanse curled into brightness at a distance by a gentle breeze—just that which makes the perch bite and the pike run—up to the boundary where the thick set floating leaves of the water-plants carpet the surface. Beyond this, with here and there a huge leaf, spreads a calm, unbroken space of deep water bordered by the tall whispering bulrushes, and yellow irises, and almost blackened, though quite transparent, by the ragged arms of the old fantastic oak that overshadows it. There sits the well-cocked float. It vibrates. Down, down it goes till it is lost in the depths—steadily away runs the line, cutting a furrow as it is, at last, carried out towards the middle.

The indescribable turn of the wrist is given, and as you strike, up springs into the air a monster of a yellow-sided, well-barrelled up carp, with scales like new half-sovereigns, making all bend again, and as the tightened line goes singing from the reel, dancing sarabands on the foamy surface, till you quietly wind him up in just such a fenny, reedy place, as would make the best of all possible ballrooms for the *Walis*, and are not at all surprised when you find that he wears a well-powdered, full-bottomed wig, nor that as you stoop to put him into your capacious rush-basket, he is metamorphosed into a fascinating young whale whom you, nothing loath, lead out to the wild tune of the wind and the waterfowl, among a select assembly of seals and mermaids, while whole benches of dowager penguins look admiringly on—and so you awake.

You sleep again, and see a well-known spot that has not crossed your vision for years—the haunted ruin that formerly *would* catch your eye far away among the morning mist, as you plied your boyish rod, ever and anon, pulling out a burnished trout.

This had been a mill too; but let no one picture to himself the rural scenery of some ivy-shrouded remnant. Although it was far from any town, and stood completely isolated, it was a naked, desolate shell, built near the shore on a melancholy inlet of a tidal river. There was not a tree, nor a bush near it. When the tide was out—and it always seemed to be out—the sickly-looking, yellow mud banks lay spread out, with nothing to break the blank, but now and then, a sea-mew screaming as it flitted past. Within, the hearth was covered with rank grass and hemlock, and the deadly nightshade drooped where the gladsome fire once went crackling and leaping up the ample chimney.

From this wretched place a miserable human being, after prowling about the ruin two long dreary days, during which he had nearly covered the bare walls as high as he could reach, with lines traced with a pencil expressive of the agonies of his last dark hours, had rushed into the presence of his maker.

This accursed spot now uprears itself before you in your troubled sleep. You see it in all its horrors, in a night of darkness and tempest, and from it come mingled curses and shrieks—human in their utterance, but too loud and fiendish for this world—and you start up at the bark of little Clinch, who hears your companions stirring, and see the glorious sun just streaking the east, and soon away you are whirled behind Smuggler, the best of ponies that ever trotted before a fisherman's *shanderidan*, and who always makes it a point to rear perpendicularly three times at least, not out of vice, but to show that he is up to every thing, and that he knows he is under weigh for the comfortable stable of the to him well known *public*, rejoicing in the sign of the *Trout*, upon which inviting picture the liberal painter has bestowed spots for six.

After a morning's sport of the most satisfactory character came the "good, honest, hungry" luncheon, and the discourse rolling, as we waited for the evening fishing, on dreams and the strange coincidences that have been known to attend them, one of the party who, for his sins, had a reputation as a story-teller, was called upon to relate some instance in support of the theory which he had been weak enough to broach, that dreams come true more frequently than most people are willing to allow.

"Though I do not mean to assert," said the challenged story-teller, "that dreams always 'descend from *Job*,' as I heard a respectable member of the Malaprop family once express it, those who laugh to scorn the notion that there is something in them more than mere imagination, will, if they take the trouble to seek far enough, see reason to allow that in some instances at least they have done good service, as is proved by the well authenticated narrative of

THE WALNUT-TREE CABINET.

M. François de Tourreil, of Toulouse, is the person to whom the event happened, and I shall relate it as it appears in his handwriting.

I was twenty years of age, says M. de Tourreil, when I first came to Paris with one of my uncles, the Abbé de Polastre. I left at Toulouse one of my intimate friends. He was my fellow collegian, and belonged to the better class of citizens of that town. His name was Paul Y'dumarc. His father, who had been long dead, had left two sons who were rich, and his wife, who did not marry again.

My friend, who thus became possessed of a good fortune early in life, had one prevailing fault: he was very fond of money. He laid out his wealth in traffic, lent sums at heavy interest, and, at the same time, lived on no good terms with his mother and brother. I ought to add that he was six years my senior, and that, in his sixteenth year an attachment to a poor peasant girl procured for him the honours of pater-

nity. He never would own this child, who was, however, named Paul after him, nor provide for it, so repugnant was it to his nature to make the smallest pecuniary sacrifice.

I then left for Paris, where I had been two years, when I suddenly received two letters from Y'dumarc, dated Toulouse.

He anxiously inquired whether I should not soon return, spoke of his son, and added,

"I am most unfortunate in not having any one here worthy of my confidence: I miss you very much. There are things that one can mention to a friend which prudence forbids us to write. Return hither, my dear Francis, I want you sorely."

I replied to these letters, and there our correspondence dropped.

One night I had been to a ball at the hotel of the Marquis de Soyecourt, and returned home so late that having an appointment with M. Dunoyer* at seven that morning, I thought it best not to go to bed, so I threw myself into an arm-chair, and was soon asleep. I then had a dream.

In my dream I saw a wall rise before me. It was pierced by a cabinet with two folding doors, made of walnut-wood like the rest of the wainscot. On the right door, in a frame of black wood, was the portrait of his majesty, Henry the Fourth, with two verses which I could not read below it, and on the left door, in a similar frame, was the likeness of the king then reigning, Louis the Thirteenth.

I know not why, but so it was, that when I awoke this dream haunted me; I could not succeed in shaking it off: it recurred again and again, as if to impress itself on my memory. On the next day, however, I thought of it no more.

About six months afterwards Chalvet, one of my cousins, arriving from Toulouse, inquired whether I had not much regretted the loss of poor Paul Y'dumarc?

"What? Is he dead?" said I.

"I thought you had been informed of his death," replied he. "Six months ago—let me see—yes, it was in last January—a villain who had differences with him about some money transaction, settled his accounts with a brace of bullets. The nocturnal assassin, to make sure, gave poor Paul the contents of both barrels of his fusil."

I was greatly shocked. After deploring the fate of my unhappy friend—

"And his son?" inquired I.

"Having no reason to believe that his end was near, our friend had made no will. His mother and brother not finding their inheritance what they, and indeed all of us expected, have not given a denier to Paul's poor child."

"The base wretches! But what have they lost?"

"They pretend that they only found in their relation's chest a sum very far below what they ought to have found, and not one of the notes or other securities that his debtors must have put into his hands; for you know how careful Y'dumarc was of his money."

* Minister under Louis XIII. He flattered himself that he should succeed Cardinal de Richelieu, but, finding his case hopeless, sent in his resignation in disgust.

Having thus become acquainted with the affairs of this family, I remained two years more at Paris, and then returned to Toulouse. I had been there eight months, when I was invited to pass some days at Castelnau with my cousins de Tréville. I left Avignonet on horseback, having nearly a three hours' ride before I reached my relations.

During this ride a violent storm arose, and my servant proposed that we should take shelter in Y'dumarc's house, which was situated hardly fifty paces from the road.

Notwithstanding my intimacy with the elder brother, I did not even know his mother, who was an ordinary woman enough. In truth, I cared not to go near them : it was making a sort of acquaintance with those of whom I had no good opinion, on account of their inhumanity to Paul's natural child, who had been to see me, poor fellow ! and I had done him all the good I could.

At this moment of hesitation, vivid lightning and loud thunder-claps announcing an increase of the storm, and combining with the terror which had seized my horse, determined me to seek refuge under the roof of this family.

I arrived at the gate, gave my name, was recognised by the mother and son, and received with open arms. They offered me refreshment, and while at table, the deceased was the subject of conversation. Then I learnt all the details of the case, and was informed that his cash and portfolio, the whole valued at fifty-five or sixty thousand francs, were not to be found. Each supposed debtor, standing on the defensive, said, "If I am in your debt, you hold my security;" and as it was impossible to produce any such thing, the chagrined heirs were obliged to be content with this answer, and had now despaired of recovering any of their credits.

"It looks," said I, thinking aloud, "like a punishment from heaven for the abandonment of Paul's child."

At these words both mother and son loudly denied that my friend was the child's father; they could prove, they said, that the mother had deceived him, and that it was no more his than theirs.

"How can you," replied I, "talk thus to me, when nature, as if to furnish irrefragable proof, has given to the child not only a resemblance to my poor friend, in which there may be nothing extraordinary, but the strongest family likeness. He has the very expression of his uncle's features. Ay, sir," continued I, turning to the brother, "the unhappy boy is your living portrait."

This conversation was not to the taste of my hosts. To arrest it, they proposed to conduct me to the chamber in which I was to pass the night. I acquiesced, finding little to interest me in their company, which I had only sought from necessity. The mother and son led the way; the first as far as the corridor, the second into the room.

I entered : it was still broad day. I threw around a rapid glance, and instantly my heart beat quick, my imagination was roused, a vanished recollection rushed again upon my memory, and turning to my host, I said,

"Monsieur Y'dumarc, will you consent to give two thousand pistoles to Paul, your brother's son, if I put you in possession of that part of the inheritance which you believe to be lost?"

He whom I addressed stood like one planet-struck at my proposal, and eagerly demanded if I had been made the depositary of my friend's secret or of his treasure?

"Of neither," was my reply. "Nevertheless I am certain—yes, *very* certain, that I can increase your fortune, if you consent to be a good brother and a kind relative."

We spoke loud: Madame Y'dumarc, who heard us, came forward, bringing with her the curé of the neighbouring parish, whom the storm had also driven to entreat their hospitality. He was of a noble family of Langédoc. The mother was as much surprised as her son at my proposition, and begged an explanation. My answer was that I could be of no service, if they had no pity for the unfortunate boy whom I protected. Fontaine-Vandomois, for that was the name of the good priest, supported me, saying to them—

"You regret the loss of some sixty thousand livres which have been as nothing to you for many years, you will come at once into two-thirds of that sum, and one who has your blood in his veins will enjoy the rest. Take my advice: do what M. de Tourreil requires."

One might now see that a conflict was raging in their bosoms between two kinds of avarice, that which would engross the whole, and that which would be satisfied with the greater portion. The last conquered. They gave me their word that they would comply with my request in the presence of the curé.

Then I said, "On the night of Paul Y'dumarc's murder, I saw in a dream a walnut-tree cabinet open in the midst of a wainscot of the same wood. On one of the doors was the portrait of Henry the Fourth, and on the other, in a frame of black wood, was that of Louis the Thirteenth.

"Well! what does that signify?" cried all three.

"Look," I answered, "there stands the cabinet, there are the two portraits, and there the treasure is."

Their countenances fell.

"Alas! we have so often searched that piece of furniture."

"Try again."

The brother whose strength seemed to be raised by his avidity to twice its natural power, broke up the planks which composed the cabinet, and from the inside of them—for their substance had been hollowed out, leaving a superficial shell—fell on all sides, bonds, bills payable to the bearer, and gold; and these in such quantities, that instead of the so-much-regretted sixty thousand livres, they gathered up property to the value of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand livres.

The wild and indecent joy of these two persons, who at that moment forgot both son and brother, scandalized me not less than the curé. Suddenly they looked blank—it evidently crossed their minds that I should demand a portion of the treasure for myself.

I put them at their ease, however, on this score, and to their praise I ought to state, that each of them liberally added five thousand livres to the orphan's portion. I did not suffer their enthusiasm to cool; and the worthy ecclesiastic and myself, took from the mass two thousand livres in gold and ten thousand in good securities.

"A very marvellous story," said one of the auditors, "which, I suppose, I may believe or not at my option."

"Undoubtedly; and to assist your choice, here is the attestation of the narrator."

"Tel est l'événement extraordinaire dans lequel j'ai joué un premier rôle, et dont je certifie l'exactitude, en tous les points, sur ma part de paradis, comme chrétien, et sur mon honneur, comme gentil-homme."

"Paris, ce 23 Septembre, 1667.

"Noble FRANÇOIS DE TOURREIL,

"écuyer et ancien capitoul, signé."

"But see, the rain is over: one more turn at the lake, and then home."

The evening was closing: the precious minutes were not misused; and it seemed as if every finny thing in the water was on its feed. The pike and perch ran and bit as if they had been Moslems, and it was Rhamazan's sun that had just set, whilst the moon was rising, to usher in the Bairam-feast. It was a scene such as none but Byron could paint on the page, and Turner only can realize on his atmospheric canvass. Merrily did the floats dance in the varying light as the carp and tench were taking their last evening's refreshment.

All that's bright must fade;

and soon the floats were no longer visible; but enough light remained to show the long row of goodly fish laid out on the sward, and glittering in the moonbeams. The well-filled baskets were now packed and received by the Shanderidan aforesaid, the party were stowed away, somehow, in that accommodating carriage, Smuggler reared four times as if conscious of the noble spoil behind him, and in honour of the vanquishers, and went off at the rate of ten miles an hour. One silvery genial shower fell as we descended the last hill, and saw the home-lights twinkling beneath us, and called up a most perfect lunar rainbow by way of a finish.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREEN SPAR.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

AUTHOR OF "THE PRICE OF FAME."

'Twas told me by a man whose hairs were gray,
Whose brow bore token of the lapse of years;
Yet o'er his heart affection's gentle sway,
Maintain'd that lingering spell which age endears,
And while he told his tale, his eyes were dim with tears.

BERNARD BARTON.

DURING a recent visit to the sea-coast, I used to be much interested in observing how the cottages of the poor, and even middle classes,

were invariably ornamented with some species of marine treasure. I cannot remember a mantelshelf, let the furniture be ever so humble, without its two large, pink-coloured shells, and a piece of seaweed, or rock-coral in the centre. While the sideboard, if it did not boast some rare foreign bird ingeniously stuffed, had, what was perhaps still more prized, a rough sketch, and rough enough it often was, but no matter for that, of the ship in which even now some of the family might be sailing upon the treacherous deep. I have seen a piece of dark fossil, or even a common muscle-shell, which the owner would not have parted with for any thing that could have been offered. It may be that the husband or the son had brought it home from his last voyage, promising with a cheerful smile something more valuable another time, but had never returned again! Heaven knows, but there were tears in the woman's eyes as she dusted it carefully with her apron, e'er she returned it to its place. And I noticed that she wore black ribbon on her simple cap.

And yet where these relics are not consecrated by death, how eagerly every thing you venture to admire is pressed upon you. They think it must be such a treat to a Londoner, and you need not fear depriving them of it, as they are sure to have plenty more soon. And yet the poor of England are called boorish and uncivilized! True it is, that poverty and want may in many cases have frozen up the heart, but it needs only the gentle word, and the spring of human kindness gushes forth again like a fountain in a wilderness. For virtue and goodness, even among the very dregs of society, as they are called, are never wholly dead, but sleep, ready to leap up at the voice of sympathy. And now to our tale.

In one of the dwellings I have been describing, there was a piece of green spar which glittered strangely at night, and altogether had a very curious appearance; sometimes resembling an emerald, but at others much paler, and apparently transparent.

"Ah! I guess you never saw the like of that," said an old man with gray hair, who sat in the chimney-corner.

"No, indeed," replied I. "What do you call it?"

"That's more than I can tell you; but they say it grows in the caves under the sea, almost as plentifully as our trees upon shore."

"Who says so?"

"One who has been there and gathered it! But it's a strange tale if you have time to listen to it."

"Oh! yes, indeed, and shall be very grateful to you besides." We hope that our readers love a strange history as well as we did then, or do now for the matter of that.

The old man's face lit up as I came and sat myself close beside him, for he spoke low; while the children whispered one another—

"Now grandfather is going to tell the lady the story of Jack Hinton."

"Many, many years ago," he began, "there dwelt in this neighbourhood a poor widow-woman, with an only child of such rare beauty, that the people around prophesied that he would not live long, which gave the mother many a heartach and sleepless night. But for all these forebodings the boy grew up the picture of health and happiness,

with a bold and fearless spirit, a merry eye, and a laugh so full of glee, that one could scarcely help echoing it for the life of them. And yet they were very poor, and oftentimes wanted bread—but then they loved one another!”

The old man’s philosophy pleased me, and although longing for him to come to the History of the Green Spar, I listened with renewed attention.

“It was a strange fact, but John Hinton, or Jack as he was more familiarly called, never could bear to stand by the sea-shore, as I have stood hour after hour, with the bright waves rolling onwards to my very feet, and then retreating again with a pleasant murmuring sound. He always felt such an inclination, he said, to follow them into the deep—nay, he could almost fancy himself drawn forward by an invisible power; and it often required all his strength of mind to resist its influence. The neighbours only laughed at him when he related this; but his mother, who was both a good and prudent woman, wrung from him a promise to avoid such danger in future.

Mrs. Hinton had an only brother, much better off than herself, but a hard-hearted, mercenary man, and yet he was a little proud of his handsome nephew too, and used to send for him to stay for whole weeks together, and at length actually offered to get him a berth on board a ship bound for the East Indies, and fit him out at his own expense. For which kindness the widow professed herself very grateful, while she wept as she spoke, as though her heart would break, but dared not to refuse. While Jack, although he had never any very great inclination for the sea, was well pleased with the idea of doing something for himself: and thanking his uncle with a cheerful air, instantly set about his hasty preparations, and the still more painful task of taking leave of those who had been kind to them at a period when, but for their help, they must have perished for want.

“Ah! those times will never come again,” exclaimed the hopeful boy; “for who knows but I may make a lady of my dear old mother yet!”

“If you can only earn enough to live on here at home, if it be ever so poorly, I shall be more than contented,” replied the widow, “so that we are together. But what am I to do without you, Jack?”

“Oh! after the first you will not miss me much, and I have promised to bring little Mary Ross a real amber-necklace on my return, if she takes great care of you, and sits with you when you would feel lonely else, or nurses you should you fall ill—which, Heaven forbid! Not but what I am sure she would have done all this just the same out of pure love.”

“I think so too, Jack; and although she is but a child, it will be a comfort to have her with me, and to talk to her sometimes of you.”

“After all, dear mother!” said the boy, “it’s no use fretting; for if it’s God’s will I shall return, and otherwise it would be sinful to repine overmuch. Any how, it is better than staying idling here, eating you out of house and home.”

How handsome Jack looked in his new clothes, with the blue jacket and bright anchor buttons, and the little cap placed saucily upon his dark curls. No wonder his mother should be so proud of him—so

loath to part with her treasure, that little Mary should hang upon his neck, and kiss his white brow, whispering that she did not care a bit about the necklace, so he returned safely to them again, which he promised faithfully to do, Heaven permitting: and his stern uncle hurrying him away, the place seemed quite lost without merry Jack Hinton! And it was long before they ceased to miss him from among them.

Well, summer passed away, and then came storms and high winds, which kept the widow waking, and at her prayers for many a long, wild night, the girl kneeling beside her with clasped hands and pale lips, for she had just lost her last surviving parent, and been made to feel how fearful a thing is death! So the orphan lived wholly with her kind friend, weaving fishing-nets and little wicker-baskets, which the sailors disposed of for her at the neighbouring towns for a scanty support. And yet, mindful of the boy's parting injunctions, she had ever a word of consolation, or a smile of hope for her aged companion, to whom she was indeed a real blessing. But Mrs. Hinton could not help recalling to mind Jack's strange account of how the waves had seemed, as it were, to woo him in, and there was a wild foreboding at her heart.

"Aught never comes to harm," said her brother, harshly, one day when she had been speaking to him of her fears. "We shall be having him home soon, I suppose—that is, if he has not forgotten us."

And sure enough the old man was right; for before many weeks had passed, back came Jack Hinton, grown a head at least, with his bright eyes and high brow, making, if possible, a handsomer-looking man than he had done a boy, but with just the same kind, merry heart as ever. And poor Mary, who had changed too into a tall slender girl, instead of flinging herself into his arms as she had done at their parting, shrank timidly from his boisterous salute, and buried her burning face on Mrs. Hinton's bosom.

"Why, Mary!—my darling Mary! Am I so very terrible? What, not one kiss, when I have been away so long? See, I have brought your necklace as I promised; but you must pay me for it first."

And at length seeing that he must take his own reward, the young sailor rated it so highly, that even his mother cried out shame! And then passing an arm around the waist of each of these dear ones, he began to relate what to them seemed indeed a tale of marvels. After all, the life of a sailor, with its perilous adventures, and hairbreadth escapes, is well worth enduring for the joy of such an hour as this, when kind eyes weep with us in sorrow for what we have suffered, mingled with joy at our present safety.

"And then, I suppose, he told them the History of the Green Spar?" interrupted I.

"Not yet," replied the old man, amused at my impatience; "and for a good reason why, he did not meet with it until his second voyage; but he had many things almost as wonderful to recount. And Mary forgot her bashfulness, and clung fondly to him when he spoke of the dangers he had gone through.

It might have been observed, however, that he talked no more of winning a fortune in those foreign lands, for he had seen how rarely in

his station of life men attained even a moderate competency ; but had learned at the same time how possible it was to be happy without it, and professed himself well content to be able, in the course of three or four voyages, to earn enough to rent and furnish the little cottage next to his mother's, so that they might still live almost together. While Mary, smiling and blushing, brought forth her little store, for the kind-hearted widow could never be persuaded to take any thing for her lodging, and offered to add it to the general stock.

"Who knows," said Jack, "but my uncle may not, after a time, take it into his head to be generous, and advance us a trifle towards housekeeping—eh, mother?"

And Mrs. Hinton, although she did not think it very probable, forbore to say so, or damp by a single forboding word the joyous anticipations with which those young lovers looked forward into the future.

In this manner the few weeks allotted to him passed away all too rapidly, but they separated at length in hope. And soon after his departure, Mary's sweet voice might once again be heard as she sat singing at her wicker-work, or casting wistful glances towards the neglected cottage next door ; thinking, perhaps, at what a trifling expense it might be converted into a comfortable and happy home. And how she would prevail upon Jack to take away the palings, and throw the two gardens into one, which it would be an easy and pleasant employment for the now aged widow to tend in the summer time. Oh ! youth, lady, is the time for such-like dreams !

The sailors were all very glad to have Jack among them again, for he was a general favourite with both captain and crew, the latter of whom would often gather around him when night came on, and take pleasure in listening to the droll yarns which he made up on the spur of the moment, or his songs of home, which often set those rough men weeping like so many little children. And there was one, a lad about his own age, to whom, when it came their turn to watch together, he used to open his whole heart, and tell him of his kind old mother, and of Mary. And let the tempest howl ever so loudly, he never felt afraid, knowing how earnestly they prayed for him, besides having a sweet faith in the prayers of the good. And now we are coming to the most wonderful part of Jack's history.

It was a calm, moonlight night, so bright that he could almost have seen to read his prayer-book by it, which, however, he did not try to do ; perhaps if he had, what I am about to relate would not have happened.

Except the man at the helm, he was the only waking thing on board that vessel ; and yet, as he hung over the side, and gazed vacantly upon the shining waves, he did not feel lonely, for they were "homeward bound !" What a magic there is in these two words to the heart of a sailor !

Presently, as if by enchantment, there rose up a strain of more than mortal sweetness, and yet it sounded familiar too, as though he had heard it before when a child ; and the boy as he listened, leaned so far over that a sudden lurch would have precipitated him into the ocean, until unable at length to withstand what appeared an irresistible impulse, he leaped fairly over the ship's side and disappeared.

You will think, perhaps, that after this there will be but little more to tell about poor Jack Hinton, but it was no such thing.

The plunge, as he assured his companions afterwards, was a mere nothing, although the water bubbling about his ears, stunned him a little at first. When he came to himself he was lying upon a couch of soft green moss, with the most beautiful lady he had ever seen in his life bending tenderly over him, holding his hands in her delicate ones, which seemed scarcely large enough to span a single finger, and were as white as the drifted snow. But from Jack's description, her dress must have been curious enough, and not over decent; for besides being entirely off one shoulder, it was looped up a little at the left leg; but then, as he said, with such fairy feet and ankles, no wonder that she should like to show them a bit.

"Where am I?" asked the young sailor, half bewildered by her rare loveliness, and the glittering lustre of the cave in which he lay, that glistened as though it was studded all over with precious stones.

"At the bottom of the sea, Jack!" replied his companion with a bewitching smile; "but never fear, for no harm shall come to you."

But the boy laughed, when she talked to him of fear.

"I am glad to find you so merry," replied the lady, "since it gives me hopes that you will very soon be quite reconciled to your new home."

"My home!"

"Yes; at least I trust so: but now listen to me patiently."

And the lad could not do otherwise, for her voice was like a strain of sweet music.

"From your very childhood," continued the sea-nymph, "I have watched over and loved you; and been with you and about you in storm and sunshine, although you knew it not. I have palaces by dozens—riches, it would take whole years to number up, and all these shall be yours, if you will make me your wife after the fashion of the children of earth, and dwell with me for evermore in these blissful regions."

"Cool at any rate," thought Jack, "but it may be the custom down here for ladies to speak first. She is certainly very lovely!"

And then he recollected Mary and his old mother, and that saved him from falling into the snare of the siren.

"I thank your ladyship all the same," replied the sailor, abruptly, "but it can't be, for I'm promised to another."

"I know it, Jack; but only think of the difference there is between us."

"Yes, it is true, that Mary has not your vast wealth, and your ivory complexion, and melting blue eyes, nor your beautiful hair which looks like so many threads of fine gold! But for all that, I love her too well to break her heart."

"But is not that a mere fable, about the daughters of earth breaking their hearts out of love?" asked the sea-nymph with an arch smile.

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Jack; "but I've heard something about it, and should be sorry to try the experiment after having taken such pains to wring from her how fond she was of me."

"She cannot love you better than I do," persisted his persevering companion, laying her jewelled hand upon his.

And then instantly perceiving that he was in no mood for such endearments, she offered to show him the wonders of her kingdom.

But it is vain for me to attempt to describe all that Jack saw and did on that eventful night; or to give you the remotest idea of the treasures revealed to his glance, the treasures that had been accumulating for ages. Of the pearls, and amber, and coral, which she displayed, together with many other precious stones—a part of the plunder of the ocean.

Many of the caves it appears were entirely composed of a substance similar to yonder green spar, which he broke off slyly when the lady turned her head, emitting a delicious perfume, of which in this lapse of time no traces remain. While the flowers were strangely beautiful, and unlike those of earth.

But although the boy's eyes were dazzled, his heart remained untouched, and a delicate pink colour, like the inside of a shell, began to rise even to the very temples of the rejected nymph.

Jack longed to kiss away the tears that stood in her large blue eyes; but contented himself with saluting her hand instead, and telling her in a low voice, how sorry he was that he could not marry them both, and trying to explain that as he had promised Mary first, she had certainly the best right to him, not to mention the poor old mother, whose only hope and comfort he was.

"Well, it can't be helped," said the lady at length, "so make my compliments to your sweet bride, when you get home, and tell her that I have sent her a marriage portion, which she will find hidden under the hearthstone, and wish you both health and long life to enjoy it; but be warned by me, Jack, and never come to sea again!"

The boy thanked her gratefully; and having kissed him tenderly upon both cheeks, a salute which I will not take upon myself to say was not returned—she bid him stand upon a shell, which she pointed out, and on a sudden he found himself rising up again as rapidly as he had gone down, and in a few moments stood breathless upon the deck of the vessel, just as morning was breaking in the horizon.

"It must have been a dream," said I.

"So he thought," continued the old man, "and had almost reasoned himself into the belief that he must have so far transgressed rules as to fall asleep during the watch, when one of his companions coming up to take his turn, exclaimed in astonishment,

"Why, Jack, my boy! you arn't been foolish enough to tumble overboard—you look as wet as a drowned rat."

"I suppose I must," replied the bewildered lad, wringing the water from his long hair.

"Well, get down and change your clothes, and all I can say is, it's a mercy you wern't lost!"

Jack thought so too, and followed his advice without uttering another word.

But when he came to pull off his jacket, what should fall out of it but this very identical bit of green spar, and then he knew it was reality, and seeking for his prayer-book, which for a wonder had been left in his trunk; for Mary, who had a sort of religious superstition about

these things, had made him promise to carry it about with him, sat down in the dim morning light and read.

"What was that heavy plunge a little before midnight, Hinton?" asked his captain, the next day; "for I think it was you who kept watch."

"Only Jack fell overboard, please your honour," replied one of his comrades, coming to his relief.

And his commander thinking the boy, what with the fright, and the ducking he must have received, had been already sufficiently punished, contented himself with a mild reprimand, and a warning to be more wakeful in future.

All of which Jack took in good part, for he knew it was vain telling the truth, as they would only laugh at him; or he forbore, perhaps, out of delicacy to the lady, who had behaved so handsomely at last.

It was strange, but the oldest of that ship's crew, never remember so calm and swift a voyage; in consequence of which they arrived in port some weeks before the appointed time.

And just as Mary, not content with numbering the days was reckoning up the very hours before her lover's return could possibly be expected; as if her wish had power to conjure him up, there he stood, looking the very personification of health and happiness.

Once again with clasping hands they gathered together round the fire; but Mrs. Hinton had nothing but bad news for her son. His stern uncle was dead, and had left his little property to a woman no way related, who came to nurse him when he fell ill.

Besides which, Mary found a difficulty in disposing of her baskets, and fishing-nets, the neighbouring towns being already well supplied; and for the last few months they had, by all accounts, lived very hardly, and even incurred debts, which would absorb a great portion of poor Jack's earnings, so that their prospects for the future were gloomy enough.

"But it's no use talking of what's past," said Mary, lifting her pale face fondly to his, "now that you are returned, all will soon go well again, and we are both very young yet."

Jack kissed away her tears, and it being his turn to relate what had happened during his absence, told them the story of the voyage and the sea-nymph, just as I have told it to you, producing at the same time the piece of green spar, which he had kept very carefully ever since.

Mary laughed at the idea of finding a wedding portion underneath the hearthstone, and asked half archly, half in sadness, whether it would not be quite time enough to seek for it when such an event seemed more likely to take place than at present; but Mrs. Hinton agreed with her son, that it would not be much trouble just to lift it up and see.

Had any of the neighbours happened to come in just then, they would have thought them all mad, to see how hard they worked to raise that heavy stone, which gave way at last, just when they were almost inclined to give up the task in despair; and sure enough underneath was an old-fashioned-looking casket which had the appearance of being rusted, and eaten away by long immersion in the water, filled even to the very lid with gold coins.

It is useless to attempt any description of the scene that followed, how Mary could scarcely believe her own eyes, but sat looking at them and weeping like a child. While Jack kissed her and his mother, and the old casket alternately, and would have done the same to the nymph herself had she been there, which she was not in substance at least, whatever she might be in spirit.

Well, after all, they were but simple people, for what did the sailor do, but take the box and its contents up to the squire, who being something of an antiquarian, I think you call it, and well off besides, was very pleased to be allowed to purchase them at less than half their value, although the sum paid appeared very large to them, and was quite enough to make them happy all the rest of their lives. But there is no question but Jack, had he gone the right way to work, would have been a rich man, and his family after him to this day.

The coins were afterwards proved to have been part of a cargo of a vessel wrecked some fifty years before off the coast of the East Indies; and although many laughed at Jack's tale, there has not been one found who could satisfactorily explain how the coins came to be lying so snugly beneath the hearthstone of that remote cottage.

Ay, this very hearthstone, lady, upon which your feet are now resting.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed I, "Then you are probably related to the hero of this wild story?"

"I am his great grandson."

"Well," said I, after a pause, during which I had been examining with increased interest the piece of green spar, "after all it might have been true."

"That's just what I say," replied the old man, earnestly; "the world is a large place to be made solely for the use of us mortals. And I maintain that not only the sea, but the very air at this moment may be teeming with an invisible race of beings as loving, as beautiful, and as good, as Jack Hinton's nymph!"

And he seemed pleased that I could not smile at so wild a creed.

Oh! what a glorious sunset! what a calm, holy moon there was that night, as I sauntered in happy mood by the sea-shore; now bending down my ear to the waves, and mistaking the flute of one of our companions at the hotel for the song of the siren; of a truth, it was marvellously sweet, heard afar off at such an hour. And then laughing at length at my own folly, but fearing more the ridicule of those within doors, returned home to dream of Jack Hinton.

I would fain that my readers should remember that night as well as I, and so transcribe for their amusement the tale as it was told to me.

THE FLOWER-STEALERS.

A FACT.

{BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

With gentle hand,
Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods.

WORDSWORTH.

FOLLOWING the gardener through some of the loveliest portions of his Grace's magnificent domain we all entered the conservatory.

The heat was oppressive. As we passed out of the fresh air, although the light breeze that crept about had just before appeared to serve no other purpose than that of blowing the sunshine into our eyes, the atmospheric change was stiflingly perceptible. The uneasy sensation, however, was but momentary; for as soon as the rapid glance, startled and delighted, had taken in the full display of flower and leaf, every sense seemed to share the intoxication of the eye, and the rapt soul fed on a profusion of beauty.

There was the blush of the drooping-flowered fuchsia; the delicacy of the abundant azalea; the orchidea whose flowers are living butterflies, beautiful but motionless; the vivid yet soothing scarlet of the cactus; the more than alabaster of the camellia: the single stem of the rare *lilæolum lanceatum*; there moreover were rich varieties of *ericas*, each eclipsing the other in luxuriance and beauty; and countless rarities with long names and short lives, green and golden wonders, colours that made the rainbow tame, and yet were often less exquisitely lovely than the symmetry of their several parts, the strength and lightness of the stems whence they drew being, and the harmony of the general combination.

The collection which was so striking and superb in its general effect, was more enchanting in detail. We paused at every step; admiring in plants familiar to us, a perfection and maturity unknown to them elsewhere; and in others, which were newer to our eyes, a charm surpassing all. We became converts to the melancholy doctrine, that the loveliest things are after all the rarest. But there was no touch of melancholy in the feeling then. That keen perception of the beautiful was all joy.

The ladies, who were my companions, were gladdened beyond telling. Amongst their various tastes there was one—it was rather a passion—that made the whole five hearts beat as with a single pulse. One love united them all—gave the same lustre of earnestness and admiration to their eyes, the same flush of warmth and pleasure to their cheeks—it was the Love of Flowers!

Mrs. Gardiner, had she been present, would have hugged them every one. I could have done it myself.

On they passed, slowly and inquiringly, but with quick sight and leaping hearts; their ribbons, their draperies, all but the cheeks before mentioned, and the lips that might be yet more lovingly alluded to, made pale by the hues which surrounded us.

The plants, in their utmost rarity and bloom, still seemed but worthy—only worthy—of their human admirers. My soul, moved by the association presented to it, spake unto the blossoms in their many dyes, in their various qualities of brilliancy and meekness, and said,

“Oh, Flowers! your delicacy is not unmatched, while spirits, like the spirits of these fair beings, move amongst ye! And if ye are emblems of innocence—here, behold, is that innocence itself, arrayed like you in beauty!”

And I thought that I would send the sentiment thus expressed, as a pleasing novelty, to some tenderly conducted magazine.

While I was gently musing upon the elevating, the purifying influence which the love of floriculture exercises even over coarser minds, and exulting in its exquisite workings upon the refined natures of my fair companions, I was stopped by a general exclamation of pleasure, suddenly elicited by the view of an unrivalled cluster of blossoms crowning many others, which rose or fell in infinite variety and with astonishing profusion. Why record the name of this plant?—even its colour, or the figure of its countless leaves?

As we stopped, the gardener who had left us to gather bouquets for the party, re-entered, and presenting each of us with some choice flowers, said,

“I would cut you some of these beautiful clusters, ladies” (turning to the *one* plant), “but they would die directly in the open air—you would not keep them ten minutes.”

I felt half-angry—with the goodnature of our attendant. Cut them! *Those!* The precious perishables! To doom their short lives to a yet shorter date—to destroy their consummate symmetry—seize their peerless beauty, and waste it on the desert air! The idea of it awoke horror. It seemed impiety. It was like shooting nightingales while in full song, or clipping the wings of humming-birds.

When he again quitted the conservatory, we pursued our tour of admiration, found numberless beauties we had missed, and presently returning, stood before the same specimen of floricultural perfection. And here the pen seems actually to burn between my fingers—my very fingers as they guide it blush.

Whether it was that the idea of cuttings from its rich stem had been implanted in the minds of my innocent and gentle companions by him who had given breath to it—or whether that spark of doubtful and conditional promise had fallen upon an inflammable train of wishes already existing in the mind, I know not; but their desires now appeared all to take the same direction—they grew ungovernable—they began to find expression, not in coveting looks alone, but in broken words and half-repressed exclamations. United in one guileless and enthusiastic love before, they seemed united still—but it was in one wish—one fear—not a fear of sacrilege, but of detection.

Would that Mrs. Gardiner had been there!

Yes, a fear of humiliation and exposure!—not of profanation and theft, in plucking a forbidden treasure of unexampled delicacy, and trampling it momentarily in the dust.

Before we passed over the threshold of that conservatory, every one of the five ladies had snatched a slip—

As I stepped into the fresh air, the breeze was not in the least degree

cooler to my cheek than the atmosphere within, but in one instant I felt my heart plunged into a cold-bath.

That thing of beauty is a pang for ever.

* * * * *

Oh! Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross! young hearts that never throbbed on the far sea—spirits tender and weak, that would tremble even in the calm, and expire in the first breath of tempest—may yet do as cruel and terrible things, calling them all the while the deeds of rapturous love!

Oh Bardolph! who, having stolen the lady's lute-case, carried it eleven miles and sold it for three-halfpence, a most judicious thief wert thou, compared with purloiners, whose fragrant prizes wither in the common air, and yield them nothing.

Oh, lady, whom the great prose-teacher of memorable lessons in our complex and erring humanity, has immortalized without naming—you, who, prompted by your religious love, stole Tillotson's sermons from your friend—look earthward wherever you are, and see what love of flowers will prompt its votaries to do!

Under what sacred robes do we play our tricks! What holy names we bestow upon our covetous desires! What theft and spoliation we commit in the temple of the purest affection, amidst the symbols and evidences of innocence! Let no one ever talk of the "sentiment of flowers," who has not within him the hallowed principle, which ever guards him from the temptation of stealing even the meanest, violating truth at her very altar, and uprooting the sheltering plant of confidence.

Rec

PIROUETTES.

"Don't tell me," said my uncle "of your Operatives (he meant Opera-dancers) who spin about like teetotums or peg-tops. I am for none of your whirligigs. It is a mere *tour de force*, to show how many revolutions they can make on one leg; and nine times in ten the performer, especially a male one, shows by his face, at the conclusion, what a physical exertion it has been. The best dancers are sparing of such manœuvres; for they know that any appearance of effort is fatal to Grace. When I say the best dancers, I mean such Artistes as Taglioni, and others of the same school; who, by the way, always seemed to me to deserve the same encomium that King Solomon bestowed on the lilies—they *TOLL* not, neither do they *SPIN*."

T. H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. ABELL,

(LATE MISS ELIZA BALCOMBE,)

DURING THE TIME SPENT BY HIM IN HER FATHER'S
HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.

PREFACE.

THE writer of the following pages trusts that she will not be thought presumptuous in presenting them to the public. Thrown at an early age into the society of Napoleon, she considers it as an almost sacred duty, to communicate any fact or impression, which uninteresting in itself, may still be worth recording as relating to him, and as serving to elucidate his character.

Could these recollections of the emperor have been published without her name being appended to them, they would long ago have appeared; but feeling that their sole merit consisted in their being faithful records of him; and that if produced anonymously there would be no guarantee for their truth: and being at the same time reluctant to publicity, and unequal to the task of authorship, they have been postponed, and perhaps would have been still longer delayed, but for the pressure of calamitous circumstances, which forces her to hesitate no longer, but with all their imperfections, on this head, to send them at once into the world.

The authoress may compare her feelings on casting her little vessel on the waters to those of Shelley, when on exhausting his whole stock of paper, he twisted a bank-note into the shape of a little boat, and then committing it to the stream, waited on the other side for its arrival with intense anxiety. Her ship-building powers she fears are as feeble: her materials as frail: but she has seen the little paper nautilus floating with impunity and confidence on the bosom of that mighty ocean which has engulfed many a noble vessel: accepting the augury, she intrusts her tiny bark to the waves, of public opinion; not with confidence, however, but with fear and trembling, yet mingled with a gleam of hope that it may reach its haven, if favoured by propitious skies and friendly breezes.

The writer must crave indulgence for the frequent mention of herself during the narrative. The nature of the subject renders this unavoidable.

E. L. A.

My object in the following memoir is to confine myself as far as possible to what concerns Napoleon personally. I have many reminiscences (unconnected with him of those happy days of my childhood), but I feel that they would be uninteresting to the public, and I have carefully excluded all but that in which the emperor took a personal share.

A slight description, however, of the localities connected with him, will not be considered a deviation from this resolution on my part, and I may perhaps commence this slight memoir of Napoleon most properly by a few words upon the general aspect of St. Helena, and the impression conveyed by it on first approaching its shores.

The appearance of St. Helena, on viewing it from the sea, is different from any land I ever saw, and certainly but little calculated to make one fall in love with it at first sight. The rock rising abruptly from the ocean with its oblong shape and perpendicular sides, suggests to one's mind, more the idea of a huge dark-coloured ~~ship~~ ^{block} lying at anchor, floating on the bosom of the Atlantic, than of a land intended for the habitation and support of living beings.

Nor on a nearer acquaintance does its character become more amiable. If a vessel approach it during the night, the effect on coming on deck in the morning is most peculiar, and at first almost even alarming. From the great depth of water, ships are able to go very close into the land, and the eye long accustomed to the expanse of sea and atmosphere, is suddenly startled by coming almost as it seems in contact with the dark, threatening rock, towering hundreds of feet into the air, far above the masts of the tallest vessel. I was quite a child at the time of my first visit, and my terrors were increased by being told that one "giant-snouted crag," which bore some resemblance to the head of a negro, was to eat me up first when the breakfast-bell struck, and then the rest of the passengers and crew.

I rushed instantly below, and hiding my face in my mother's lap, I tremblingly announced our fate, and was with difficulty soothed by her assurances of safety and protection. But I did not venture from under her wing until the dreaded "eight bells" had sounded, and the appearance of breakfast announced better things in store for us.*

On rounding Munden's battery, James Town breaks upon the view. It is singular and striking, and quite in harmony with the rest of the peculiar scenery of St. Helena. The houses are all built at the bottom of a wide ravine, which looks as if it had been caused by some convulsion of nature: or, as if the rock, tired of its solitary life and isolated situation in the midst of the Atlantic, had given a great yawn and could not shut its mouth again.

The buildings are confined entirely to the bottom of this cleft or chasm, as its sides are too precipitous to allow of houses being built up them.

The position of the town renders it suffocatingly hot in summer. The cool sea-breeze so delicious in most tropical climates is almost excluded by the situation of the valley, as the inhabitants call James Town, and for nine months in the year the heat is almost unendurable.

We were fortunate enough to reside out of town; my father pos-

* I think that the heart of even Napoleon, when he first surveyed his future abode, must have sunk within him: and as he passed into the anchorage, the galleries on either side bristling with cannon, and frowning down upon him the despairing inscription which the beautified language of his infancy must have rendered familiar to him, might seem also to have been inscribed up on the gloomy rock of St. Helena.

Lasciate ogni 'speranza
Voi ch' entrate.

sessing a beautiful little cottage about a mile and a quarter from the valley, called the Briars : a spot which merits a slight description, both from its own beauty, and from having been the residence of Napoleon during the first three months of his exile in St. Helena.

The way to the Briars winds out of the town by roads cut in the side of the mountain. I cannot say I saw much of this road, or the surrounding scenery on my first journey to our distant abode. I was put into a basket and carried on a negro's head, who trudged away with me very merrily, singing some joyous air. Occasionally he put me down to rest, and grinning from ear to ear, asked me if I felt comfortable in my little nest. I was rather frightened, as this was the first time I had seen a black man, but I soon became reconciled to him, and we became great friends.

He told me he generally carried vegetables into the valley, and appeared highly honoured and proud of a living burden being confided to his care. I was soon deposited in safety at the door of the Briars, and bid adieu to my sable bearer, who went away quite delighted with some little present my father gave him for making himself so amiable to me.

Our cottage was built in the style of the Bungalows in India. It was very low, all the rooms being on one floor ; and but for its situation, it would not have been thought pretty. But its situation made it a perfect little Paradise, surrounded by barren mountains, it looked an Eden blooming in the midst of desolation.

A beautiful avenue of banyan-trees led up to it, and on each side it was flanked by the evergreen and gigantic lacos, interspersed with pomegranate and myrtle, and a profusion of large white roses, more resembling our sweetbriar, from which, indeed, the place derived its name.

A walk shaded by pomegranate-trees, thirty or forty feet in height, conducted to the garden—I must plead the same excuse for devoting a few lines to the garden that I have for the cottage—that it was lovely in itself, and the favourite retreat of the emperor.

It would require the pen of a Scott, or the pencil of a Claude, to do any thing like justice to its beauty.

I often wander in my dreams through its myrtle-groves ; and the orange-trees with their bright green leaves, delicious blossoms, and golden fruit, seem again before me as they were in my blessed days of childhood. Every description of tropical fruit flourished here luxuriantly.*

Various species of vine, citron, orange, fig, shadoc, guava, mango, all in endless profusion. Nature, as if jealous of the beauty of this enchanting spot, had surrounded it on every side with impenetrable barriers. On the east, to speak geographically, it was bounded by a precipice so steep, as to render all approach impracticable. The dark frowning mountain called Peak Hill, rendered it inaccessible from the south. To the westward, it was protected by a steep declivity, and opposite was a cataract, which was in itself a picturesque and striking

* The produce of this garden alone, which the family could not consume, brought annually from 500 to 600*l*.

object. I forget its exact height, but its roar was very imposing to me, and the volume of water must have been considerable.

In that hot climate it was a delightful next-door neighbour. In the most sultry day one could hardly feel the heat oppressive when gazing on its cool and sparkling waters. On the side nearest the cottage, the defences of the garden were completed by an aloe and prickly pear-hedge, through which no living thing could penetrate.

We had been living for years in this romantic and secluded glen, when our little "isle was suddenly *frighted from its propriety*," by hearing that Napoleon Buonaparte was to be confined there as a prisoner of state.

The garden at the Briars, like the bright dreams and hopes of my own early youth, is now withered and destroyed. It was sold to the East India Company, and was rooted up and planted with mulberry-trees.

It became "food for worms."

If I may be guilty of a conceit on, to me, a melancholy subject. I believe the speculation was unsuccessful.

It was in October, 1815, that this news first burst upon us. We heard one morning an alarm-gun fired from Ladder Hill, which was the signal of a vessel being in sight of the island.

The same evening two naval officers arrived at the Briars, one of whom was announced as Captain D—, commanding the *Icarus* man-of-war. He requested to see my father, having intelligence of importance to communicate to him.

On being conducted to him, he informed him that Napoleon Buonaparte was on board the *Northumberland*, under the command of Sir George Cockburn, and within a few days' sail of the island. The news of his escape from Elba, and the subsequent eventful campaign, had of course not reached us; and I remember well how amazed and incredulous they all seemed at the information. Captain D— was obliged more than once to assure them of the correctness of his statement.

My own feeling at the intelligence was excessive terror, and an undefined conviction that something awful would happen to us all; though of what nature I hardly knew. I glanced eagerly at my father, and seeing his countenance calm, I became more composed, but still I listened to every word of Captain D—'s detail, as if my fate depended on what he was telling us.

The earliest idea I had of Napoleon, was that of a huge ogre or giant, with one large flaming red eye in the middle of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls, especially those who did not know their lessons.

I had rather grown out of this first opinion of Napoleon; but if less childish, my terror of him was still hardly diminished.

The name of Buonaparte was still associated in my mind with every thing that was bad and horrible. I had heard the most atrocious crimes imputed to him, and if I had learned to consider him as a human being, I yet still believed him to be the worst that had ever existed.

Nor was I singular in these feelings; they were participated in by many much older and wiser than myself; I might say, perhaps, by a

majority of the English nation. Most of the newspapers of the day described him as a demon, and all those of his own country who lived in England were of course his bitter-enemies. And from these two sources we formed our opinion of him.

It was not, therefore, without uneasiness that I saw my father depart, a day or two afterwards, to go on board the vessels which had just cast anchor in the bay.

The fleet consisted of the Northumberland, commanded by Sir George Cockburn, to whose care Napoleon had been confided, the Havannah, Captain Hamilton, and several other men-of-war, together with transports containing the 53d regiment. We remained many hours in great anxiety.

At last my father returned from his visit in safety, and we rushed out to question him as to what had happened.

"Well, papa, have you seen him?" for we thought of no one but Napoleon.

He told us he had not seen the emperor, but had paid his respects to Sir G. Cockburn, and had been introduced to Madame Bertrand, Madame Montholon, and the rest of Napoleon's *suite*. He added that General Buonaparte would land in the evening, and was to remain for the present at the house of a Mr. Porteus, until Longwood, which was intended for his ultimate residence, should be ready for him.

We were so eager to see the illustrious exile, that we determined to go in the evening to the valley to witness his disembarkation.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at the landing-place, and shortly after a boat from the Northumberland approached, and we saw a figure step from it on the shore, which we were told was the emperor; but it was too dark to distinguish his features. He walked up the lines between the admiral and General Bertrand, and enveloped as he was in a surtout, I could see little but the occasional gleam of a diamond star which he wore on his heart.

The whole population of St. Helena had crowded to see him, and one could hardly believe it contained so many inhabitants. The pressure became so great that it was with difficulty way could be made for him, and the sentries were at last ordered to stand with fixed bayonets at the entrance from the lines to the town, and prevent the multitude from pouring in.

Napoleon was excessively provoked at the eagerness of the crowd to get a peep at him, more particularly as he was received in silence though with respect. I heard him afterwards say how much he had been annoyed at being followed and stared at, "*comme un bête feroce.*"

We returned to the Briars that night to talk and dream of Napoleon.

The next morning we observed a large cavalcade moving along the path which wound round the mountain at the base of which our dear little cottage was lying, almost hidden in its nest of leaves. The effect of the party was very picturesque:

It consisted of five horsemen, and we watched them with great interest, as, following the windings of the path, they now gleamed in the sun's rays, and were thrown into brilliant relief by the dark background behind, and then disappearing, we gazed earnestly, until from some

turn in the road they flashed again upon us. Sometimes we only saw a single white plume, or the glint of a weapon in the sun.

To my already excited fancy it suggested the idea of an enormous serpent, with burnished scales, occasionally showing himself as he crawled to our little abode.

We were still doubtful whether Napoleon was of the party. We had already learnt to look for the gray surtout and small cocked hat, but no figure in that dress could be distinguished, though our spy-glass was in anxious requisition. Every one thought he would be best able to discover him. At last one of the party exclaimed,

"I see a figure with a small cocked hat, but no great coat;" and then we were at last certain that it was the emperor. We concluded he was on his way to Longwood to look at his future residence.

About two o'clock on that day Mr. O'Meara and Dr. Warden called on us, and were overwhelmed with all kinds of questions about Buonaparte, his manners, appearance, &c., &c. They described him as most agreeable and pleasing, and assured us we should be delighted with him. But all their persuasions were thrown away upon me; I could think of him only with fear and trembling. When leaving us they again repeated that our opinion of Napoleon would entirely change when we had seen and conversed with him.

At four o'clock in the evening the same horsemen that we had seen in the morning, again appeared on their return from Longwood. As soon as they reached the head of the narrow pass which led down to the Briars, they halted, and after apparently a short deliberation I saw them with terror begin to descend the mountain, and approach our cottage.

I recollect feeling so dreadfully frightened, that I wished to run and hide myself until they were gone; but mama desired me to stay, and to remember and speak French as well as I could. I had learned that language during a visit my father had paid to England some years before, and as we had a French servant, I had not lost what I had then acquired.

The party arrived at the gate, and there being no carriage-road, they all dismounted excepting the emperor, who was now fully visible. He retained his seat, and rode up the avenue, his horse's feet cutting up the turf on our pretty lawn. Sir George Cockburn walked on one side of his horse, General Bertrand on the other.

How vividly I recollect my feelings of terror mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom I had learned to dread so much.

His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one; His colour jet black: and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and champing his bit, I thought he looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world!

Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green, and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to

receive him. Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him. On a nearer approach, Napoleon, contrasting as his shorter figure did with the noble height and aristocratic bearing of Sir George Cockburn, lost something of the dignity which had so much struck me on first seeing him. He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were very beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mama on the pretty situation of the Briars. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had regarded him. While he was talking to mama I had an opportunity of scrutinising his features, which I did with the keenest interest; and certainly I have never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features, but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvass, and these constituted Napoleon's chief charm. His hair was dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's; rather too much so indeed for a man, as it caused it to look thin. His teeth were even, but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eating liquorice, of which he always kept a supply in his waistcoat-pocket.

The emperor appeared much pleased with the Briars, and expressed a wish to remain there. My father had offered Sir George Cockburn apartments at the cottage, and he immediately assured us of his willingness to resign them to General Buonaparte, as the situation appeared to please him so much, and it was arranged, much apparently to Napoleon's satisfaction, that he should be our guest until his residence at Longwood was fit to receive him.

Our family, at the time of the emperor's arrival, consisted of my father, my mother, my elder sister, myself, and my two brothers, who were quite children.

Napoleon determined on not going down to the town again, and wished his rooms to be got ready for him immediately. Some chairs were then brought out at his request upon the lawn, and seating himself on one, he desired me to take another, which I did with a beating heart. He then said,

"You speak French?"

I replied that I did, and he asked me who had taught me. I informed him, and he put several questions to me about my studies, and more particularly concerning geography. He inquired the capitals of the different countries of Europe.

"What is the capital of France?"

"Paris."

"Of Italy?"

"Rome."

"Of Russia?"

"Petersburg now," I replied; "Moscow formerly."

On my saying this, he turned abruptly round, and fixing his piercing eyes full on my face, he demanded sternly,

"Qui l'a brûlé?"

On seeing the expression of his eye, and hearing his changed voice,

all my former terror of him returned, and I could not utter a syllable. I had often heard the burning of Moscow talked of, and had been present at discussions as to whether the French or Russians were the authors of that dreadful conflagration, and I feared to offend him by alluding to it.

He repeated the question, and I stammered, "I do not know, sir."

"Oui, oui," he replied laughingly violently; "vous savez très bien, c'est moi qui l'a brûlé."

On seeing him laugh, I gained a little courage, and said,

"I believe, sir, the Russians burnt it to get rid of the French."

He again laughed, and seemed pleased to find that I knew any thing about the matter.

The arrangements made for him were necessarily most hurried, and while we were endeavouring to complete them in the way we thought most likely to contribute to his comfort, he amused himself by walking about the grounds and garden. In the evening he came into the house; and as my father and mother spoke French with difficulty, that language being much less studied in England then, than it is at present, he addressed himself again to me, and asked me whether I liked music, adding,

"You are too young to play yourself."

I felt rather piqued at this, and told him I could both sing and play. He then asked me to sing, and I sang, as well as I could, the Scotch song, "Ye Banks and Braes." When I had finished, he said it was the prettiest English air he had ever heard.

I replied it was a Scottish ballad, not English; and he remarked he thought it too pretty to be English.

"Their music is vile—the worst in the world."

He then inquired if I knew any French songs, and among others, "Vive Henri Quatre."

I said I did not.

He began to hum the air, became abstracted, and leaving his seat, marched round the room, keeping time to the song he was singing. When he had done, he asked me what I thought of it; and I told him I did not like it at all, for I could not make out the air.

In fact, Napoleon's voice was most unmusical, nor do I think he had any ear for music; for neither on this occasion, nor in any of his subsequent attempts at singing, could I ever discover what tune it was he was executing.

He was, nevertheless, a good judge of music (if an English woman may say so after his sweeping denunciation of our claims to that science), probably from having constantly listened to the best performers. He expressed a great dislike to French music, which he said was almost as bad as the English; and that the Italians were the only people who could produce an opera.

A lady, a friend of ours, who frequently visited us at the Briars, was extremely fond of Italian singing, which "she loved, indeed, not wisely, but too well;" for her own attempts in the *bravura* style were the most absurd burlesque imaginable.

Napoleon, however, constantly asked her to sing, and even listened

with great politeness; but when she was gone, he often desired me to imitate her singing, which I did as nearly as I could, and it seemed to amuse him. He used to shut his eyes, and pretend he thought it was Mrs. —, “our departed friend;” and then pay me gravely the same compliments he would have done to her.

The emperor retired for the night shortly after my little attempt to amuse him, and so terminated his first day at the Briars.

It is not, however, in my power to give a detailed account of the events of each day the emperor spent with us.

I shall never cease regretting that I did not keep a journal of all that occurred; but I was too young and too thoughtless to see the advantage of doing so. Besides, I trusted to a naturally most retentive memory, thinking it would enable me at any time to recall the minutest incident concerning Napoleon. In this I have deceived myself. My life has been a chequered and melancholy one; and many of its incidents have been of a nature to absorb my mind, and abstract my attention from every thing but the consideration of present misery. This continued for a length of time, has erased things from my memory which I thought I never could have forgotten, but of which I now retain nothing but the consciousness that they took place, and the regret that I am unable to record them.

Many of the circumstances I am about to relate, however, I did write down shortly after they occurred, and the others have been kept fresh in my memory by being repeated to friends; so that the reader of my little volume may depend on the absolute truth and fidelity of my narrative,—a consideration, indeed, to which I have thought it right to sacrifice many others.

I do not then profess to give a journal of what Napoleon daily said and did at the Briars; but the occurrences I do relate, I have inserted as nearly as possible in the order in which they took place.

The emperor’s habits during the time he stayed with us, were very simple and regular; his usual hour for getting up was eight, and he seldom took any thing but a cup of coffee until one, when he breakfasted, or rather lunched; he dined at eight, and retired at about eleven to his own rooms. His manner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable, that in a few days I felt perfectly at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age, than as the mighty warrior, at whose name “the world grew pale.” His spirits were very good, and he was at times almost boyish in his love of mirth and glee, not unmixed sometimes with a tinge of malice.

Shortly after his arrival, a little girl, Miss Legg, the daughter of a friend, came to visit us at the Briars. The poor child had heard such terrific stories of Buonaparte, that when I told her he was coming up the lawn, she clung to me in an agony of terror. Forgetting my own former fears, I was cruel enough to run out and tell Napoleon of the child’s fright, begging him to come into the house. He walked up to her, and brushing up his hair with his hand, shook his head, making horrible faces, and giving a sort of savage howl.

The little girl screamed so violently, that mama was afraid she would go into hysterics, and took her out of the room.

Napoleon laughed a good deal at the idea of his being such a bug-

bear, and would hardly believe me when I told him that I had stood in the same terror of him. When I made this confession, he tried to frighten me as he had poor little Miss Legg, by brushing up his hair and distorting his features; but he looked more grotesque than horrible, and I only laughed at him. He then, as a last resource, tried the howl, but was equally unsuccessful, and seemed, I thought, a little provoked that he could not frighten me. He said the howl was Cossack, and it certainly was barbarous enough for any thing.

He took a good deal of exercise at this period, and was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley and adjacent mountain. One evening he strolled out, accompanied by General Gourgaud, my sister, and myself, into a meadow in which some cows were grazing. One of these, the moment she saw our party, put her head down, and (I believe) her tail up, and advanced *à pas de charge* against the emperor. He made a skilful and rapid retreat, and leaping nimbly over a wall, placed this rampart between himself and the enemy. But General Gourgaud valiantly stood his ground, and drawing his sword, threw himself between his sovereign and the cow, exclaiming,

"This is the second time I have saved the emperor's life."

Napoleon laughed heartily when he heard the general's boast, and said,

"He ought to have put himself in the position to repel cavalry."

I told him the cow appeared tranquillized, and stopped the moment he disappeared; and he continued to laugh, and said,

"She wished to save the English government the expense and trouble of keeping him."

The emperor during his residence under my father's roof, occupied only one room and a marquee. The room was one my father had built for a ball-room. There was a small lawn in front, railed round, and in this railing the marquee was pitched, connected with the house by a covered way. The marquee was divided into two compartments, the inner one forming Napoleon's bedroom, and at one extremity of the external compartment, there was a small *tent-bed*, with green silk hangings on which General Gourgaud slept. It was the bedstead used by the emperor in all his campaigns. Between the two divisions of the tent was a crown, which his devoted servants had carved out of the turf-floor, and it was so placed that the emperor could not pass through without placing his foot on this emblem of regal dignity.

Napoleon seemed to have no *penchant* for the pleasures of the table. He lived very simply, and cared little or nothing about what he ate. He dined at nine, and at that hour Cipriani, the *maitre d'hôtel*, made his appearance, and with a profound reverence said in a solemn tone, "*Le dîner de votre majesté est servi.*"

He then retreated backwards, followed by Napoleon and those of his suite who were to dine with him.

When he had finished he would abruptly push away his chair from the table, and quit the dining-room, apparently glad it was over. A few days after his arrival, he invited my sister and myself to dine with him, and began quizzing the English for their fondness for rosbif and plum-pudding.

I accused the French in return of living on frogs, and running into

the house I brought him a caricature of a long lean Frenchman, with his mouth open, his tongue out, and a frog on the tip of it, ready to jump down his throat, underneath was written,—“A Frenchman’s Dinner.”

He laughed at my impertinence, and pinched my ear as he often did when amused, and sometimes when a little provoked at my *espionnerie*.

Le petit Las Cases, as he called Count Las Cases’s son, formed one of the party on that day, he was then a lad of fourteen, and the emperor was fond of quizzing me about him, and telling me I should be his wife. Nothing enraged me so much: I could not bear to be considered such a child, and particularly at that moment, for there was a ball in prospect to which I had great hopes of papa allowing me to go, and I knew that his objection would be founded on my being too young.

Napoleon seeing my annoyance desired young Las Cases to kiss me, and he held both my hands whilst the little page saluted me. I did all in my power to escape, but in vain. The moment my hands were at liberty I boxed le petit Las Cases’ ears most thoroughly. But I determined to be revenged on Napoleon; and in descending to the cottage to play whist, an opportunity presented itself, which I did not allow to escape.

There was no internal communication between the part occupied by the emperor and the rest of the house, and the path leading down was very steep and very narrow; there being barely room for one person to pass at a time. Napoleon walked first, Las Cases next, then his son, and lastly my sister Jane.

I allowed the party to proceed very quietly until I was left about ten yards behind; and then I ran with all my force on my sister Jane. She fell with extended hands on the little page; he was thrown upon his father, and the grand chamberlain, to his dismay, was pushed against the emperor; who, although the shock was somewhat diluted by the time it reached him, had still some difficulty from the steepness of the path in preserving his footing.

I was in extacies at the confusion I had created, and exulted in the revenge I had taken for the kiss; but I was soon obliged to change my note of triumph.

Las Cases was thunderstruck at the insult offered to the emperor, and became perfectly furious at my uncontrollable laughter. He seized me by the shoulders, and pushed me violently on the rocky bank.

It was now my turn to be enraged. I burst into tears of passion, and turning to Napoleon, cried out,

“Oh, sir, he has hurt me.”

“Never mind,” replied the emperor. “Ne pleurs pas—I will hold him while you punish him.”

And a good punishing he got: I boxed the little man’s ears until he begged for mercy; but I would show him none, and at length Napoleon let him go, telling him to run, and if he could not run faster than me, he deserved to be beaten again.

He immediately started off as fast as he could and I after him, Napo-

leon clapping his hands and laughing immoderately at our race round the lawn.

Las Cases never liked me after this adventure, and used to call me a rude hoyden.

I never met any one who bore these kind of things so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him to lose his temper, or fall back upon his rank or age, to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity and indulgence to me. I looked upon him indeed, when with him, almost as a brother or companion of my own age, and all the cautions I received, and my own resolutions to treat him with more respect and formality were put to flight the moment I came within the influence of his arch smile and laugh.

If I approached him more gravely than usual, and with a more sedate step and subdued tone, he would, perhaps, begin by saying,

“Eh bien, qu’as tu, Mademoiselle Betsee? Has le petit Las Cases proved inconstant? If he has, bring him to me;” or some other playful speech, which either pleased or teased me, and made me at once forget all my previous determinations to behave prettily.

My brothers were at this time quite children, and Napoleon used to allow them to sit on his knee, and amuse themselves by playing with his orders, &c. More than once he has desired me to cut them off to please them.

One day Alexander took up a pack of cards, on which was the usual figure of the Great Mogul. The child held it up to Napoleon, saying,

“See, Bony, this is you.”

He did not understand what my brother meant by calling him Bony.

I explained that it was an abbreviation—the short for Buonaparte; but Las Cases interpreted the word literally, and said it meant a bony person.

Napoleon laughed and said, “Je ne suis pas osseux,” which he certainly never could have been, even in his thinnest days.

His hand was the fattest and prettiest in the world: his knuckles dimpled like those of a baby, his fingers taper and beautifully formed, and his nails perfect.

I have often admired its symmetry, and once told him it did not look large and strong enough to wield a sword. This led to the subject of swords; and one of the emperor’s suite who was present, drew his sabre from its scabbard, and pointing to some stains on the blade, said that it was the blood of Englishmen. The emperor desired him to sheathe it, telling him it was bad taste to boast, particularly before ladies.

Napoleon then produced from a richly embossed case, the most magnificent sword I ever beheld. The sheath was composed of one entire piece of most splendidly marked tortoise-shell, thickly studded with gold bees. The handle, not unlike a fleur-de-lys in shape, was of exquisitely wrought gold. It was indeed the most costly and elegant weapon I had ever seen.

I requested Napoleon to allow me to examine it more closely; and then a circumstance which had occurred in the morning in which I had been much piqued at the emperor's conduct, flashed across me. The temptation was irresistible, and I determined to punish him for what he had done.

I drew the blade out quickly from the scabbard, and began to flourish it over his head, making passes at him, the emperor retreating, until at last I fairly pinned him up in the corner. I kept telling him all the time, that he had better say his prayers, for I was going to kill him. My exulting cries at last brought my sister to Napoleon's assistance. She scolded me violently, and said she would inform my father if I did not instantly desist. But I only laughed at her, and maintained my post, keeping the emperor at bay until my arm dropped from sheer exhaustion.

I can fancy I see the figure of the Grand Chamberlain now, with his spare form and parchment visage, glowing with fear for the emperor's safety, and indignation at the insult I was offering him. He looked as if he could have annihilated me on the spot; but he had felt the weight of my hand before on his ears, and prudence dictated to him to let me alone.

When I resigned my sword, Napoleon took hold of my ear, which had been bored only the day before, and pinched it, giving me great pain. I called out, and he then took hold of my nose, which he pulled heartily, but quite in fun. His goodhumour never left him during the whole scene.

The following was the circumstance which had excited my ire in the morning. My father was very strict in enforcing our doing a French translation every day, and Napoleon would often condescend to look over them and correct their faults. One morning I felt more than usually averse to performing this task, and when Napoleon arrived at the cottage, and asked whether the translation was ready for him, I had not even begun it.

When he saw this, he took up the paper and walked down the lawn with it to my father, who was preparing to mount his horse to ride to the valley, exclaiming as he approached,

"Balcomb—voilà le thème de Mademoiselle Betsee. Qu'elle a bien travaillé;" holding up at the same time the blank sheet of paper.

My father comprehended imperfectly, but saw by the sheet of paper, and my name being mentioned by the laughing emperor, that he wished me to be scolded, and entering into the plot, he pretended to be very angry, and threatened if I did not finish my translation before he returned to dinner, I should be severely punished. He then rode off, and Napoleon left me, laughing at my sullen and mortified air. And it was the recollection of this which made me try and frighten him with the sword.

The emperor in the course of the evening desired a quantity of bijouterie to be brought down to amuse us, and amongst other things the miniatures of the young King of Rome. He seemed gratified and delighted when we expressed our admiration of them. He possessed a great many portraits of young Napoleon. One of them re-

presented him sleeping in his cradle, which was in the form of a helmet of Mars ; the banner of France waved over his head, and his tiny right-hand supported a small globe.

I asked the meaning of these emblems, and Napoleon said he was to be a great warrior, and the globe in his hand signified he was to rule the world. Another miniature on a snuffbox, represented the little fellow on his knees before a crucifix, his hands clasped, and his eyes raised to Heaven. Underneath were these words :

“ Je prie le bon Dieu pour mon père, ma mère, et ma patrie.”

It was an exquisite thing.

Another portrayed him with two lambs, on one of which he is riding, and the other he is decking out with ribbons. The emperor told us these lambs were presented to his son by the inhabitants of Paris—an unwarlike emblem, and perhaps intended as a delicate hint to the emperor to make him a more peaceable citizen than his papa.

The Paschal lamb, however, is, I believe, the badge on the colours of a distinguished English regiment, and perhaps may be intended to remind the soldier that gentleness and mercy are not inconsistent with the fiercer and more lionlike attributes of his profession.

We next saw another drawing, in which the Empress Maria Louise and her son were represented, surrounded by a sort of halo of roses and clouds, which I did not admire quite so much as some of the others.

Napoleon then said he was going to show us the portrait of the most beautiful woman in the world, and produced an exquisite miniature of his sister Pauline. Certainly I never saw any thing so perfectly lovely. I could not keep my eyes from it, and told him how enchanted I was with it. He seemed pleased with my praises, and said it was a proof of taste, for she was perhaps one of the most lovely women that ever existed.

The emperor usually played cards every evening, and when we were tired of looking at the miniatures, &c., he said,

“ Now we will go to the cottage and play whist.”

We all walked down together. Our little whist-table was soon formed, but the cards did not run smoothly, and Napoleon desired Las Cases to seat himself at a side-table, and deal them until they dealt easily.

While the Grand Chamberlain was thus employed, Napoleon asked me what my *robe de balle* was to be. I must mention that on my father's refusal to allow me to go to the ball, which was to be given by Sir George Cockburn, I had implored the emperor's intercession for me. He most kindly asked my father to let me go, and his request of course was instantly acceded to.

I now ran upstairs to bring my dress down to him. It was the first ball-dress I had ever possessed, and I was not a little proud of it.

He said it was very pretty, and the cards being now ready, I placed it on the sofa and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sister were partners, and Las Cases fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar-plums, but to-night Napoleon said,

“ Mademoiselle Betsee, I will bet you a Napoleon on the game.”

I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all

my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his Napoleon.

The emperor agreed to this, and we commenced playing. He seemed determined to terminate this day of *espèglerie* as he had begun it. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavoured whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention, and then slyly held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this, and calling him to order, told him he was cheating, and that if he continued to do so I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally, and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered; but I started up, and seizing hold of his hands, I pointed out to him and the others what he had done.

He laughed until the tears ran out of his eyes, and declared he had played fair, but that I had cheated, and should pay him the *pagode*; and when I persisted that he had revoked, he said I was *méchante* and a cheat; and catching up my ball-dress from off the sofa, he ran out of the room with it, and up to the pavilion, leaving me in terror lest he should crush and spoil all my pretty roses. I instantly set off in chase of him, but he was too quick, and darting through the marquee, he reached the inner-room and locked himself in.

I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and entreaties, both in English and French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word he intended to keep it, and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night, and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning; but the next day wore away, and I saw no signs of my pretty frock.

I sent several entreaties in the course of the day, but the answer was that the emperor slept, and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to tease me.

At last the hour arrived for our departure for the valley. The horses were brought round, and I saw the little black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without alas! my beautiful dress being in them.

I was in despair, and hesitated whether I should not go in my plain frock, rather than not go at all; when to my great joy I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress.

"Here, Miss Betsee, I have brought your dress, I hope you are a good girl now, and that you will like the ball; and mind that you dance with Gourgaud."

General Gourgaud was not very handsome, and I had some childish feud with him.

I was all delight at getting back my dress, and still more pleased to find my roses were not spoiled.

He said he had ordered them to be arranged, and pulled out in case any might have been crushed the night before.

Napoleon walked by the side of our horses until he came to the end of the bridle-road which led to the Briars. He then stopped and remarked on the beauty of a house which was situated in the valley be-

neath us, asking to whom it belonged and expressing his intention of going down to see it.

Las Cases accompanied the emperor down the side of the mountain, and we went on to the ball. He mentioned the next day how charmed he had been with the place, and that he had ridden home on a beautiful little active pony belonging to the owner, Major Hodgson.

The only exception to the emperor's habits of regularity when with us was in his hour of rising.

In the midst of our garden was a very large pond of transparent water full of gold and silver fish; and near this was the grapery formed of trellis-work, quite covered with vines of every description. At the end of the grapery was an arbour, round, and over which a treillage of grapes also clustered in the richest profusion. To this spot which was so sheltered as to be cool in the most sultry weather, Napoleon was much attached. He would sometimes convey his papers there as early as four o'clock in the morning, and employ himself until breakfast-time in writing, and when tired of his pen, in dictating to Las Cases.

No one was ever permitted to intrude upon him when there; and this little attention was ever after gratefully remembered. From this prohibition, however, I was exempt, at the emperor's own desire. I was considered as a privileged person; even when he was in the act of dictating a sentence to Las Cases, he would come and answer my call, "Come and unlock the garden-door;" and I was always admitted and welcomed with a smile.

I did not abuse this indulgence, and seldom intruded on him when in his retreat.

I remember, however, one day a very pretty young lady came from the valley to pass the morning with us. She was dying to see Napoleon, but the heat was very oppressive, and he had retired to his arbour to avoid it.

I hesitated for some time between the fear of disturbing him and disappointing my friend; but at last Miss C—— appeared so mortified at not seeing him, that I ran down to the garden and knocked at the door.

For a long while I received no answer, but at length by dint of thumping, and calling to the emperor, I succeeded in waking him. He had fallen asleep in the arbour over his papers.

He came up to the door, and asked me what I wanted.

I said, "Let me in, and you shall know."

He replied, "No; tell me first what it is, and then you shall come in."

I was then obliged to say I wished to introduce a young lady to him: he declined seeing her, and desired me to say he was unwell. I told him she would be dreadfully disappointed, and that she was so pretty.

"Not like the lady I was obliged to say agreeable things to yesterday?"

I assured him she was quite a different person, being very young and handsome.

At last I succeeded in getting the door opened; as soon as I found

it unlocked, I ran up to the table where he had been writing, and snatched up his papers.

"Now," I said, "for your ill-nature in keeping me so long at the door, I shall keep these, and then I shall find out all your secrets."

He looked a little alarmed, when he saw the papers in my hand, and told me to put them down instantly; but I refused and set off round the garden flourishing my trophies.

At last he told me if I did not give them up, he would not be my friend; and I relinquished them.

I then took hold of the emperor's hand for fear he should escape, and led him to the house, where we found Miss C——. I introduced her to Napoleon, and he delighted her excessively by his compliments on her beauty, &c.

When she was going away, he walked down the lawn with her and lifted her on her horse. He told me after she was gone, that she was a very pretty girl, but had the air of a *marchande des modes*.

The golden fruit in this modern garden of the Hesperides, had for its dragon an old Malay slave, named Toby, who had been captured and brought to the island as a slave many years before our arrival. The old fellow had lived in the garden forty years without once crossing its boundary. He was an original and rather interesting character. A perfect despot in his own domain, he never allowed his authority to be disputed; and the family stood almost as much in awe of him as they did of the master of the Briars himself.

Napoleon took a fancy to old Toby, and told papa he wished to purchase him and give him his freedom; but for some political reason it was not permitted.

The old man retained ever afterwards the most grateful sense of Napoleon's kindness; and was never more highly gratified than when employed in gathering the choicest fruit, and arranging the most beautiful bouquets to be sent to Longwood, "to that good man, Bony," as he called the emperor.

Napoleon made a point of inquiring, whenever I saw him, after the health of old Toby, and when he took his leave of him, he presented him with twenty Napoleons.

The emperor was very accessible while at the Briars, and knowing how much it would delight us, he seemed to wish to return any little attentions we were able to offer him by courtesy and kindness to our friends.

My father, one day during his residence with us, invited a large party, and the emperor said he would join us in the evening. He performed his promise, and delighted every one with his urbanity and condescension. When any of our guests were presented to him, he usually inquired his profession, and then turned the conversation upon some topic connected with it.

I have often heard wonder expressed at the extent of Napoleon's information on matters of which he would hardly have been expected to know much. On this occasion, a very clever medical man, after a long conversation with the emperor on the subject of his profession, declared his astonishment to my father, at the knowledge he possessed, and the clearness and brilliancy with which he reasoned on it, though his theories were sometimes rather heterodox.

Napoleon told him he had no faith whatever in medicine, and that his own remedies were starvation and the warm bath. At the same time he professed a higher opinion of the medical, or rather surgical profession than any other.

The practice of the law was too severe an ordeal for poor human nature, and that he who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will at last hardly know right from wrong. So it is, he remarked, with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience.

Of the church also (*les ecclésiastiques*) he spoke harshly, saying that too much was expected from its members, and that they became hypocrites in consequence. As to soldiers, they are cut-throats and robbers, and not the less so because they are ready to send a bullet through your head if you tell them your opinion of them. But surgeons, he said, are neither too good nor too bad. Their mission is to benefit mankind, not to destroy, mistify, or inflame them against each other, and they have opportunities of studying human nature as well as science. The emperor spoke in high terms of Larrey, who, he said, was a man of genius, and of unimpeachable integrity.*

On the emperor's first arrival in St. Helena he was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley just below our cottage. In these short walks he was unattended by the officer on guard, and he had thus the pleasure of feeling himself free from observation. The officer first appointed to exercise surveillance over him was a Captain Grately of the artillery, and though a mild and gentlemanly person in his manners, Napoleon took an unconquerable dislike to him. It was his duty to attend him in his rides, and the orders given on these occasions were, "that he was not to lose sight of Napoleon."

The latter was one day riding along one of the mountainous bridle paths at St. Helena, with the orderly officer in attendance; suddenly the emperor turned short to his right, and spurring his horse violently, urged him up the face of the precipice, making the large stones fly from under him down the mountain, and leaving the orderly officer aghast gazing at him, in terror for his safety and doubt as to his intentions.

He was either not well enough mounted, or his nerve was unequal to the task of following Napoleon, and giving it up at once, he rode instantly off to Sir George Cockburn, who happened at the time to be dining with my father at the Briars. He arrived breathless at our house, and demanding to see Sir George, on business of the utmost importance, he was ushered at once into the dining-room.

The admiral was in the act of discussing his soup, and listened with an imperturbable countenance to the agitated detail of the occurrence. He then, very quietly advised him to return to Longwood, where he would most probably find General Buonaparte. This, as he prognosticated, was the case, and Napoleon often afterwards laughed at the consternation he had created.

I have mentioned being struck with Napoleon's seat on horseback on first seeing him. He one day asked me whether I thought he rode

* The above conversation is from a note of my father's.

well. I told him with the greatest truth, that I thought he looked better on horseback than any one I had ever seen. He appeared pleased, and calling for his horse he mounted, and rode several times at speed round the lawn, making the animal wheel in a very narrow circle, and showing the most complete mastery over him. One day, Achambaud, his groom, was breaking in a beautiful young Arab, which had been bought for the emperor's riding.

The colt was plunging and rearing in the most frightful manner, and could not be induced to pass a white cloth which had been purposely spread on the lawn, to break him from shying. I told Napoleon it was impossible that he could ever ride that horse, it was so vicious. He smiled, and beckoning to Achambaud, desired him to dismount, and then, to my great terror, he himself got on the animal, and soon succeeded in making him not only pass the cloth, but put his feet upon it; and then rode him over and over it several times. Achambaud, as it seemed to me, hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. He was delighted with his emperor's prowess, but mortified at his managing a horse so easily which he had been trying in vain to subdue.

Napoleon mentioned that he had once ridden the same horse 120 miles in one day. It was to see his mother, who was dangerously ill, and there were no other means of reaching her. The poor animal died in the course of the night. He said that his own power of standing fatigue was immense, and that he could almost live in the saddle. I am afraid to say how many hours he told me he had once remained on horseback; but I remember being much surprised at his powers of endurance.

His great strength of constitution was probably more instrumental than one would imagine at first view, in his reaching the pinnacle of his ambition. The state of the mind is so dependant on the corporeal frame, that it is difficult to see how the kind of mental power which is necessary to success in war, or political turmoil, can exist without a corresponding strength of body, or at least of constitution.

In how many critical periods of Napoleon's life would not the illness of a week have been fatal to his future schemes of empire. How might the sternness of purpose by which he subjugated his daring competitors of the revolution have been shaken, and his giant ambition thwarted by a trivial sickness. The mind of even a Napoleon might have been prostrated, and his mighty *will* enfeebled by a few days' fever.

The successful leader of a revolution especially ought to be exempt from the evils to which flesh is heir. His very absence from the arena for a few days is enough to ruin him. Depreciating reports are spread, the prestige vanishes, and he is pushed from his stool by some more vigorous and more fortunate competitor.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

DIARY OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES THE SECOND.*

WHAT is historical truth and where to be found, is a question eagerly asked by the reading public of the present day? it is well answered by the publication of documents like the present. Open the present volumes and read, mark, and inwardly digest the motives, principles, and moral conduct of some of the prime leaders of a great revolution, and perhaps we shall be able to make a shrewd guess why all historical antiquaries of deep research, from Hearne to Sir Henry Ellis, are conservatives.

When Sir Robert Walpole, surnamed the father of corruption, but who ought according to strict fact to have been called its great grandchild, lay sick and *ennuied* in his retirement at Houghton-hall, his dutiful son, Horace, proposed, by way of recreation, to read to him a work of history on the revolution of 1688. The dying prime minister laughed bitterly and treated the idea with scorn.

"No, no, Horace," he replied, "read history to any one but me, who happen to know how false it is."

In fact, what was the receipt for writing history in the last century? Some celebrated lawyer or orator in the House of Commons, or news-writer for the public press, of uncompromising principles, either whig or revolutionist, took in hand an historical character or period of history, and wrote an essay thereon, viewing all characters and bending all facts (if he stated any) according to his own preconceived ideas. If any one dared quote from a document, or by some roundabout and mystical insinuation to infer doubts of the virtue of Henry VIII. the saintliness of Queen Elizabeth, the atrocity of Charles the 1st, the cowardice of James II., the angelical nature of Mary II., the disinterestedness of her spouse, and above all the incorruptibility of Algernon Sidney, or of the honesty of Lord Somers, Captain Kidd, and Co., oh Heavens! the stir and the fuss among the literary leaders of the day, who were just then learning the art of reviewing. How did they all comport themselves? like a hive of angry bees, newly stirred up with a stick.

"I have been reading Guthrie's History," wrote Gray to Horace Walpole, "he is a great rascal, but how does he come by his curious documents?"

This intimation was somewhat of a puzzler, for when we met with it a few score years after it was written, we too were reading as much of Guthrie's huge folios as reasonable people can read; *ergo*, sifting the wheat from bushels of chaffy words; we wished him a more com-

* Diary of the Times of Charles the Second. By the Hon. Henry Sidney (afterwards Earl of Romney), including his Correspondence with the Countess of Sunderland, &c. Edited with Notes, by R. W. Blencowe, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo.

pendious style, yet at every page asked the question, but wherefore *rascal*? Alack! Guthrie had seen some such letters and journals as the present, and had not given the brightest idea of the angels of the revolutions of England. It is not a pleasant thing to be called rascal by the best and cleverest men of our era; for whatever Horace Walpole and his papa might have been, Gray, like Cowper, was really a virtuous recluse, and, truly, he believed he was expressing a virtuous indignation when he vituperated Guthrie for writing facts he had drawn from the fountain heads of history. Such were some of the difficulties historians had to encounter in the last century who were desirous of placing facts, not preconceived opinions, before their readers.

The curtain is, however, now fast drawing up, and readers, instead of hissing, await in amused expectation the development of the drama. The publication of Sir John Dalrymple's Appendix, full of original letters of the actors of the revolution of 1688, unveiled many a vile motive, and many a dirty deed of the heroes and heroines of that glorious measure. Much abuse is still levelled at Dalrymple for summing up the money items debited as bribes against the *patriot* Algernon Sidney by Barillon, the intriguing ambassador of Louis XIV., yet as abuse will not "rail a seal off a bond," and still less the items out of an account book, they remain in Barillon's original despatches, to the infinite embarrassment of the few politicians given to historical reading, and at the same time fond of giving as a sentiment at public dinners, "The cause for which Hampden died in the field and Sidney died on the scaffold!"

We have a great respect for Sir John Dalrymple as one of the first men of the last century who dared publish the original documents of the extraordinary epoch of 1673 and 1699. But the discrepancy between his volume of history and his volume of documents, is laughable to the last degree. He commenced his history evidently with the whiggish intention of vindicating his ancestor, Lord Stair, the political agent of the massacre of Glencoe. Therein is to be found withal a vast deal of rhetoric touching the public virtue of Algernon Sidney, of Russell, and their other compatriots. Excepting a few such flourishes, his history was an impartial, well-sustained narrative, being a digest of facts (as far as he was aware of them), it was new and entertaining; it became popular, and George the III., in consequence, liberally threw open to him King William the III.'s Kensington boxes of letters, when lo! an alarming revolution took place in the mind of our historian, and he published forthwith the royal box of letters, with a serious apology to the public for the humbug with which he had unconsciously fed them in his history concerning the said patriots, Sidney and Russell. In his valuable Appendix he gives indisputable proof that Algernon Sidney, and all the whigs who agitated or invented the Popish Plot, were the bribed tools of France, with the exception of Lord Russell, who, if he did not dirty his hands with French gold, yet intrigued with the wretches who did so, knowing that they did so.

"But what," might a reader ask, "could have induced Louis the XIV. to have purchased the opposition of a faction, who by means of accusations of a pretended plot caused the blood of the English Ca-

tholics to be poured forth like water, and eventually caused the exclusion of his first cousin, James the II., whom he loved, from the throne of England?"

The only answer is, that national envy is stronger than family love, and that the ministers of a despotic sovereign not only govern a people lawlessly, but also their master, particularly when he was like Louis XIV., at this era, a man of pleasure. It was but a continuation of the same conduct pursued by the terrific Richelieu, much against the inclination of his employers, the Queen Regent of France, Marie de Medicis and Louis XIII., the mother and brother of the queen-consort of England. In spite of these royal relatives, Richelieu nurtured the revolution which ended in the execution of Charles I. Those who have read the French ambassador's despatches, from the period of the union of the two monarchies of England and Scotland, will clearly behold how intense was the envy of these French diplomatists at the prospect, which they plainly foresaw of the mighty empire that North and South Britain were calculated to attain, if left in internal peace and prosperity.

This foreboding was the occult spring which convulsed the British islands for a century; with political and even with religious feuds. It was in vain the royal families of England and France were united by the strongest bonds of family alliance, and even of family attachment; there was a power in both countries beyond their power, despotic as Louis XIV. fancied he had made himself. If most of the men who affected virtue and patriotism in England, had not been baser than the basest, "an enemy could not have done this." Surely uglier pictures of treachery, of turbulence, of ingratitude, and acquisitiveness under the mask of patriotism, cannot be unveiled than some letters present in Dalrymple's Appendix. The memorials of the Sidney family contained in these volumes, fill up the chasms, and render luminous the dark places occurring in the aforesaid celebrated collection of Historical and Royal Letters.

Notwithstanding the despicable figures cut by the heroes and heroine of this correspondence, the court fop, Henry Sidney, and the intriguing *diablesse*, his relation, the Countess of Sunderland, and the thrice perjured Lord Sunderland, her husband, the letters and journal are very entertaining, explained and assisted as they are by Mr. Blencowe's admirable historical notes and extracts. Some of these, as portions of the unedited journal of Dr. Lake, tutor to the Queen regnant, Mary II., are inestimably useful to those desirous of forming clear ideas of the personal characteristics of the leading spirits of that age. It is to be hoped that Mr. Blencowe will indulge the public by the full publication of Dr. Lake's MS., for the snatches he gives us of it in this work, lead us to imagine, it will possess no trifling interest.

The Journal and Letters of Henry Sidney, and the precious countess, his relative and ally, were written at an epoch when the public press was struggling in a very fractious and ill-conditioned infancy. Had it arrived at the intellectual growth of the present day, the political depravity of Lord Sunderland would have been publicly discussed in a manner, which would have incapacitated him from acting

with the treachery he did. The present correspondence unveils the whole of his intrigues for the dethronement of the man who trusted him ; nor does it leave him with the threadbare excuse of patriotism and zeal for liberty and the Protestant cause ; for throughout the whole of the correspondence, his intriguing countess affirms that she desired a revolution merely as the only occurrence that could set up their impoverished house : in what manner impoverished, the following particulars from her pen, regarding her virtuous lord, will inform the reader, in a letter addressed by her to her husband's uncle, Henry Sidney, then ambassador from England to the Hague.

The Countess of Sunderland to Mr. Sidney.

Windsor, August 24th.

I am overjoyed that you'll be here so soon ; if it be possible, I hope you'll come time enough to be at Althorpe when the King is at Newmarket, for then I shall be there. *My Lord* has fallen again to *play* to a more violent degree than ever, all day and night. It makes the horridest noise in the world ; 'tis talked of in all the coffee-houses, and 'tis for such vast sums ; *he has been* told of it from several who wish him well, but it has done no good.

I have more than ordinary reason to lay this to heart, as you will think when I see you, and tell you of all the fair prospect we have of coming to that which would *make us all* . . . you may guess what I mean, and then I am sure you will be of my mind, that this cursed *play* is the plainest obstruction in the world. Now, I do really think that if you would write him word that you are mighty sorry to hear from England that *he plays* for 5000*l.* in a night at *la Basset* ; that it is railed at by his enemies, and of great disadvantage to him, but that you hope it is not true, I fancy this would do good. I am confident it will, ten times more, than if you were here, for then, he would think I desired you, and I am sure he won't, and it will agree with what his friends have told him here, for 'tis really talked of in the coffee-houses. Now, I am so fully persuaded of your kindness to me, that, without this public concern, my own private, which you know is great in this matter, will obtain of you this mark of your friendship, which you owe both to him and me ; but, for God's sake, let this be lodged in your own breast, and let neither him or any body else ever know what I desire of you. I hope it will not be uneasy to you to do it, and I shall take it mighty kindly.

This letter was written in the year 1680.

One important historical fact is, for the first time revealed by this correspondence, which is, that William, Prince of Orange, was, in the early stage of the plots* for the supplanting of his father-in-law and uncle, extremely shocked at the proposal, and unwilling to enter into it.

The Prince of Orange to Sir L. Jenkins.

22d November, 1680.

I am much obliged to you for continuing to inform me of what passes in England, but I am vexed to learn with what animosity they proceed against the Duke.* God bless him ! and grant that the King and his Parliament may agree, without which I foresee infallibly an imminent danger for the King, the royal family, and the greatest part of Europe.

All affairs here are, as every where else, in suspense to see the issue of this great session. May the Divine Goodness end it for his own glory, the good

* Afterwards James II., his father-in-law, whom he dethroned.

and satisfaction of the King, of his royal family, and of the good party in Europe! I am and always will be, without reserve,

Entirely yours.

This is not the only specimen of William's reluctance; it is a vein that runs through the whole of the *Sidney Journal* and *Correspondence*. Henry Sidney, the author of the *Journal*, resident Ambassador at the Hague, and the intriguing Countess of Sunderland (his niece by marriage), during some years, combat these scruples of the Prince of Orange, throughout the whole of the letters printed in this series.

Having thus given some insight into the motives which actuated the tissue of treachery woven by the Sidney family at this epoch, it is time to devote a few words to the arrangement of the work by Mr. Blencowe. This is effected in a very masterly and artistical manner, excepting an urgent need of dates. His introduction is occupied by four or five rapid biographies, explanatory of the characters and adventures of the journalist and correspondents, whose manuscripts are printed in the volumes.

The *Diary* or *Journal* of Henry Sidney commences as follows :

June 1st, 1679. The King told me that he intended to send me into Holland, and expressed a good deal of kindness to me, but told me withal that he could not have made choice of me, but that the Prince of Orange had sent him word he liked me very well. The same day, Lord Sunderland, Halifax, and I walked together, and talked much to the advantage of the Prince. Upon all occasions, the King expressed great kindness to the Prince.

2d. The King consented to my buying Mr. Godolphin's plate with great kindness.

The correspondence is inserted chronologically in the journal. This said journal is a unique of its kind; nothing can be homelier than its diction; it was neither penned to show wit, learning, or information of any sort; it does not betray a human affection; it does not affect a human virtue, or even a spark of humour; it is the simple jotting down of events, prompted by an instinct of caution to counteract the proverb which warns great liars to have long memories.

But as the man did not intend to deceive himself, whatever he might wish to do in regard to others, this plain matter-of-fact diary becomes of use and historical importance to the reader. It is but seldom that Henry Sidney indulges in scraps of court gossip, we however quote the following odd anecdote of the Princess of Orange and the French ambassador, from its current occurring apparently in 1680 :

December 3d. I writ to Sir L. Jenkins the story of the French Ambassador at Court.

Sir,

All the discourse we have here at present is, of what happened a Wednesday night, at Court. The French Ambassador had, in the morning, sent Monsieur Odyke word that he intended to wait upon the Princess that evening—he forgot to give notice of it; so that the Princess sate down as she uses to do, about eight o'clock, to play at la Basset. A quarter of an hour after, the Ambassador came in. She rose up, and asked him if he would play, and sate down again: he made no answer, but, looking about, he saw a chair with arms in the corner, which he drew himself and sate down. After he had sate a little while, he rose and went to the table to play. The Prince came in shortly after, and did also seat himself to play. The next day he told some of his

friends that he was not to be wondered at, for he had positive orders from his master, that, whenever the Princess sate in a great arm-chair, he should do so too ; and that if there was but one in the room, he should endeavour to take it from the Princess and sit in it himself.

9th. Monsieur Shuts was with me ; that night the Prince of Hanover came to the Hague ; the Prince went to see him the same night.

11th. There was a ball at Monsieur Odyke's. I went to see the Prince of Hanover, who had just come to the Hague, and afterwards went with the Prince to dine with him.

12th. The blazing star or meteor was seen from five o'clock to half-past six.

15th. I received letters out of England of the seventh, and a reprimand. In the evening I was with the Prince. He laughed at what he heard concerning me, and was well pleased at one passage of Monsieur Van Lewen's letter, which was, that my Lord Sunderland told him they had an expedient that would make up all, but they were not to discover it.

The letters of the Dowager Lady Sunderland, sister of Henry and Algernon Sidney, and at the same time the Sacharissa of Waller, are extremely *naïve* and pleasing in style ; they are, besides, full of family gossip and little traits of now forgotten customs and manners of past centuries. Ever and anon she indulges in a sarcastic fling at the bearishness or churlishness of the redoubted Algernon, her brother, who appears by the way excessively unpopular in his own family circle. Her letters are full of the marriage of her sister with an ugly, rich bridegroom, *certainly* the sister of Sacharissa after the restoration, could not have been a *very* juvenile bride :

I think I have almost ended our marriage treaty before my brother Pelham comes. I have sent for him, but our poor sister has had low fits of a tertian ague ; how far I have gone I will tell you ; in short, I had leave to offer 7000*l.* upon the marriage rather than have broke it. I believe 8000*l.* would have been given, but I had order to get one thousand not to be paid till my brother dies, so I have done it for the portion. The jointure was left to me. I demanded 1000*l.* a year and his London house, and I have got it ; I will make her thank me for the house, for her father would have never thought of it for her ; but a very pretty house so furnished as that will be very considerable to a woman. Henry Savile has told me all that is to be in it. Six coach horses are buying. My Lady Halifax is to choose the coach that she is to have apart, and her equipage will be two footmen and a page for herself.

Now I have told the good show, I must come to the ill one. His person is ugly : last night he came to me with his sister ; he is well enough dressed and behaved, of very few words. As soon as my brother comes to town he will carry him the particulars of his estate, which I believe is not stretched. My Lady Halifax says she had rather say less than more ; the fortune is good no doubt, and she will do better than many who have double. I desired her to tell me if she had any distaste to him, and I would order it so that it should not go on, and her father should not be angry with her, but she is wiser than to refuse it. He is not more ill-favoured than Montague, and his wife kisses him all day, and calls him her pretty dear.

Again :

The Dowager Lady Sunderland to Mr. Sidney.

February 19th, 1679.

Your kind letter does so delight me, I would fain say something that would be the portrait of my heart, but I am so dull. Though my Lord Halifax has sent for his family, I hope he will come up himself before every body disperses. He can be without them here, but not very well there, because com-

pany comes to him. Nan Savile hath no regret but to be at her cousin's wedding. I think all is agreed upon now. The articles were signed yesterday, and the gentleman had leave to wait upon his mistress. My brother is gone home, and the writings are to be drawn. The marriage must be at *Holland*.* In some respects, I am sorry for it. My sister had a great mind to come, and I should have been glad to have seen her. My brother thought it would be more expense, and not handsome, because of his great relations: I believe he did consider this the more. Mr. Algernon never goes to them, though they have sought him, so that I have wondered at it often. All the women went to see him;† the married Pelham and the two sisters, and the men did; but he has used them so abominably, they are ashamed of it, though he did before the treaty of this marriage: they would some of them lay it upon that. I told them if any body would bring a better, I would change my party. I had no bribe, but I saw some thought this too good. For my part, I think neither of them well married, but this is a good deal better than Montague, though she calls him her pretty dear, and kisses him a thousand times in a day. I tell Lucy she shall not do so, hers will be much such a pretty dear.

My Lord Ogle does prove the saddest creature of all kinds that could have been found fit to be named for my Lady Percy, as ugly as any thing young can be. The ladies of Northumberland House are going to Petworth, and he to his father to have good counsel. Just now Tom Pelham has been with me, and hindered my writing; but 'tis no matter, for I have little to say. He is very factious; but they are more quiet there than they have been. He confesses that he was one of them that thought the king supped at the Lord Mayor's against his will, and that it was done to make him lose his credit; but he is of another mind now by the manner of it there, and what he has done since. I draw very little consequence from the acclamations of the people. Our brother Algernon is very ill of a cough; he eats nothing but water-gruel. I do not see him, but I have sent to him twice. I thank God my old heart is whole, but I am mightily troubled with pain in my limbs when I offer to stir.

The Dowager Countess of Sunderland to Mr. Sidney.

March 22d.

After our wedding at Holland, I had a letter from Mr. Montague that made me fear that Mr. Pierpoint was not liked; but he is, I doubt, a little malicious, for Tom Pelham has been with me since: he says, for our niece, she is, he thinks, as well pleased as he has seen any body. My sister is very well satisfied as to the fortune and the probability of her living well, but she loves more compliments and mirth than she will ever find. I prepared her, as well as I could, not to expect it. He is not a pleasant man—very few are; neither is he the very best sort for entertainment. One thing pleased: when he said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," he put a purse upon the book with 200 guineas; every body puts somewhat, but this is the most I have heard. They will be here before Easter, and then you shall hear more.

April 6th.

Dear Ambassador,

To-morrow our new married couple will be here: all I hear from thence is satisfaction, he very fond, and Mr. Montague writ to me that her kindness might be called so too. I intend to keep my authority over her, so that she shall not call him pretty dear, as her sister does him. Our brother Algernon

* A seat of the Pelhams in England.

† Algernon Sidney.

has been once with me ; how far he will proceed I know not ; I gave him a very civil reception ; though we were alone a great part of the time, we did not say a word of any difference that has been. He looks very ill.

April 16th.

Our new married niece is as well pleased as ever I saw any body ; she says he is as kind as she can desire. Notwithstanding Pierpoint blood, he is very willing to let her have every thing to the uttermost of his fortune. He bids her buy what plate or furniture she will, and he will pay for it. Her brother and I have had a serious discourse upon her management, which we both suspect, for she is giddy, and delighted with liberty and money. We have resolved to give her the best advice we can, that she may not abuse his freeness to her, for his great rich relations will not think well of her if she is too expensive. She is a little too free and too merry in appearance, and he very grave, and has an ill opinion of his own person. Her brother and brother-in-law have both desired me to advise her ; her own brother means as he ought to do in it, but not the other. My brother Algernon, upon my sending to know how he did when he was ill, has come to me three times, and I believe will continue it, for he seems very well pleased with it. We have not said one word of any difference, and I never contradict him when he says such things as that Sir William Coventry is no more an able man, than a handsome man.

The squeamishness of the renegade Lord Sunderland is laughable enough.

July 2d.

My Lady Scroop I have not seen, but my Lord went to wait on her, and found her at dinner on a leg of veal, swimming in butter, which has so turned his stomach, that she will scarce recover his good opinion.

Need we repeat once more that these are amusing volumes ; there is, moreover, a nest of letters describing a family lawsuit—among the Sidneys, which lawsuit elicits a letter from every one of the clique, altogether well worthy of perusal. The decision is given against Lord Leicester, the head of the house, in favour of the diplomat Henry, a decision which elicits some grim satisfaction from Algernon the *bête noir* of the Sidney family.

Though your brother Algernon would not concern himself, but was long in churlish humour—I hear he laughed when he heard how the cause went—and I believe your brother Leicester will not have so good an opinion of his own law as he used to have—'tis thought he will be in a great rage at the verdict. I am sure, if he had had it from him, he would never have let you had a quiet day, nor a penny legacy.

Each volume is adorned with a portrait ; the first with the court Adonis, Henry Sidney himself in steel breastplate and voluminous perriwig surrounding an ill-looking, handsome face ; the second volume presents, not Sacharissa in the Vandyke style, but her daughter-in-law Anne, in the Lely style “her night-gown fastened by a single pin,” and looking no better than she should be. It is, however, a most faithful engraving from the original painting at Hampton-court.

MARMADUKE WYVIL.*

IF, as we believe, it is an indispensable feature of a good historical fiction, that it include as little of actual history, and as much of pure fiction, as are consistent with the production of an *historical* effect from the whole, then is "Marmaduke Wyvil," so far as the above-named quality is concerned, one of the very best works of its class that we have had for many years; certainly a better one than the same writer's *coup d'essai* in the noble and beautiful art of historical romance writing, "Oliver Cromwell;" for with all its admirable qualities, that production was too much like a fragment of actual history to be entirely satisfactory as a romance; while it was too entirely a fiction to serve any historical purpose whatever; or rather, the very force and reality of its delineations of historical characters—and particularly its chief one—gave it a power of more or less misleading the historical student, whose views and opinions were not previously "whole as the marble—founded as the rock," in regard to that great feature of our national annals, the Commonwealth. The truth is that, in the case of Mr. Herbert's "Oliver Cromwell," as in that of two or three of Walter Scott's historical romances, those readers, of whatever description, and whether young or of mature age and judgment, who first received their impressions of the Lord Protector's political and personal character, from the admirable romance of which he is the hero (and there were not a few such) could never hope to gain a *true* impression of that character, though they should study actual history till doomsday. The portrait, whether true to history or not, is so true to *nature*, that the impression it must make on those who remain impressible on the point in question, is too vivid ever afterwards to be displaced.

The romance before us has no leading and absorbing historical interest of this kind, still less any historical character which (as Cromwell did) like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the rest. Like the writer's first work, it is nevertheless a tale of the Commonwealth, and derives all its stirring action, and all its strong and varied interest, from the pervading spirit and tone of that singular period; almost every one of its characters is either a Cavalier or a Roundhead; and one or two, to say truth, partake rather too much of both: these, however, are among the lady portion of the *dramatis personæ*, who, to do them justice, only *so* assert their privilege, of having "no character at all."

Alice Selby, the heroine, from whose "revenge"—a "maid's revenge," of returning good for evil—the work takes its second title—is the character on which the writer has bestowed his chief pains and power, and the result is one of the most touching and beautiful portraits of which prose fiction can boast. With the hero, on the other hand, we feel little interest even from the beginning—notwithstanding those many "complements extern" proper to the hero of romance, with which the author has so lavishly invested him. He is every thing

* Marmaduke Wyvil; or, the Maid's Revenge. An Historical Romance. By Henry W. Herbert, Esq., Author of 'Oliver Cromwell,' &c. 3 vols.

that is handsome, brave, generous, and true to his cause and political principles as a soldier and a cavalier; but as a man and a gentleman, and above all as a lover, he has none of our sympathies; and if it were not that an ample share of "poetical justice" is ultimately awarded to his base treatment of the gentle and devoted Alice, we should inevitably fail to sympathize even with her, in the beautiful "revenge" she takes for the wrongs that destroy her.

Perhaps a finer character than even Alice herself is that of Isabella Oswald, for whom Wyvil deserts Alice, and by whom he is in turn rejected and despised—in spite of that passionate love for him which his nobler qualities at first inspire her. The contrast offered by these two female characters is as effective as it is true to nature.

The noble old royalist, Mark Selby, the father of Alice, is another perfectly natural and most effective sketch; and the parliamentary general, Henry Chaloner, has the merit of supplying the place of hero, from which the reader will at the very outset reject the ostensible one, Marmaduke Wyvil.

Among the minor characters, that one which will most impress the reader is the poor idiot, Martin Rainsford—a sketch that is drawn with great force and truth, and gives occasion for some of the most stirring action in which this novel is so rich.

The scene of the first volume is confined to England; but in the second the scene changes to France, and an entirely new source of interest is opened, through which, and its many new and varied characters, we cannot and need not follow the writer. Suffice it that the power and interest of the work rises at every step, and that the last volume is by far the most stirring and effective of the three, and that in which all the sympathies of the reader (to whatever class he may belong) are most effectually appealed to. And this is especially true in regard to those readers from whom a writer like Mr. Herbert can alone be supposed to look for his reward. In fact, the concluding scenes of this romance rise to a tragic and poetical interest which places them very far above those which may by many be conceived to surpass them in artistical skill and graphic power. On his fighting scenes the author evidently piques himself, and not without reason. But in these scenes, spirited as they are, he has not reached the merit displayed by similar scenes in "*Oliver Cromwell*;" but in the scenes of passion and pathos with which the last volume of "*Marmaduke Wyvil*" abounds, it is decidedly an advance even on the high qualities of its predecessor.

The brief example we shall give of this writer's graphic power of execution, must be taken from a portion of the work where it will in no degree anticipate the interest of the plot: and we cannot do better than choose it from a scene which would stamp the writer's claims in this very difficult but effective class of writing. It is in the early part of the second volume—a large portion of which is devoted to the "hairbreadth 'scapes" of the hero, Marmaduke Wyvil, immediately after the battle of Edgehill, in which he has played a conspicuous part, and on whose pursuit by the Roundheads, the whole action of the novel turns. We must take him in the midst of the scene—for it is too long to give entire.

At the very instant, however, in which he left the cavern, several heavy stones and a quantity of loose earth came rolling down from the bank above, and, before they had reached the bottom of the declivity, three tall, stout men, by whose feet they had been spurned from the summit, leaped down upon him, calling aloud, and bidding him surrender "In the name of God, and the Commonwealth of England."

Marmaduke had in fact scarcely got sure foothold, when the enemy was on him; yet he turned sharply round to face them, drawing his rapier as he did so, while, even in that anxious moment, he had presence of mind to take note that Sherlock and the pedler had sprung out of their covert, at this unexpected onslaught, and were rushing down to his assistance with all speed.

Too late, however, was he in his movement, for ere his sword was well out of its scabbard, and long before he could uplift it to parry or to strike, a sweeping blow of a huge two-handed quarter-staff was dealt him on the right side of the head, which felled him instantly into the channel of the stream; very lucky was it for him that he had turned completely round before the blow took effect, for, as he dropped, the first man sprang upon him, kneeling upon his breast as he lay face upward in the shallow water, and grappling his throat with both hands; so that, stunned as he was by the blow, and helpless to arise, he must have necessarily been suffocated, had he fallen on his face, before the struggle ended.

Meanwhile the other ruffians, seeing that Marmaduke was for the moment quite unable to resist, rushed upon Bartram and the gallant farmer, pressing them so hard with their long two-edged rapiers, against which the others had nothing but their oaken staves, that it was quite impossible for them to offer any aid to the young cavalier; and that they had more than enough to do to defend themselves, and must have been slain speedily, ~~as~~ have surrendered, had not a new auxiliary rushed suddenly, and that most unexpectedly, upon the scene. A long, protracted, and most fearful howl gave the first note of his approach, as the person who had lain hidden in the brake immediately behind the ruffians, darted with strange fantastic bounds and frantic gestures, down the steep river bank, and seizing Despard, for he it was who knelt so cowardly on the young soldier's chest, tore him away from his hold as if he had been a mere child; and shaking him for a moment at arm's length, with another howl, fiercer and shriller, and more fiendish in its tones than any yell that ever issued from the lips of man, even of the untameable and savage Indian, hurled him to the earth, and leaping like a tiger on his prey, grasped, with his fingers strangely and fearfully contorted, the windpipe of his tortured victim, compressing it with all his might, and dashing his head up and down upon the ragged flints, till the blood gushed from it in torrents, gibbering all the while, and uttering a low chuckling laugh of triumph, that when connected with the savage fury of his onset, was perhaps even more revolting than the long beast-like howl which had preceded it.

All this passed in a moment, in far less time than it has taken to describe it, for as soon as he was released from the weight of Despard, the temporary faintness produced by the stunning blow having immediately yielded to the effects of the cold water, which had completely overflowed his face and temples, Wyvil sprang to his feet, brandishing the sword which he had never let go for a moment, and hurried to the aid of his companions, who were overmatched in the unequal combat; but eagerly as he leaped forward, he was yet all too late: for when they heard that wild and devilish outcry, and saw a fourth man rushing from the brake, which they had believed to be tenanted by themselves alone, and dealing such extraordinary retribution on their comrade, the superstitious terrors—the only terrors to which they were accessible—of the two desperadoes, were aroused.

"It is the fiend!" cried one, "fly, fly! in God's name!"

And, with the word, leaving their late opponents unquestioned masters of

the field, and wondering only that they were not pursued, the ruffians broke away, and rushing through the scattered bushes, sought the wild woods, and actually ran miles before they paused even for a moment, in mute and breathless consternation.

But not for that did the death struggle cease between the disgraced round-head soldier and his uncouth antagonist: strong as he was, and desperately as he struggled for his life, striking violent although impotent blows with a dagger, which he had contrived to draw, and striving by the most fearful muscular efforts to dislodge his inveterate antagonist, yet all his efforts were in vain; for his persecutor clung to his throat with an iron grasp, and wrenched his head completely round, still muttering and gibbering, and laughing, with a fierce, fiendish glee, and making horrible grimaces—grinding his strong white teeth till the foam flew from his lips, like froth churned from the tusks of the hunted boar, and falling on the face of the dying puritan, was blent into a frightful lather, all clothed with the gore that flowed from his deep wounds.

And now the smothered imprecations, the broken sobs, and gasps of the throttled roundhead, were changed into the dread death-rattle; his eyeballs rolling up meaningless; his lips were painfully convulsed and white as ashes, while all the rest of his countenance was purple almost to blackness, with the blood forced into all his pores by that strong gripe: the dagger fell from his relaxed and nerveless fingers; a sharp quick shudder shot through his whole frame, and then all was still; the powerful limbs became collapsed and flaccid; the staring eyes, half starting from their sockets, glazed with a dull white film; the chest that heaved of late with energy so terrible, inert and motionless; and all the fiery passions, the inordinate lust of gold, the hot insatiable ambition, the recklessness of human life, the strong fixed purpose, the undaunted courage which but now fluttered in that living throbbing heart—were all quenched, and darkened, and at rest for ever!

Ere Wyvil and his trusty friends could reach the scene of the protracted struggle—for although he was himself quite ignorant of the persons, both of his assailant and his rescuer, Bartram and Sherlock suspected the identity of both—*knew* that of one, from the first utterance of the awful outcry that harbingered his coming. All was completely over; and as they came up, Martin Rainsford—for it was the poor idiot, whose instinctive hate for Despard had worked out Marmaduke's deliverance—uprose from the dead body and actually danced on the cold senseless clay, in the wild exultation of his mad revenge.

This is powerful and spirited writing; and it will convey no more than a fair impression of the executive skill displayed in this excellent and sterling production.

SALMON-FISHING.*

THIS is the noblest book that has ever been penned about the noblest sport (take it for all in all) that is practised on the lesser brutes by who "noble savage," Man. And Mr. Scrope is the only person that should, and what is more, who could have written it; for salmon-fishing is to the sports of the flood, what deer-stalking is to those of the field; and Mr. Scrope has a sort of prescriptive right to teach inferior spirits on the latter topic, seeing that he is their acknowledged guide and model on the former. But he does more than teach, he delights and

* *Days and Nights of Salmon-Fishing on the Tweed.* [By W. Scrope, Esq., F.L.S. 1-vol.

betters them. His book is not merely the most useful and efficient instructor on the subject to which it is devoted ; it is more useful and efficient than all others united ; and more pleasant into the bargain than any book of the kind since Isaac Walton. Moreover it is not absolutely unlike that most delightful of effusions ; it is as full of character—as rich in that *gusto* which alone redeems the art of angling at once from insignificance and cruelty—as highly embellished with speaking pictures of life and of nature—and finally, it is ten times fuller of personal anecdote. Hear the delightful way in which the writer mixes up the *utile* and the *dulce* together, like the parsley-and-butter sauce of his favourite fish.

After expatiating on the merits of *wading*,—observe how coolly he assigns the limits to which you should practise it.

Avoid standing on rocking stones, for obvious reasons ; and never go into the water deeper than the fifth button of your waistcoat ; even this does not always agree with tender constitutions in frosty weather. As you are not likely to take a just estimate of the cold in the excitement of the sport, should you be of a *delicate temperament* and be wading in the month of February, when it may chance to freeze very hard, pull down your stockings and examine your legs. Should they be black, or even purple, it might perhaps be as well to get on dry land ; but if they are only rubicund, you may continue to enjoy the water if it so pleases you.

It is really refreshing, and does one's heart good to see how some that are green in the sport will, in the language of stag-hunting, "take to soil." I heard of a fat man from the precincts of Cheapside, who was encountered in the river Sheil, in Invernesshire, by two gentlemen—merrier ones than whom "I never passed an hour's talk withal." The corpulent man looked at the water for some time, like a child that is going into a cold-bath. He then broke forth in the following guise :

"I am convinced, gentlemen, that your waders catch most fish."

His opinion being greatly encouraged, he put one foot in the pool ; and not finding the sensation very alarming—for the weather was warm—he walked soberly forward, saying at every step,

"Ay, ay, your waders catch most fish."

Now the rock shelving down near the bank, in progressing, he was soon up to his hips—

"Tendebatque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."

But he could not reach the desired spot even then. In this dilemma he looked wistfully at the shore for advice.

"How deep should I go?" said the enterprising man.

One said to the fifth button of his waistcoat, and the other to his shirt-collar.

He preferred the fifth button ; and soon treading on a faithless stone, fairly toppled headforemost into the pool. His hand relaxed its grasp, and away went the fishing-rod down the stream. He himself was soon placed out of danger by the gentlemen ; but his rod lay across the river, the butt-end opposed in its passage by one rock in the middle of it, and the top by another ; so the weight of the stream bore upon the centre, and snapped it in twain.

The corpulent gentleman took all with the greatest goodhumour, and as the water streamed from him at all points, as it were from a river god, and as he applied a brandy-flask to his mouth, he said, at intervals between his potations,

"I am not quite so sure that your waders catch most fish ; gentlemen, I say I have my doubts of it."

The book is gemmed with anecdotes and touches of this nature,

and is the most pleasant reading of its class that we have met with for many a day; not to mention that it is embellished with many excellent illustrations from the pencils of Wilkie, the Landseers, and other approved artists.

LETTERS FROM THE PYRENEES.*

THE reason assigned, or rather implied, by Mr. Paris, for publishing these letters, is a fair and legitimate one, and he should be allowed the benefit of it: intrinsically, and for itself, the information they convey would scarcely have justified the dissemination of them beyond the private circle for which they must be supposed to have been intended; but, says the writer, "when about to leave England, I experienced so much difficulty in obtaining any practical information respecting the Pyrenees, that I scarcely feel it necessary to offer an apology for the present volume."

In fact, to summer tourists seeking for novelty, but not disposed to pay the costly price for it of discovering it for themselves, these "Letters from the Pyrenees" will be a very welcome offering; for they will act as a sort of handbook to the singular localities to which they relate, and will thus smooth a path that were else too rough and rugged to be explored by uninstructed feet: they will afford pretty nearly all the "practical information" which any enterprising pedestrian may need, before starting on what, under favourable circumstances, must prove one of the most interesting and exciting tours that can be made within the ordinary limits open to a "summer tourist."

The writer started from his namesake, Paris, early in the summer of last year, taking about ten days to reach Bayonne: and this ordinary portion of his journey is despatched in the first few pages of his book—not, however, without presenting the reader with a fair account of several interesting points—such as the singular old town of Limoges, the splendid city of Bourdeaux, the strange region of the Landes, &c. Another thirty or forty pages are expended in desultory excursions, in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, and on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, and at the opening of the sixth letter we find our traveller at Pau, and presently afterwards he enters the wonderful regions of which he has come in search: and from this period his letters become one interminable detail of scenes and circumstances which will, to most readers, offer that entire novelty which is after all the great charm of a book of travels, and in the presence of which the most minute details (and Mr. Paris is sufficiently *particular* in his minutiae) fail to become tedious, and are often valuable in exact proportion to their profusion. It is not our purpose to follow the mountain traveller through the remainder of his desultory touring; but the reader who has leisure to accompany him will meet with infinite amusement in the description of scenes, incidents, characters, and circumstances, that blend just

* Letters from the Pyrenees, &c. By T. Clifton Paris, B.A. 1 vol.

enough of ordinary life with their strangeness and singularity to excite the sympathy and interest of the most home-keeping imagination, while they will satisfy the cravings of the most discursive and romantic.

As an extract is the only fair medium of conveying a specific notion of a work of this kind, we shall offer a brief one, taken almost at random.

The next day I was more successful in my search after the Lac de Gaube, which is considered the Queen of the Pyrenean waters. As the morning was brilliant and the sun intensely hot, I sauntered very leisurely through the mountains and hailed with delight the cool fragrance of the Cerizet after so hot a walk from Caunterets. From the Pont d'Espagne I climbed a steep mountain among withered pines, when the lake with its crystal surface broke upon my eye as some vision ;

" A purple firmament of light,
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And clearer than the day."

It is situated upon a *plateau* which is the lowest of a series of steps that lead upwards to the distant Vignemale, and it lies amongst the granite range which stretches south-westerly in a stern phalanx from the valley of the Bastan to the baths of Panticosa. It is the largest sheet of water in the Pyrenees, and the traveller's look at the little hut upon its banks will amply testify the universal admiration it has excited ; but though of so serene an aspect, its fatal waters were the scene of a most dismal tragedy in the year 1832. On the 20th of September Mr. and Mrs. Pattisson, a young Englishman and his bride, tempted by the beauty of the day and the tranquillity of the water, procured the frail canoe of a fisherman for the purpose of rowing to the upper end of the lake ; scarcely had they attained half the distance, when Mr. Pattisson was seen to rise from his seat for the purpose of recovering one of the paddles, and after a moment of fearful struggling to maintain his position, to fall headlong into the water, whilst his agonized wife in her attempt to save him upset the frail machine, and became also engulfed. The fisherman stood horror-struck on the bank, unable to afford the slightest assistance, a miserable witness to their dying efforts : their strength was soon exhausted, and the bubbling waters drew a veil over their last agonies. On a round mass of granite that juts into the lake stands a monument to record the tragic event, " Ils furent engloutis dans ce lac," says the inscription, " le 20me Septembre, 1832." The sad fate of this young couple, so suddenly bereft of life in the enjoyment of its most sunny period, throws a mournful interest over this solitary spot.

The scenery around the lake is extremely grand and desolate : vast slides of *débris* shoot down into its depths, and the white granite mountains over which the eye wanders, would seem to promise a secure asylum for the bear and the wolf. The principal object in the view is the noble Vignemale,—the loftiest summit on the French side of the Pyrenees,—raising its triple crest above glaciers and snows, and closing the vista which the lake commands. As evening approached, a tempest gathered on its brow, and I was barely in time to reach Caunteret before a violent storm commenced.

During the whole of that night and the greater part of the next day, it rained incessantly, with a constant accompaniment of thunder and lightning ; but towards evening it cleared up, and I found all the world of Caunterets assembled on the little bridge to observe the raging torrent and the mountains that were covered with newly-fallen snow. It requires an acquaintance with these mountain-floods to become fully impressed with the mighty power of water : we can scarcely imagine any thing more resistless than the fury of the ocean under the lash of the tempest ; but we well know that, with the exception of the tide, its angry billows have no progressive motion : whereas these

offspring of the clouds and glaciers, when hurried over fall and precipice, roll bodily forward in their impetuous career, overwhelming the valleys as though determined to seek a full recompence for all former restraints.

The rapid metamorphosis which the mountains had undergone was quite startling; the thunder was heard, and the black clouds rolled down upon the yet darker summits, when, behold, they suddenly cleared away, and the big brethren stood forth far and near with whitened heads. Their aspect was sufficiently cold and cheerless; but I was somewhat comforted by the intimation that it betokened the return of fine weather,—since a fall of snow in the Pyrenees during the summer is regarded as an indication that the wind is gone to the north, and is the herald of clear skies.

I was a perfect idler this day, and amused myself by noting the various diversions with which the French visitors endeavoured to dissipate their *ennui*; amongst which I remarked one that is indeed common to all the Pyrenean watering-places, and which would appear to be admirably adapted for the education and encouragement of duellists, and must be passing pleasant and soothing to the nervous patients who flock to these baths to drink their healing waters. An enclosed piece of ground is furnished with all the necessary appliances for pistol-shooting, and from sunrise to sunset is the ear assailed by the incessant twang: a greater nuisance to those who are compelled to pass their time within ear-shot can scarcely be imagined. The fair weather having returned as was predicted, I have been wandering wherever the spirit has led me, tracking the torrents to their sources, and drinking the waters in the neighbourhood of the glaciers.

Upon entering on the day's excursion I search upon my map for the mountains or lakes I wish to visit, and then trust to the streams for guidance; for there is no fear of being lost, if you keep within hearing of their noisy prattle,—they are the threads which will conduct you safely through these wilds, even should the dark clouds envelop you.

The Lac d'Estom, is, I think one of the most solitary and savage scenes in the neighbourhood of Cauterets; I paid it a visit yesterday, and found it a bright mirror of the darkest blue, and so transparent that every rock and gelid cavern at the bottom could be distinctly discerned. It is situated at the head of the forest-covered valley of Lutour, and its scenery is well worthy of the neighbourhood of the Vignemale, which mountain can be reached from its shores, but only on foot, by the laborious pass of the Col d'Araillè.

I find the living here excessively reasonable and convenient; I pay four francs a day at the Hôtel de France for an excellent breakfast and dinner, and I have the option of eating by myself at any hour, or of joining the *table d'hôte*. Lodgings are expensive, but if the traveller is determined to be economical, he can with a little trouble procure a small bedroom for a franc the night. At any period of the year, except during the season, which continues from June to the beginning of August, the cost of living in these watering-places is almost nominal. I have now remained more than a week at Cauterets and shall quit it with reluctance; to-morrow I start for Luz, from which place you will probably receive a further account of my progress.

There is good matter in these letters; and the best of them is that they are genuine and unexaggerated accounts of the places and matters with which they concern themselves.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MR. WITHERING'S CONSUMPTION AND ITS CURE.

A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Come away, come away, death
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, all stuck with yew,
Oh, prepare it!

TWELFTH NIGHT.

CHAP. I.

“AND who was Mr. Withering?”

Mr. Withering, Gentle Reader, was a drysalter of Dowgate-hill. Not that he dealt in salt, dry or wet,—or, as you might dream, in dry salt stockfish, ling, and finnin haddies, like the salesmen in Thames-street. The commodities in which he trafficked, wholesale, were chiefly drugs, and dyewoods, a business whereby he had managed to accumulate a moderate fortune. His character was unblemished,—his habits regular and domestic,—but although advanced in years beyond the middle age, he was still a bachelor.

“And consumptive. Why then according to Dr. Imray’s book, he had hair of a light colour, large blue eyes, long eyelashes, white and regular teeth, long fingers, with the nails contracted or curved, a slender figure, and a fair and blooming countenance.”

Not exactly, Miss, Mr. Withering was rather dark—

“Oh yes—as the doctor says, the tuberculous constitution is not confined to persons of sanguineous temperaments and fair complexion. It also belongs to those of a very different appearance. The subjects of this affection are often of a swarthy and dark complexion, with coarse skin, dark hair, long dark eyelashes, black eyes, thick upper lip, short

fingers, broad nails, and a more robust habit of body, with duller intellect, and a careless or less active disposition."

Nay, that is still not Mr. Withering. To tell the truth, he was not at all like a consumptive subject:—not pigeon-breasted, but broad chested—not emaciated, but plump as a partridge—not hectic in colour, but as healthily ruddy as a redstreak apple—not languid, but as brisk as a bee,—in short, a comfortable little gentleman, of the Pickwick class, with something quizzical, perhaps, but nothing phthisical in his appearance.

"Why, then, what was the matter with the man?"

A decline, madam. Not the rapid decay of nature, so called, but one of those declines which an unfortunate lover has sometimes to endure from the lips of a cruel beauty; for Mr. Withering, though a steady, plodding man of business, in his warehouse or counting-house, was, in his parlour or study, a rather romantic and sensitive creature, with a strong turn for the sentimental, which had been nourished by his course of reading—chiefly in the poets, and especially such as dealt in Love Elegies, like his favourite Hammond. Not to forget Shenstone, whom, in common with many readers of his standing, he regarded as a very nightingale of sweetness and pathos in expressing the tender passion. Nay, he even ventured occasionally to clothe his own amatory sentiments in verse, and in sundry poems painted his torments by flames and darts, and other instruments of cruelty, so shockingly, that, but for certain allegorical touches, he might have been thought to be describing the ingenious torture of some poor white captive by a red Indian squaw.

But, alas! his poetry, original or borrowed, was of no more avail than his plain prose, against that petrification which he addressed as a heart, in the bosom of Miss Puckle. He might as well have tried to move all Flintshire by a geological essay; or to have picked his way with a toothpick into a Fossil Saurian. The obdurate lady had a soul above trade, and the offer of the drysalter and lover, with his dying materials in either line, was met by what is called a *flat* refusal, though it sounded, rather, as if set in a *sharp*.

Now in such cases it is usual for the Rejected One to go into something or other, the nature of which depends on the temperament and circumstances of the individual, and I will give you six guesses, Gentle Reader, as to what it was that Mr. Withering went into when he was refused by Miss Puckle.

"Into mourning?"

No.

"Into a tantrum?"

No.

"Into the Serpentine?"

No—nor into the Thames, to sleep in peace in Bugaby's Hole.

"Into the Army or Navy?"

No.

"Into a madhouse?"

No.

"Into a Hermitage?"

No—nor into a Monastery.

The truth is, he opportunely remembered that his father's great

aunt, Dinah, after a disappointment in love, was carried off by Phthisis Pulmonalis; and as the disease is hereditary, he felt, morally as well as physically and grammatically, that he must, would, could, should, and ought to go like a true Withering, into a Consumption.

"And did he, sir?"

He did, miss;—and so resolutely, that he sold off his business, at a sacrifice, and retired, in order to devote the rest of his life to dying for Amanda—*alias* Miss Susan Puckle. And a long job it promised to be, for he gloried in dying very hard, and in pining for her, which of course is not to be done in a day. And truly, instead of a lover's going off, at a pop, like Werter, it must be much more satisfactory to a cruel Beauty, to see her victim, deliberately expiring by inches, like a Dolphin, and dying of as many hues,—now crimson with indignation, then looking blue with despondence, anon yellow with jaundice, or green with jealousy,—at last fading into a melancholy mud-colour, and thence darkening into the black tinge of despair and death.

CHAP. II.

"But did Mr. Withering actually go into a consumption?"

As certainly, miss, as a passenger steps of his own accord into an omnibus that is going to Gravesend. He had been refused, and had a strong sentimental impression that all the Rejected and Forsaken Martyrs of true love were carried off, sooner or later, by the same insidious disease. Accordingly his first step was to remove from the too keen air of Pentonville, to the milder climate of Brompton, where he took a small detached house, adapted to the state of single unblestness, to which he was condemned.

His establishment consisted but of two female servants; namely, a housemaid, and a middle-aged woman, at once cook, housekeeper, and nurse, who professedly belonged to a consumptive family, and therefore knew what was good or bad, or neither, for all pulmonary complaints. Her name was Button. She was tall, large-boned, and hard-featured; with a loud voice, a stern eye, and the decided manner of a military sergeant—a personage adapted, and in fact accustomed to rule much more refractory patients than her master. It did not indeed require much persuasion to induce him to take to wear "flannin next his skin," or woollen comforters round his throat and wrists, or even a hareskin on his chest in an east wind. He was easily led to adopt cork soles and clogs against wet, and a great-coat in cold weather—nay, he was even out-talked into putting his jaw into one of those hideous contrivances called Respirators. But this was nothing. He was absolutely compelled to give up all animal food and fermented liquors—to renounce successively his joint, his steak, his chop, his chicken, his calves' feet, his drop of brandy, his gin-and-water, his glass of wine, his bottled porter, his draught ditto, and his ale, down to that bitter pale sort, that he used to call his *Bass* relief. No, he was not even allowed to taste the table-beer. He had promised to be consumptive, and Mrs. Button took him at his word. As much light pudding, sago, arrow-root, tapioca—or gruel—with toast-and-water, barley-water, whey, or apple-tea, as often as he pleased—but as to meat or

"stimuluses" she would as soon give him "Alick's Acid, or Corrosive Supplement."

To this dietary dictation, the patient first demurred, but soon submitted. Nothing is more fascinating or dangerous to a man just rejected by a female, than the show of kindness by another of the sex. It restores him to his self-love—nay, to his very self,—reverses the sentence of social excommunication just pronounced against him, and contradicts the moral annihilation implied in the phrase of being "nothing to nobody." A secret well known to the sex, and which explains how so many unfortunate gentlemen, crossed in love, happen to marry the housemaid, the cook, or any kind creature in petticoats—the first Sister of Charity, black, brown, or carroty, who cares a cus—

"Oh!—"

—a custard for their appetite, or a comforter for their health. Even so with Mr. Withering. He had offered himself from the top of his Brutus to the sole of his shoe to Miss Puckle, who had plumply told him that he was not worth having as a gift. And yet, here—in the very depth of his humiliation, when he would hardly have ventured to bequeath his rejected body to an anatomical lecturer—here was a female, not merely caring for his person in general, but for parts of it in particular—his poor throat and his precious chest, his delicate trachea, his irritable bronchial tubes, and his tender lungs. Nevertheless, no onerous tax was imposed on his gratitude; the only return required—and how could he refuse it!—was his taking a Temperance, or rather Total Abstinence Pledge for his own benefit. So he supped his semi-solids and swallowed his slops: merely remarking on one occasion, after a rather rigorous course of barley-water, that if his consumption increased he thought he should "try *Madeira*."

"And did he?"

Yes, madam, but very cautiously. That is to say, not by a whole island, but only a bottle at a time.

CHAP. III.

In the mean time Mr. Withering continued as plump as a partridge, and as rosy as a redstreak apple. No symptoms of the imputed disease made their appearance. He slept well, ate well of sago, &c., drank well of barley-water and the like, and shook hands with a palm not quite so hard and dry as a dead Palm of the Desert. He had neither hectic flushes nor shortness of breath—nor yet pain in the chest, to which three several physicians, in consultation applied their stethoscopes.

Doctor A.—hearing nothing at all.

Doctor B.—nothing particular.

Doctor C.—nothing wrong.

And Doctor E. distinctly hearing a cad-like voice, proclaiming "all right."

Mr. Withering, nevertheless, was dying—if not of consumption, of *ennui*—the mental weariness of which he mistook for the physical lassitude so characteristic of the other disease. In spite, therefore, of the faculty, he clung to the poetical theory that he was a blighted drysalter,

withering prematurely on his stem ; another victim of unrequited love, whom the utmost care could retain but a few short months from his cold grave. A conviction he expressed to posterity in a series of Petrarchian sonnets, and in plain prose to his housekeeper, who only insisted the more rigidly, on what she called her "regimental rules" for his regimen, with the appropriate addition of Iceland Moss. A recipe to which he quietly submitted, though obstinately rejecting another prescription of provincial origin—namely, snails beaten up with milk. In vain she told him from her own experience in Flanders, that they were reckoned not only nourishing but relishing by the Belgians, who after chopping them up with bread crumbs and sweet herbs, broiled them in the shells, in each of which a small hole was made, to enable the Flemish epicure to blow out the contents. Her master decisively set his face against the experiment, alleging plausibly enough, that the operation of snails must be too slow for any galloping complaint.

There was, however, one experiment, of which on his own recommendation, Mr. Withering resolved to make a trial—change of air of course involving change of scene. Accordingly, packing his best suits and a few changes of linen in his carpet-bag, he took an inside place in the Hastings coach, and was whirled down ere night, to that favourite Cinque Port. And for the first fortnight, thanks to the bracing yet mild air of the place, which gave tone to his nerves, without injury to his chest, the result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. But alas ! he was doomed to a relapse, a revulsion so severe, that, in a more advanced stage of his complaint, he ought to have "gone out like a snuff."

"What, from wet feet, or a damp bed?"

No, madam—but from a promenade, with dry soles, on a bright day in June, and in a balmy air that would not have injured a lung of lawn-paper.

CHAP. IV.

Poor Mr. Withering !

Happy for him had he but walked in any other direction—up to the Castle, or down to the beach—had he only bent his steps westward to Harlington, or Bexhill, or eastward to Fairlight, or to the Fish-ponds—but his sentimental bias would carry him towards Lover's Sea,—and there—on the seat itself—he beheld his lost Amanda, or rather Miss Puckle, or still more properly, Mrs. Scrimgeour, who, with her bridegroom, had come to spend the honeymoon at green Hastings. The astounded Drysalter stood aghast and agape at the unexpected encounter ; but the lady, cold and cutting as the East wind, vouchsafed no sign of recognition.

The effect of this meeting was a new shock to his system. He felt, at the very moment, that he had a hectic flush, hot and cold fits, with palpitation of the heart,—and his disease set in again with increased severity. Yes, he was a doomed man, and might at once betake himself to the last resource of the consumptive.

"Not," he said, "not that all the ass's milk in England would ever lengthen his years."

Impressed with this conviction, and heartily disgusted with Hast-

ings, he repacked his carpet-bag, and returned by the first coach to London, fully convinced, whatever the pace of the Rocket, or the nature of the road, that he was going very fast, and all down hill.

CHAP. V.

It was about ten o'clock at night when Mr. Withering arrived at his own residence in Brompton; but although there was a light in the parlour, a considerable time elapsed before he could obtain admittance.

At last, after repeated knockings and ringings, the street-door opened, and disclosed Mrs. Button, who welcomed her master with an agitation, which he attributed at once to his unexpected return, and the marked change for the worse, which of course was visible in his face.

"Yes, you may well be shocked—but here, pay the coachman and shut the door, for I'm in a draught. You may well be shocked and alarmed, for I'm looking, I know, like death,—but bless me, Mrs. Button, the house smells very savoury!"

"It's the drains as you sniff, sir," said the Housekeeper; "they always do smell strongish afore rain."

"Yes, we shall have wet weather, I believe—and it may be the drains—though I never smelt any thing in my life so like fried beef-steaks and onions!"

"Why, then, to tell the truth," said Mrs. Button, "it is beef and inguns; it's a favourite dish of mine, and as you're forbid animal food, I thought I'd jest treat myself, in your absence, so as not to tantalize you with the smell."

"Very good, Mrs. Button, and very considerate. Though with your lungs, I hardly approve of hot suppers. But there seems to me another smell about the house,—yes—most decidedly—the smell of tobacco."

"Oh, that's the plants!" exclaimed the Housekeeper—"the geraniums that I've been smoking,—they were eaten up alive with green animalculuses."

"Humph!" said Mr. Withering, who snuffing about like a spaniel, at last made a point at the Housekeeper herself.

"Its very odd—very odd indeed—but there is a sort of perfume about *you*, Mrs. Button—not exactly lavender or Eau de Cologne—but more like the smell of liquor."

"Law, sir!" exclaimed the Housekeeper, with a rather hysterical chuckle, "the sharp nose that you have surely! Well, sure enough, the tobacco smoke did make me squeamish, and I sent out for a small quantity of arduous spirits just to settle my stomach. But never mind the luggage, sir, I'll see to that, while you go up to the drawing-room and the sofy, for you do look like death, and that's the truth."

And suiting her actions to her words, she tried to hustle her master towards the staircase; but his suspicions were now excited, and making a piglike dodge round his driver, he bolted into the parlour, where he beheld a spectacle that fully justified his misgivings.

"Lord! what did he see, sir?"

Nothing horrible, madam; only a cloth laid for supper, with plates, knives, and forks, and tumblers for two. At one end of the table stood a foaming quart-pot of porter; at the other a black bottle, labelled "Cream of the Valley," while in the middle was a large dish of smoking hot beefsteaks and onions. For a minute he wondered who was to be the second party at the feast, till, guided by a reflection in the looking-glass, he turned towards the parlour-door, behind which, bolt upright and motionless as waxwork, he saw a man, as the old song says,

Where nae man should be.

"Heyday! Mrs. Button, whom have we here?"

"If you please, sir," replied the abashed Housekeeper, "it's only a consumptious brother of mine, as is come up to London for physical advice."

"Humph!" said Mr. Withering, with a significant glance towards the table, "and I trust that in the mean time you have advised him to abstain, like your master, from animal food and stimulants."

"Why you see, sir, begging your pardon," stammered Mrs. Button, "there's differences in constitutions. Some requires more nourishing than others. Besides, there's two sorts of consumption."

"Yes, so I see," retorted Mr. Withering; "the one preys on your vitals and the other on your victuals."

Just at this moment a scrap of paper on the carpet attracting his eye, and at the same time catching that of Mrs. Button, and both parties making an attempt together to pick it up, their heads came into violent collision.

"It's only the last week's butcher's bill," said the Housekeeper, rubbing her forehead.

"I see it is," said the master, rubbing the top of his head with one hand, whilst with the bill in the other, he ran through the items, from beef to veal, and from veal to mutton, boggling especially at the joints.

"Why, zounds! ma'am, your legs run very large!"

"My legs, sir?"

"Well, then, *mine*, as I pay for them. Here's one I see of eleven pounds, and another of ten and a half. I really think my two legs, cold one day and hashed the next, might have dined you through the week, without four pounds of my chops!"

"Your chops, sir?"

"Yes, my chops, woman,—and if I had not dropped in, you and your consumptive brother there would be supping on my steaks. You would eat me up alive?"

"You forget, sir," muttered the Housekeeper, "there's a nouse-maid."

"Forget the devil!" bellowed Mr. Withering, fairly driven beyond his patience, and out of his temper, by different provocatives; for all this time the fried beef and onions,—one of the most savoury of dishes,—had been steaming under his nose, suggesting rather annoying comparisons between the fare before him and his own diet.

"Yes, here have I been starving these two months on spoon victuals and slops, while my servants, my precious servants,—confound them!

were feasting on the fat of the land ! Yes, you, woman ! you—with your favourite dishes, my fried steaks and my boiled legs, and my broiled chops, but forbidding *me—me*, your master,—to dine even on my own kidneys, or my own sweetbread ! But if I'll be consumptive any longer I'll be ——”

The last word of the sentence, innocent or profane, was lost in the loud slam of the street-door—for Mrs. Button's consumptive brother, disliking the turn of affairs, had quietly stolen out of the parlour, and made his escape from the house.

“ And did Mr. Withering observe his vow ? ”

Most religiously, madam. Indeed, after dismissing Mrs. Button with her “ regimental rules,” he went rather to the opposite extreme, and dined and supped so heartily on his legs and shoulders, his breast and ribs, his loins, his heart and liver, and his calf's head, and moreover washed them down so freely with wine, beer, and strong waters, that there was far more danger of his going out with an Apoplexy than of his going into a Consumption.

A LEGEND OF CORINTH.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

To die for what we love ! Oh, there is power
In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this*,
It is to live without the vanished light
That strength is needed.

ONCE again turn we back with lingering fondness to Corinth—tradition-haunted Corinth ! As it was e'er its glory departed for ever—peopling it in our imaginations with the “ might have been.”

It was in the time of the golden Autumn, at the hour of sunset, when a band of young girls with floating garments, and vases on their heads, came singing to the cool marble fountain which formed their favourite trysting-place, where their lovers stood ready to ease them of their graceful burdens. And then they wandered away beneath the clear blue sky, or sat in merry groups upon the ground ; and when twilight came on, danced merrily to the sound of their own glad voices. How happy they were in those ancient times ! No wonder that many often forgot the simple cause which brought them thither, returning home with full hearts and empty vases. While from the numerous reliques of fine old pottery found to this day in those Greek wells, it would seem that others were more unfortunate still. And after all it were well if in that witching hour, vases were the only things lost and broken, for young hearts are not less brittle and are easily destroyed.

The ancient marbles alone have sought to realize such a scene as we have been attempting to describe, but how cold and lifeless compared with the original. There, indeed, we may trace the classic profile, and small graceful head, the flowing drapery, and free bounding step ; but the sunny skies—the songs which they sang—their laughing voices, and bright eyes—the whispered vow—all this we must create for ourselves, e'er they will live and breathe of the past.

There were many there perhaps, who had no lovers, and sat dreamily

apart, or made mirth in very wantonness of mischief of that which they more than half envied in others. Wondering what one young couple could possibly have left to tell each other—or judging that another had quarrelled from their cold, averted looks—they who were once such friends! From which we may guess that even in those old times lovers did occasionally fall out, possibly as now, for the pleasure of making it up again, a dangerous gratification that may not be too often repeated with impunity.

There was one who sat alone, with her head resting wearily against the marble fountain, and her large dark eyes half closed, so that their long lashes swept like shadows over her pale cheeks. The lips were firmly compressed as if with pain; and there was a sad expression about the mouth which dimmed the otherwise faultless and divine beauty of her countenance stamping her as a daughter of earth.

“Callimachus is late to night,” said a young girl, approaching where she sat.

“Yes, I almost hope he will not come.”

“And yet you are here with the thought of meeting him?”

“The truth is, Cassandra, I am too ill and weary to smile even upon Callimachus. Last night he took me to see the new temple which he has designed, and is now nearly finished. How magnificent it is! But the way was very long, and yet I had no heart to complain, so proud and joyous as he seemed. Many who were standing round about, not knowing him, said to each other, that Callimachus would be one day the first architect in all Greece, while he turned his bright face to mine, and whispered, ‘Myrrha, for thee—for thee only I would be great!’ And I dared then not tell him that I should never live to see that time.”

Her companion bent down and spoke soothingly, whispering a vain hope.

“It seems hard,” continued the girl, “to die, when one is so happy! and yet if I were sure that he would not lament me very much, death would lose half its bitterness.”

“For my part,” said her sister, “I should never wish to be forgotten by those I loved.”

“A sure sign that you have never really done so, my sweet Cassandra,” replied the other gently.

And she was right, true love casteth out all selfishness. It is far better to die and be forgotten, than that fond hearts should remember us only to weep! And yet how natural is this clinging to earth—this fear that our memories should burn out from the altar of affection.

At that moment a clear mirthful voice was heard in the distance, and Myrrha lifted up her drooping head with a sudden animation.

“Do I look very pale, Cassandra?”

“Not now at least,” replied the girl, as she marked the bright crimson flush which mantled that pure transparent cheek, and turning lingeringly away thought her for a moment less an object of pity than envy, to be loved by one so noble and gifted as that young sculptor.

He was in high spirits, and Myrrha rapidly catching the contagion, it was no wonder he never dreamt of the doom which hung over them both, or read aught of disease in the bright flashing eye and crimson

cheek of her who had never yet found heart to dissipate an illusion which would vanish all too soon. That he spoke so triumphantly of a future which for one at least was not to be.

"Will you dance?" said Callimachus, at length.

"Not to night, dearest! I am too tired."

"Too idle, rather," replied her lover, playfully; "but since you like it better, we will talk."

And sitting down at her feet he proceeded to fill the vase with wild flowers instead of water, or scattered them in very wantonness into the marble fountain.

"What a pity they should ever die," continued he, regarding them with a painter's eye, "they are so beautiful!"

"It is the doom of all earthly things," replied Myrrha, sadly.

"It is strange," said Callimachus, "but some such thoughts as these came over me this morning as I stood by the temple I had raised, and remembered that hundreds of years hence, there it would be still, when I was dead and gone!"

"But there is one thing," said the girl, with enthusiasm, "which is imperishable, and that may one day be yours—Fame!"

"The gods grant it! and yet ambitious as you know I am, my Myrrha, it seems to me far sweeter to be loved while living, than honoured when dead, and of the first at least I am sure. But you are pale, dearest, or it is only the reflection of the moonlight. Let us seek for Cassandra, and return home."

Myrrha willingly acquiesced. How sad it is to feel ill and weary when we are so happy!

Upon the steps of a temple near which they passed on their return, sat a female figure fantastically arrayed in many-coloured garments, with her long hair wreathed with flowers, who, from her intellect being somewhat deranged, was looked upon by the inhabitants of Corinth in the light of a prophetess.

"How I should like to ask her some question," said the young Cassandra.

Callimachus laughed, and the woman catching his eye, rose up instantly and came towards him.

"I do not think she even sees us," said Cassandra, clinging to her sister, while the prophetess fixed her flashing glance upon the noble face of the sculptor.

"Who regards the glow-worm when the moon is up?" was the wild reply, "or misses it from the earth when its bright and brief existence is no more?"

Myrrha shuddered.

"Why gaze you so long and eagerly at me?" asked Callimachus.

"Because we love to look upon the countenances of those who have or will achieve greatness. I tell you it will be something years hence to have seen and spoken to you face to face."

"But how much longer must I wait the inspiration of this mighty power?" asked the aspiring sculptor, inquisitively.

"But a brief space, as you would weep to know did I dare tell you all. The star of your future glory will arise over the grave of the beloved one!"

"One moment!" shrieked Myrrha, as the prophetess turned away.

"Ah!" exclaimed the woman, with something of human pity in her voice and manner. "Poor child! dost thou already tremble and shrink back from thy inevitable doom?"

"Not if the end be thus!" replied the Greek girl, firmly.

"Then be satisfied, for I have spoken only the truth," and disengaging her robe from Myrrha's frantic clasp, she moved hastily away.

"What is all this?" asked the bewildered artist, "and why do you weep, my Myrrha?"

"Nay, I know not, indeed," replied the girl, "when I should rather rejoice; but leave us now, Callimachus, and meet me to-morrow at the same hour, for I have much to tell you."

And that night, as she knelt at her orisons, the Greek maiden, placing implicit faith in the wild prophecy to which she had been listening, no longer prayed to live.

Once again Myrrha sat at sunset by the marble fountain, with her gifted lover at her feet; but his open brow was clouded. He came to tell her that after that night they might not meet again for what seemed an age to them, perhaps for ever! At least so whispered the sinking heart of his companion, whom Callimachus sought vainly to soothe, promising to return very soon, and to think in the interim of none else but her, as all lovers we suppose do on such occasions. But it was not his faith which she feared, being too simple and confiding to doubt—but only that he might return and find her not!

"But you had something to tell me, my own one!" said the sculptor, "which I in my selfishness had well nigh forgotten to ask of you."

And the girl dared not say again, as she had so often done, "Not now!" for she knew that the hour was come!

Poor Myrrha! the deception which she had practised in order to save her lover pain, had been too complete. Heaven forgive him! but he thought her illness only the last excuse of a loving spirit to keep him still with her. Certain it is that the eyes of those nearest and dearest to us are ever the last to mark a change, the almost imperceptible advances of which blind them to its peril. It seemed almost unnatural to associate the idea of death with one so young—and fond—and beautiful! And Myrrha had no heart to tear away the fallacious hopes which he would persist in cherishing, but even smiled when he talked of the future, rather than sadden this, perhaps their last earthly meeting, although well knowing that there was none for her. But when she lifted up her small thin hand, so that he almost saw the moonlight through it—when the flush of excitement and disease waned upon the cheek of his companion into marble paleness, that a wild fear which he could not suppress stole over Callimachus for the first time, and he vowed impetuously that he would not leave her.

"This must not be," said Myrrha, gently, "'tis not for me to deprive Greece of the benefit of your genius, and after all, perhaps, I have exaggerated what may prove but a slight indisposition."

"The gods grant it!" exclaimed Callimachus, "for you are more to me than my country or my fame!"

The girl clung to him and smiled.

"See," continued her lover, pointing to an acanthus which grew near, with its broad, prickly leaves, and white radiant-looking flowers, tinged faintly with pink, blushing as it were at their own beauty;

"Yonder herb perishes at the approach of winter, but when the spring comes again how joyously will it burst forth into life! It shall be an emblem of thee."

"And you will go?"

"If you promise me this?"

"It is not as we will," replied Myrrha, bending down her meek head, "if it were I would never leave you."

"But fate will spare you to me, love—I am sure of it. And how happy we shall be years hence, when I dare demand you of your proud father for my bride—the bride of the great architect and sculptor, Callimachus! You remember the prophecy which we heard yesternight, dearest?"

"Well; the words have been ringing in my ears ever since, they were these, '*The star of thy future glory will rise over the grave of the beloved one.*' From that moment I ceased to fear death."

"Nay, she is mad," said the sculptor, "and I a vain dreamer to put faith in her wild ravings. Myrrha, there is no star which could illumine for me the darkness of thy grave—the world would be henceforth night!"

"At first, perhaps," replied the girl, tenderly, "and then after a time the gloom will pass away. I should be sorry to think my memory might make you sad, Callimachus."

"Your presence never did until now," replied her lover, passionately, "and it is time enough to talk of death when we have grown old and gray-headed together."

"And yet the young die sometimes! But pardon me if I grieve you—and this our last meeting, too—you must think me very selfish?"

"No, only very silly, dearest! to torment us both by these idle fears."

And leaning her sweet head upon his shoulder, Myrrha spoke no more of death, while the young architect, well skilled in every branch of his profession, fashioned out a thousand airy castles, the ruins of which in after years fell heavily upon his own heart.

It matters not now what more passed between them on that night, it is sufficient that Callimachus quitted Corinth full of a thousand bright hopes and anticipations: the memory of her parting smile chasing away all sadder recollections from his joyous and sanguine spirit. While Myrrha flung herself into her sister's arms and wept, well knowing that they should never meet again.

It was the last time she ever went at sunset to the marble fountain—and yet who missed the pale girl from that youthful band?—were their songs less glad?—their laughter less loud, that she, once the merriest of them all was no longer there?—did they pause to question of each other what had become of her? No, all were too much occupied with their own affairs.

And so the beloved pass from earth, while the many miss them not, and a very few weep that they may never find their like again.

Day by day Myrrha faded rapidly away, the proud father now tender and gentle as a child, and the young fond sister, watching over her to the last; and how beautiful she looked even thus, with her white robes, and black perfumed hair gathered back like a cloud from her sweet and tranquil face.

They had bound a wreath of myrtle about her pale brow, the leaves of which were supposed to charm away pain, and her dark, passionate eyes glistened with the fearful lustre of disease. But she uttered no murmur—no complaint, and once when Cassandra saw her pale lips moving, and bent down to catch the sound, she only heard her say,

“Poor Callimachus! He will grieve at this.”

“He should have been here now,” exclaimed the young girl, impetuously, “if he had loved!”

“It were better not, Cassandra,” said her sister, “it would only have subdued him, and he will have time enough to weep! Even at this very moment he may be dreaming a wild, vain vision of future happiness. Oh, that he might never awake from it!”

If the prayer of that young girl could be answered, how many of us would be always dreamers, since it is thus only we may ever know peace again.

“Hark!” exclaimed Myrrha, at length, half raising herself upon the couch, “what sound was that?”

“Only the maidens singing as they go to the fountain.”

“Then it is near sunset, and he promised always to think of me at this hour,” and the girl smiled to herself as in imagination their spirits mingled together once again.

The glad chorus of voices died away in the distance, while a dreary silence fell upon that little group, and then came a change over the calm face of the dying girl, a radiance almost divine, encircling her pale brow like a halo, and she spoke as one in a troubled sleep.

“Now—now—it rises—the star of Callimachus’s destiny—of his glory! The immortal spirit of fame stands waiting with a pen of fire to inscribe a fresh record on her golden scroll. The hour hath come, and the sacrifice is willing. Oh! how willing to die, so that he may live for ever!” And then she closed her eyes wearily, and lay quite still, so that Cassandra thought she slept.

“Come away, father,” said the girl in a whisper. “Let us leave her awhile, she will be better after this, for it is rest that she wants.”

Oh! when did the young ever cease to hope? But the parent of Myrrha had grown old both in heart and life, and remembered perhaps that even thus had the cherished wife of his bosom, and two noble boys, passed away in the very prime of existence, and bending down, he called softly on the name of that dear child, whose answering smile had never yet failed to respond to the voice of affection.

“Hush! you will wake her,” said Cassandra.

“I think not,” replied the old man, with a strange calmness; but he sat down silently nevertheless. Oh! what would he not have given at that moment to recall every harsh word he had ever uttered, and yet, poor girl! it mattered very little to her then, being alike beyond the reach of anger or affection; but should be a warning to others while the loved and the living are yet with them.

As the twilight crept gradually on, Cassandra, who was weary with watching, came and laid down softly by her side, and so fell asleep. But at night there arose up a wild shriek into the still air, and the neighbours knew that the young Cassandra had lost her she loved best in the whole world—that angel sister!

At the same sunset hour when the girl died, Callimachus, surrounded by a circle of admiring friends, reclined at the festive board, giddy

with the praises which are so dangerously sweet to youthful genius and ambition; but the goblet remained untasted before him, and their honied words fell upon deaf ears. A shade passed suddenly over his high brow, while a still deeper shadow fell upon the heart which, but a moment before, had throbbled so joyously. For the first time the thought of Myrrha made him sad, and yet he knew not why it should be so, for how she would rejoice in the triumphs of such an hour as this.

"You are ill!" said one.

"No, it is nothing—it will pass away!"

And the sculptor shaded his white face with his hands, trying to laugh at what he termed his own folly, and indeed it seemed such; but yet 'twas strange after all!

Many an offer did Callimachus receive that night to take up his abode among them, and return no more to Corinth, but as he had said, his love was stronger than his ambition. Or it may be that an irresistible destiny drew him back to the scene of his future greatness and despair. And yet as he approached its walls after so long an absence, how his heart sank within him, with a wild dread of he knew not what.

At intervals by the road-side were altars, or columns of coarse black stone, diminishing towards the top, some of them rude enough, while others were exquisitely carved, but bore no inscription, dedicated to the unknown gods of Greece! While as if to propitiate their favour, the sculptor wove bright flower wreaths as he went along, laying his fragrant and simple offering at their base; for the summer had come again, and Callimachus smiled to see the hardy acanthus with its delicately tinted blossoms, remembering how he had compared it to Myrrha, and trusting that it would be thus with her.

"After all," mused the too sanguine lover, "it must have been only a pretty maidenly device to keep me still with her, for she never complained of illness until that last night; she dreaded, perhaps, that I might forget, or find one more beautiful, as if that were possible! And I have been needlessly tormenting myself. And yet she looked pale too, which might have been from sorrow, for she was too pure and simple-hearted to care about my seeing how much she loved. I warrant she will forget her ailments to-night in joy at my return. And the old man will not dare to refuse me when I tell him I can earn wealth enough to maintain his daughter like a little queen! Cassandra, too, how the dear child will rejoice in her sister's happiness!"

Thus did the young sculptor beguile the way to Corinth.

It was strange that joyous and sanguine as he felt to meet his beloved once again, Callimachus should turn aside from the direct road into a quiet and lonely burial-place, where few but the peaceful dead, and the sorrowing survivor, the last most to be pitied, ever came. A female form knelt before one of the graves which she had strewn with flowers, her face concealed in her hands. At the sound of approaching footsteps she turned her head slightly, and uttered a wild cry, while the sculptor stood rooted to the spot like one of his own marble statues.

"Cassandra!" said he at length, struggling with the fearful forebodings which swept like shadows over his soul; "it is late for you to be out, my child! Come home with me, or Myrrha will chide else."

"No, no," said the girl, pointing despairingly to the flowery mound at her feet; "I am here because she is!"

"Ah! I understand now—she was to meet you—you are waiting for her?"

"Or rather she waits for us," exclaimed Cassandra, looking upwards. "But not long—we shall soon be together again!"

And the hectic cheek and faded form of the last of a doomed race too fully verified her words.

Callimachus cast himself down upon the ground with a frantic cry, and spoke no more, until the girl grew frightened at length at his silence, together with the increasing gloom.

"Come, come," said she, gently, "let us return home; it grows late, and my father will be uneasy, for he has but me now, otherwise I would not mind if I never went hence again!"

"And I," replied Callimachus, gloomily, "have none to care for me."

"You forget how your country already honours you," said Cassandra, soothingly; but the ambition of the sculptor was for the present buried in the tomb of her he loved, and he answered not: but rising suddenly up, for he remembered Myrrha's affection for this young sister of whom she was ever more careful than of herself, he walked with her to her now lonely dwelling.

There was no need for Cassandra to tell him how the last thoughts and words of the dying girl had been of him; and yet it soothed his weary spirit to listen, while he cursed himself in the wildness of his vain despair for having quitted Corinth at such a time, her gentle warning unheeded, almost unbelieving.

Time glided rapidly away—Time, the destroyer and the comforter! Cassandra had grown too weak to visit her sister's grave, while the thought that they should soon be together again, reconciled her to her inevitable doom. But there was one whose only solace it seemed to lie there hour after hour. The first wild bitterness of his grief had passed away, leaving behind a quiet melancholy, the shadow of which rested on his whole future life.

The night to which we would refer was calm and tranquil, with scarcely a breeze abroad to stir the long grass, or steal perfume from the sleepy flowers; and the spell of its loveliness fell soothingly upon the earth-wearied spirit of Callimachus. Before him on the tomb, placed there by some gentle hand, probably that of the dying Cassandra, was a votive vase, or basket covered with a lid, and surrounded by the graceful acanthus; it may be at Myrrha's own request, remembering how her lover had likened her to that plant. But the thoughts of the young sculptor were no longer hers—his Art claimed him!—That glorious art to which he had been a disciple from his very boyhood; and the flashing eye, and radiant brow of the inspired enthusiast, suited ill with the time and place. While at that moment there arose in the clear blue sky a single star, the light of which fell directly on the spot; and Callimachus called to mind the words of the prophecy, and knew that they would be fulfilled. "The star of his future glory had indeed risen up over the grave of the beloved one!" And Myrrha had not died in vain for Greece—or for the world!

From this incident arose the first invention of the Corinthian order

of architecture, some rare but much-mutilated examples of which may be found in the British Museum, but has since become somewhat blended and confounded with the Ionic. And although hundreds and hundreds of years have elapsed since then—and Corinth with her marble walls—her stately temples and palaces towering to the skies—all passed away like an enchanted vision of the night, its ruins alone remaining to convince us that we have not dreamt it,—the name of that young architect of those ancient, and bygone times—the name of that young *INVENTOR*! is yet green and fresh in the annals of fame! While the memory of her he loved on earth rests beneath the shadow of his glory, or lives through him in the classic page whereon the historians of Greece chronicle their gifted and beloved ones.

And if, all triumphant as he was, Callimachus seldom smiled—if he stole away in his proudest hours to cast himself down with vain and bitter lamentations upon that grave on which had first risen up the altar of his glory!—if the laurel which he had early won was baptized in tears, it was but the common doom of spirits such as his, aspiring after immortality! A lonely eminence, for the most part, the path to which lies through a labyrinth of brambles, with a rose here and there to lure on the wanderer in his bright and yet weary pilgrimage. And oh! how bright it is if loved faces, and kind voices, are with us and about us on the journey; otherwise how weary—how desolate.

It is said that Callimachus, besides being the first architect and sculptor in all Greece, was well skilled in painting, and made a golden lamp of elaborate workmanship, for the temple of Minerva at Athens; but be this as it may, we shall attempt to bear record only in this slight sketch to his *glory* and his *love*.

THE ROSE.

QUEEN of the garden, peerless flower,
Fond hope of Spring, and Summer's pride,
Whose fragrance soothes the sultry hour,
Whose beauty humbles all beside.

In thy soft blush—thy sunny grace—
The brightness of thy brief career;
Methinks, sweet, smiling rose, I trace,
The fate of all that's blooming here.

Strew'd 'neath the shady bush, that spread
Their kindred bosoms to the sky,
Aspiring for a season fled,
What faded sweets forgotten lie.

The hand that traced those dainty hues,
The breath that did their cup inspire
In others, but alike renews
Their perfume, and their gay attire.

Thus whatso'er is bright below,
Unheeded swiftly fleets away;
Soon o'er thy shattered tints will glow
The blooming heirs of thy decay.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

No. XVII.

DRAGONS.

The Dragon of Wantley churches ate
 (He us'd to come of a Sunday),
 Whole congregations were to him
 A dish of Salmagundi.
 Parsons were his black-puddings, and
 Fat aldermen his capons,
 And his tid-bit the collection plate
 Brimful of Birmingham halfpence.
 The corporation worshipful
 He valued not an ace:
 But swallow'd the mayor, asleep in his chair,
 And pick'd his teeth with the mace!

HEROICK BALLAD.

GREAT as has been the progress made in the wide field of natural history within the last thirty years, in no direction has the advance been more decided or more satisfactory, than in that hitherto obscure part of it which sepulchres the remains of animals that lorded it over sea and land when this earth was young.

And although there is nothing among the earliest known organized forms fashioned by the hand which weigheth all things, that is not pregnant with proof of the same care and design and harmony in the construction of the animal, as shines forth in the being born into the world yesterday, let no one picture unto him or herself the youth of our planet as lovely to any but the grosser natures then placed upon it to breathe an atmosphere which no human lungs, nay, no lungs of any vertebrate of a high grade could have breathed as the breath of life. It was a place of dragons: fit only for Saurians, Batrachians, and the like.

“Dragons?”

Yes, dragons: not such as the small, living winged reptiles, that skim from place to place in search of their insect-food, relying on their natural parachutes, constructed upon a somewhat safer principle than that of poor Mr. Cocking, and rejoicing in the generic name of *Draco*; but downright enormous dragons with bellies as big as tuns and bigger; creatures that would have cared little for Bevis's sword “Morglaye,” nor that of the Rhodian Draconicide, nor St. George's “Askalon,” no, nor the “nothing-at-all” of More of More Hall, even if those worthies could have existed in the pectiferous region in which the said dragons revelled.

For in a slough where *Calamites* and other gigantic marsh-plants, now extinct also, rooted themselves at ease, and reared themselves into a damp jungle; in a dreary bog, to which the undrained Pontine marshes would have been the land of health, was their lair. In such a nauseous quag, wholesome to them, these monsters roared and wallowed: there they growled their horrid loves, and there they made

war upon each other—the strong devouring the weak, and the carnivorous “chawing up” the herbivorous in the midst of the wildest convulsions of a nascent world.

While this was going on upon what then passed for dry land, great sea-dragons rushed through the waves, or sported on the surface of an ocean not unlike, as far as the waters were concerned, our own, while flying dragons hovered, like Shakspeare’s *Witches*, through the fog and the filthy air. These last ancient Saurian forms have left no living representative upon the earth.

Just one hundred years ago, Scheuchzer published his “*Physica Sacra*,” and favoured the world with an engraving of the remains of the “*Homo diluvii testis*.” Those were, indeed, the days of confident assertion when the blind led the blind; but it is difficult to believe how a physician, for such was Scheuchzer in every sense of the word, writing M.D. after his name, could mistake the fossil bones of a salamander, or rather of a newt, for those of a human being. “*Homo diluvii testis*,” what a comprehensive form of words—Poussin’s picture rises before us as we read them—and yet ’twas neither man, woman, nor child, but a squab extinct reptile, that never witnessed the deluge at all.

As the Zurich physician had figured the man, he gave his draughtsman directions to portray man’s eternal enemy, and the accomplished artist has with some invention and in his best manner represented the fiend. The usual diabolical head and shoulders of the time are placed upon the body of a huge polypod caterpillar.

Now, we do not feel disposed to go so far as the charitable preacher, who, after exhausting his benevolent prayers for all earthly beings, proposed to his congregation to pray for “the *puir deil*.” No, let justice be done; but this is more than *summum jus*, and beyond *summa injuria*. The doom was deserved; but a degradation of the old dragon below any thing vertebrate to the base condition of an annulose animal, to a vile grub, was not in the sentence, and if the Prince of Darkness be a gentleman, Scheuchzer has not treated him like one.

“There are more ways than one of looking at a subject,” says Mr. Serjeant Rebutter, retained in defence of the author of “*Physica Sacra*.” “there are, I say, more ways than one of looking at a subject: permit me to suggest that Beelzebub was the lord of flies, and a caterpillar *may* be a butterfly.”

“Then, sir, the moral is as bad as the design; but the truth is that degradation was meant, and the notion is clumsily conveyed. Scheuchzer seems to have shone in the one case as brightly as in the other, and has treated his subjects very scurvily in both.”

But to return to our mortal dragons.

It may be fairly asked by the uninitiated why the philosophers of 1943 should not smile at the Cuviers, and at the Conybeares, the Bucklands, and the Owens of 1843, as complacently as we of the present day curl our lip at old Scheuchzer?

Because his work was almost all guess: because he and those of his time jumped to conclusions instead of painfully making them out, and the authority of a learned name was sufficient with the multitude to ensure without further inquiry the reception of any *dictum*, however absurd on the face of it, as Scheuchzer’s assertion, coupled with his

imposing plate undoubtedly was. No man who had the knowledge of a diligent medical student in the first half year of his anatomical studies could, if he had looked attentively on that plate, much less on the fossil itself, have come to the conclusion that it was an anthropolite. But Scheuchzer was blinded by theory: he would not apply what knowledge he had: he pronounced the humanity of the fossil to be without a shadow of doubt; he appealed to it as "a relic of the accursed race which had been buried under the great waters;" and he was for a time, implicitly believed. It was not till 1758 that Gesner, apparently for the first time since Scheuchzer's announcement, threw doubt on his declaration, and stated his own belief that the specimen was a fish (*Silurus*).

Cuvier, before whose eagle eye all false fossil pretensions vanished, and every bone told its true story, came to Haarlem in 1811, and begged permission to work on the stone with a view to the further development of concealed parts. The figure of a salamander's skeleton was placed beside the fossil, and as the operation proceeded Cuvier had the pleasure of seeing the chisel bring to light the very bones which he had expected and were portrayed in the figure.

A finer specimen than Scheuchzer's—that which belonged to Dr. Ammann of Zurich—is in the British Museum, and this gigantic fossil newt is now named *Andrias Scheuchzeri*.

Nothing in palæontology is, at present, taken on trust. Every statement and every opinion relating to the science undergoes the strictest scrutiny by acute and accurate critics.

The bony framework of the old bygone-world dragons is now as satisfactorily demonstrated as that of the human skeleton which hangs beside the lecturer of the Royal Academy.

That is a striking scene. There stands the professor in all the pride of intellect surrounded by the rising and risen pictorial talent of the day. He has to illustrate a proposition in his discourse and turns to a tall, shrouded figure behind him. The mantle is dropped, and a naked, living man in the bloom of health and strength starts forward, throwing his muscular and well-proportioned body and limbs into the required attitude. Every being in the room is alive and attentive, all is in suppressed activity but the ghastly pendant form, and as the lecturer raises the dry bones to explain the action of the model, and they drop from his warm hand like wooden cylinders, we almost fancy that the grim feature smiles as who should say

To this complexion, *you* must come at last.

Nor is the osseous system of the bygone dragons the only portion of their history well known. Their muscular development, their organs of sense and of motion, their respiratory and circulating systems, the colour and quality of their blood, their digestive organs, their food, their integument, and, for the most part, their habits, are now as well known as the organization and natural history of the little agile lizard, that basks on the sandy heaths in the neighbourhood of Poole.

With all due respect for the learned who usually monopolize that title, your geologist is the true antiquary. He deals with the relics of a former world; his statues and coins are the shells and bones stored up, in many cases before the creation of man; and with these he de-

ciphers the annals of the earth. A thousand years in the history of man and his institutions present an accumulation of facts and doubts sufficient to daunt the stoutest Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; but what are a million of years in the sight of the geologist?

Before we enter upon the zoological, anatomical, and geological history of these fossil reptiles, the only real dragons on a grand scale, and which we shall endeavour to give in future chapters in a popular manner, encumbered with as few learned terms as possible, it will be necessary for us in this to feel our way for awhile in the mists of antiquity, and point out to those who may be interested in the inquiry, as well as the twilight of the time will permit, some of the traditions relating to dragons handed down to us.

If the infant Hercules, in his eighth month, as some say, but according to the exquisite twenty-fourth Idyll of Theocritus, in his tenth, strangled the two dragons sent by Juno for his destruction, Apollo, as soon as he was born, seized his bow and slew with his arrows the Python which the same jealous goddess—she had, in truth, some cause for jealousy—had sent to persecute his mother. And here let us pause for a moment, to pick up what information we can concerning this Python. The monster was said to have sprung from the mud and stagnant water that blotted the earth's surface after Deucalion's deluge, and although another legend states that it was produced from the earth, and sent upon the persecuting errand above alluded to, we pray our readers to bear in mind the first of these traditions.

Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a.

Now what was this Lerna? It was said to be the lake into which the daughters of Danaus threw the heads of their slaughtered bridegrooms: here, according to many, harboured the hydra; and although some held with Hesiod that this hydra was the daughter of Echidna and Typhon, its origin was attributed by most to the putrescent contents of the lake. The ballad above quoted has been very sparing in the number of heads which it bestows on the Lernæan hydra. Alcæus gave that renowned dragon nine, Simonides fifty, and Diodorus one hundred. Sharp work for Hercules with his arrows and club, and his assistant, Iolas, with his actual cautery, if Diodorus be correct in his numbers.

The *Megalauna* of Pausanias, dragons or serpents thirty cubits long, inhabiting India and Africa, were Pythons of the modern nomenclature probably, but none of your true crested dragons, which appear to have been divisible into four classes:

1st. Those without either wings or legs, *oi πολλοι*.

2d. Those with two feet and no wings. The Lernæan hydra and the dragon that laid Rhodes waste, seem to have belonged to this class. These wingless bipeds evidently took a step considerably beyond the legless.

3d. Those with four feet of a still higher grade, and somewhat rare.

4th. Those with two feet and two wings, yet more exalted; and

5th. Those with two wings and four feet, which seem to have soared to the highest pitch of dragon aristocracy.

Now these dragons were not all cruel destroyers and worthless ravagers; some of them were worthy creatures, taking pleasure in doing good. Such were those two that licked the eyes of Plutus at the temple of Æsculapius with such happy effect that he began to see; but the dear dragons unfortunately died, and he had a relapse from which he does not seem likely to recover in our days. Others again were trustworthy, and suffered accordingly, for the hydra was not the only dragon against which the adult Hercules was pitted. There was that terrible sleepless one sprung from Typhon, that kept watch

All amidst the garden fair,
Of Hesperus and his daughters three
That sang around the golden tree—

with its hundred heads and as many voices. We are quite aware that some reformers have reduced the heads to one, and that on the shoulders of the shepherd who kept the flocks, *μηλα*,—oh, those ambiguous Greek words—of his good masters or mistresses. And so because *μηλον* signifies a sheep as well as an apple, we are to lose our Hesperian dragon? No, by St. George!

Well, this honest dragon, if all tales be true, was basely murdered by Hercules while doing his golden-apple-watching duty, and the demi-god immediately proceeded to rob the orchard: the poor dragon went to heaven, where he may be seen to this day by those who know where to look for him, with the foot of the murderer, who from his high connexions contrived to get there too, upon the head or heads of his victim.

Notwithstanding these exceptions, however, your dragon, generally speaking, was a most cantankerous monster.

Of the crowned basilisk, that terror of all other dragons, and general destroyer of animal and vegetable life, who could slay with its eye, and make the weapon that smote it the conductor of its deadly poison to the withering arm that wielded it, whether in its apod form or octopod shape, we must only observe that it has sunk into a very harmless, but somewhat terrible looking lizard. A whole chapter might be occupied with the marvellous stories connected with this horror; but we have dragons more than enough on our hands and spare the infliction.

According to Philostratus, your mountain dragon had in his youth a moderate crest, which increased as he grew older, when a beard of saffron colour was appended to his chin; but the dragons of the marsh had no crests. They attained to an enormous size, so that they easily killed elephants. Ælian and others make their length from thirty or forty to a hundred cubits. Posidonius described one a hundred and forty feet long that haunted the neighbourhood of Damascus; and another, whose lair was at Macra, near Jordan, was an acre in length, and of such bulk that two men on horseback, with the monster between them, could not see each other. Then, was there not in the library of Constantinople, according to Egnatius, the intestine of a dragon one hundred and twenty feet long, on which were the Iliad and Odyssey in letters of gold?

A subject so pregnant with the wild and wonderful was not likely to

be missed by the Scalds of the Gothic nations, nor by the bards of the ancient British. Before the revival of letters these were the historians of the time, and they interwove among their facts the embellishments of dragons, giants, dwarfs, and the like, fit machinery for arresting the attention of their audience. Firm believers, for the most part, in enchantment and the existence of those romantic beings, they delighted in astonishing their hearers with recitals of combats with monsters such as Schiller's "*Kampf mit dem drachen*," so admirably illustrated by Retzsch.

Sometimes a true story was veiled under the allegory. Thus, the youth of the pirate king, Regner Lodbrog, who ruled in Denmark in the year 800, or thereabout, was marked by a gallant exploit. The story ran that the lovely daughter of a Swedish prince was intrusted by her father during his absence on a distant expedition to the care of one of his strongest castles, and one of his most tried officers. But

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the east ;
The lioness ye may move her
To give o'er her prey ;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover
He will find out the way—

and the guardian fell in love with his beautiful ward, bearded the prince, her father, from his almost impregnable fortress, and held her against all comers.

The prince, after stamping and raving according to the most approved forms of the eighth century, put forth a proclamation promising his daughter in marriage to him who should conquer the treacherous guard and deliver her from thralldom. Many were the competitors for the prize, but the castle stood strong, and he who held it was an experienced captain. All the adventurers failed till Regner buckled on his armour. The fortress could not resist his fierce attack : he carried it by storm, delivered the lady, and obtained her as the reward of his valour.

How did the Scalds relate this action ? The name of the traitor was "Orme," and "Orm" in the Swedish language signifies a serpent, so they by a slight poetical licence represented the fair daughter as detained from the agonised father by a ruthless dragon which Regner slew and set her free. Regner himself, who was a poet of celebrity, strengthened this version by adopting it in his own Runic rhyme, recording the exploits of his life.

Nor were the nations of the south less credulous upon the subject of dragons. So late as 1557 we find in the "*Portraits de quelques animaux, poissons, serpents, herbes et arbres, hommes et femmes d'Arabie, Egypte, et Asie, observez par P. Belon du Mans*," under a terrific figure of a winged biped dragon superscribed "*Portrait du Serpent aëllé*," the following quatrain,

Dangereuse est du Serpent la nature,
Qu'on voit voler près le mont Sinai.
Qui ne seroit, de le voir, esbashi,
Si on a peur, voyant sa pourtraiture ?

Gesner copies this likeness of the dragon which, it appears, was also in the habit of flying out of Arabia into Egypt, and he adds three other cuts of formidable dragons, one apod and wingless, another apod and winged, and a third in a most rampant state, winged, stinged, biped, and clawed. Aldrovandi (1640) has cuts of many large flying dragons from *Paré*, *Grevinus*, and others, and *Jonston* (1657) collects most of the portraits of basilisks and dragons given by *Aldrovandi* and others up to his time.

It is hardly to be wondered at that monsters of which so much had been said and sung, to say nothing of pictorial representation, should have become desiderata for the cabinets of the curious, and it seems to have been no bad speculation to manufacture specimens for collectors. The skates or rays among the fishes offered admirable materials for this purpose, and a very little ingenuity in cropping, drying, and distorting, soon transformed them into most desirable dragons. Others were made up with much greater care. Such were the biped seven-headed hydras figured by *Gesner*, *Aldrovandi*, and *Jonston*, one of which was brought from Turkey to Venice “anno a Christo incarnato tricesimo supra sesqui millesimum mense Januario,” and afterwards given “*Francorum regi*.” It was valued at six thousand ducats and appears to have been put together even more skilfully than the mermaid that beguiled the good cockneys of their shillings some years since. The museums of the Cockletoys of former days were nothing without their dragon, and as the rage for collecting increased, the market was supplied with some monster more hideous than the last purchase, and well worthy of a place on the standard of the Brother of the Sun and Moon. Of course every collector's dragon was the real *Simon Pure*, and above all suspicion. *Tradescant's* museum (1656) boasted of “Two feathers of the *Phœnix* tayle,” and “A natural dragon above two inches long.”

In the early literature of our own country, especially in the ancient ballad and broadside, dragons shone forth in all their glory, only to be eclipsed by the valour of our champions. Nobody was anybody in the old chivalry days who had not slain his dragon.

One of the oldest, if not the oldest of these poetical legends, well known in *Chaucer's* time, was that which set forth the deeds of “*Syr Bevis of Hampton*.” The following is the description of the dragon in that canticle :

Whan the dragon, that foule is,
Had a syght of *Syr Bevis*,
He cast up a loude cry,
As it had thundred in the sky ;
He turned his body toward the son ;
It was greater than any tonne :
His scales were brighter than the glas,
And harder they were than any bras :
Betweene his shoulder and his tayle,,
Was forty fote without fayle.
He waltred out of his den,
And *Bevis* pricked his stede then,
And to him a spere he thraste
That all to shyvers he it braste :
The dragon then gan *Bevis* assayle,
And smote *Syr Bevis* with his tayle ;

Then downe went horse and man,
And two rybbes of Bevis brused than.

The fight was long and fearful :

There was a well, so have I wyne,
And Bevis stumbled ryght therein.
Than was he glad without fayle,
And rested a whyle for his avayle ;
And dranke of that water his fyll ;
And then he lepte out with good wyll,
And with Morglaye his brande,
He assayled the dragon, I understande :
On the dragon he smote so faste,
Where that he hit the scales braste :
The dragon then fainted sore,
And cast a galon and more
Out of his mouthe of venom strong,
And on Syr Bevis he it flong :
It was venomous y-wis.

This well gave Syr Bevis the victory ; for, whenever he was hurt sore, he went to the well, washed and came forth

as hole as any man,
Ever freshe as when he began :
The dragon saw it might not avayle
Beside the well to hold batayle ;
He thought he would with some wyle,
Out of that place Bevis begyle ;
He would have flown then away,
But Bevis lept after with good Morglaye,
And hyt him under the wynges,
As he was in his flyenge,
There he was tender without scale,
And Bevis thought to be his bale.
He smote after, as I you saye,
With his good sword Morglaye.
Up to the hiltes Morglaye yode
Through harte, liver, bone, and bloude :
To the ground fell the dragon,
Great joye Syr Bevis begon.
Under the scales all on hight
He smote off his head forth right.

This, as the Bishop of Dromore remarks, is evidently the parent of the dragon in the "Seven Champions" slain by St. George, as any one may satisfy himself by comparing the two descriptions. Nor is it uninteresting to turn from the dragon of the old romance to that in Spenser's "Faery Queen," with its wynges-like sayls, cruel-rending claws, yron teeth, and breath of smothering smoke and sulphur ;" and then to that most striking passage in the "Pilgrim's Progress," descriptive of the battle between Christian and Apollyon, who spake like a dragon, and when at last, says Bunyan in his dream, Christian gave him a deadly thrust, "spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away that I saw him no more."

Sir Guy of Warwick had slain more than one dragon in his time. Read his own account of the feats.

I went into the souldan's hoast,
Being thither on embassage sent,
And brought his head away with mee,
I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercelye mett me by the way
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

When he came home he did greater things ; for, in addition to killing the dun cow, he demolished a monstrous bore—what a god-send a Sir Guy would be at the clubs !—and sent him to Coventry :

But first, neare Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength ;
Whose like in England never was
For hugeness both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yet,
Within the castle there doe lye :
One of his sheild-bones to this day,
Hangs in the city of Coventrye.

Then again :

A dragon in Northumberland,
I also did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beaste oppresse,
And all the cuntrye sore annoye.

This dragon is thus portrayed in the old metrical romance :

A messenger came to the king,
Syr king, he said, lysten me now,
For had tydinges I bring you,
In Northumberlande there is no man,
But that they beslayne everychone :
For there dare no man route,
By twenty mile rounde aboute,
For doubt of a fowle dragon
That sleathe men and beastes downe.
He is black as any cole,
Rugged as a rough fole :
His body from the navill upwarde
No man may it pierce it is so harde ;
Nis neck is great as any summere ;*
He runneth as swift as any distrere ;†
Pawes he hath as a lyon :
All that he toucheth, he sleath dead downe.
Great winges he hath to flight,
There is no man that bare him might.
There may no man fight him agayne,
But that he sleath him certayne :
For a fowler beast then is he,
Ywis of none never heard ye.

* A sumpter horse.

† The horse ridden by a knight in the tournament.

In the ballad of "Guy and Amarant," Sir Guy alludes to his former victories when he says to the thirsty giant,

Goe drinke thy last,
Go pledge the 'dragon and the savage bore ;
Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,
But never think to drinke cold water more ;
Drinke deepe to Death, and unto him carouse ;
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house.

Nor was this any vain boast : for Guy dealt this pagan,
A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then Guy sett foot upon the monster's brest,
And from his shoulders did his head divide,
Which with a yawning mouth did gape unblest,
Noe dragon's jawes were ever seene soe wide
To open and to shut, till life was spent,
Then Guy tooke keyes and to the castle went.

The giant's miserable captives are then delivered, and among them come "tender ladyes," who

had noe other dyett everye day,
Than flesh of humane creatures for their food.

It was hard that one who thus went about doing good, should have met with so ill a reward : all these brilliant actions could not save poor Sir Guy from being crossed in love, nor from the tragic end which the reader will find, if so disposed, recorded in his "Legend."

St. George's dragon was eminently pestiferous

Against the Sarazens so' rude,
Fought he full long and many a day ;
Where many gyants he subdu'd,
In honour of the Christian way :
And after many adventures past,
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,
Within that country there did rest
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore opprest :
Who by his poisonous breath each day,
Did many of the city slay.

* * * *

The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That every day in heaps they dye ;
Among them such a plague is bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

The rest of this legend is so well known, that it would be needlessly occupying space to dwell further upon the subject of it. We would only observe that the dragon's infectious breath did the principal mischief.

But the time was at hand when the *coup de grace* was to be given to these dragon tragedies by the comic verse, showing how

More of More Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This clever performance was, as has been well observed, to the old metrical romaunts and ballads of chivalry what Don Quixote was to prose narratives of the same kind; and whether the witty author made his dragon out of a bloated Yorkshire attorney who had stripped three orphans of their inheritance, and had become intolerable by his encroachments and rapacity till a neighbouring gentleman took up the cause of the oppressed, went to law with him, and broke his hard heart, or some other passages in local history are therein alluded to, no dragon could be brought before the public thereafter without ridicule.

Thus much for the fabulous part of our subject, as far as it regards terrestrial dragons. We constantly find allusions to the malaria that surrounded these monsters and their localities. It is not unworthy of remark, that the crass air which the real extinct dragons breathed, would, as has been satisfactorily established, have been fatal to man if he had then been upon the earth which now holds their remains. That earth is one vast grave of cities, of nations, of creations.

PILLS FOR POLITICIANS AND LOTIONS FOR LEGISLATORS.

Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria pharmacopola.

L'homme n'est connu qu'à moitié, s'il n'est observé que dans l'état sain. L'état de maladie fait aussi bien partie de son existence morale, que de son existence physique.—BROUSSAIS de l'*Irritation*.

NOTWITHSTANDING the metaphysics of Germany, the vagaries of *La Jeune France*, the extravagances of the saints, the impertinences of tractarianism, and the jesuitical *distinguos* of double-dealing political Januses, we still believe in a growing love of the intelligible; and that, as far at least as the sounder part of mankind are concerned, professional mystifications are fast coming to a discount. Humbugs of all sorts may, indeed, abound in the land,—legal, theological, medical, financial, commercial, artistic, and literary; and there is not a wigmaker or a tailor, a dealer in false silver, or false teeth, who can utter his wares, save with a transcendental flourish, far beyond the queen's ordinary English. All this, however, is merely transitional, the desperate struggle of a dying agony; and a millennium of common sense is not the less at hand (say in some thousand years or so), when men's converse shall be "yea, yea, and nay, nay;" and when no one will take the trouble to cant, simply because no one will be weak enough to be "done brown."

The proofs of this state of things are scattered widely over the surface of society, if men would but regard them; but though coming

events do cast their shadows before, this particular shadow is not so distinct, as to be understood without some little attention, and therefore without some little assistance from the videttes of the age, whose business it is to be on the look out for what the haberdashers call "the next article."

To proceed, therefore, from the known to the unknown, we begin by reminding our readers, that amidst all the fanaticism and *gobemoucherie* of the nineteenth century, Englishmen still keep a steady eye to the main chance; and where money is concerned, contrive to see through the millstone as clearly as their neighbours. Notwithstanding the most decided and persevering attempts at mystification, the dark sayings of chartism (for instance) are clearing up into an intelligible question of a fair price for labour, and a fair price for loaves. Repeal, in its multitudinous agitation, cries, trumpet-tongued, for something to eat; national education, in spite of Oxford logic, stands forth to view, as plain as Punch's cartoon can make it, a struggle for power as the instrument of plund—profit we mean. The opium question has been translated into very intelligible Sycee silver; the art unions are known as marts for the printseller's heavy stock; the election franchise is perfectly understood as a handsome gratuity given by somebody, with the connivance of nobody;* and to go no further, that most metaphysical of nonentities, the British constitution, has manifested itself in the flesh, as a pretty comprehensible and comprehensive machine for raising taxes.

Not, indeed, that these things are so understood "by all manner of people," so proclaimed at the market-cross, or so taught in the universities; for then the millennium would be actually come, which there is some reason to doubt: all we intend is, that those most interested are aware of the fact, while others see the truth obscurely, and are frightened out of their no-wits by the apparition; and a few are strenuously labouring to cast a bude-light on the embroglio, and as usual, are getting monkey's allowance for their pains.

Among the more salient proofs of the change coming over the spirit of men's dreams, we refer our readers to the progressive development of the breeches-pocket question, and to the importance it has assumed on all matters, debatable and not debatable. All parties are fully aware, whig and tory, establishment and secession, that if they can but contrive to get that question clearly on their side, *la chose est jugée*, and unanimity secured. Accordingly this is Q. E. D., the *dignus vindice nodus*, exploited alike by rich and by poor. Heaven help the most patriotic minister who fails on this one point, whereas

His faith can't err, whose budget's in the right.

But the most effectual means of bringing the breeches argument to bear upon things in general, is by stripping them of their metaphysical envelopes; for of all things sublunary, the breeches-pocket is the thing most palpable material, substantial, consubstantial, and transubstantial: consubstantial, as giving substance to whatever comes in relation with it; and transubstantial, as changing all other natures, like Midas's most exquisite touch, into gold. We accordingly (though with all due mo-

* *Vide* Durham election committee, *passim*.

desty) lay claim to the merit of having prepared a vast many great moral questions for the application of this golden rule, by displaying to our readers how much or how little may be made of the several opinions we have, from time to time, brought into discussion.

Without further preface or apology, then, we presume to venture on another step forward in the course, and by translating a few more metaphysical obscurities into matter-of-fact clearness, to obtain some closer insight into their pecuniary value. It may be within the memory of the older of the faithful followers of the *New Monthly*, that years ago we set before them a statement of a pharmaceutical method of treating the moral affections of humanity; and showed how, by the timely exhibition of a little apothecary's stuff, we could realize the Shakspearian hypothesis, of administering to the mind diseased. Since that time, the world has profited more largely than is commonly conceived by the hint, and has applied its remedies for political and social evil with a closer reference to their physical effects.

For the better understanding of this point, we must bring to mind that the doctrine was not of our invention; but was founded in a great degree upon the ancient theological dogma of the mortification of the flesh; or, as it was called in the codes of monastic discipline, the *minutio monachi*. Falstaff, as you remember, raises a plea in behalf of his own luxurious vices, that in consideration of his exuberance of flesh, he is entitled to pardon for an exuberance of frailty; and *è contrario*, it follows that the less flesh, the less frailty. The long-fashionable doctrine of the monks ultimately lost ground in their estimation, not from any thing intrinsically erroneous in it, but owing to a very obvious mistake they committed in applying the method to their own proper persons; for it must be confessed that the remedy is none of the pleasantest. They soon therefore became tired of monthly blood-lettings, periodical fastings, flagellations, vigils, hairshutings, and the like gentle medicaments, now becoming once more popular in Oxford: whereas had they limited their experiments to the persons of their neighbours, (as is more wisely done by the modern lay practitioners), they would have continued to find in the exercise an infinite delectation, easement, and content.

Properly considered, every penal infliction, every legislative attempt to remove any existing evil in the constitution of society, is of the nature of a drug, calculated to act upon the physique of the lieges, and by effecting some change in the current and crisis of the humours of the body, to work a corresponding improvement in the thoughts and volitions of the mind. The matter of infliction and the matter of reward (as Bentham with his peculiar happiness of language called them), are obviously no other than so many *materiæ medicæ*, remedies destined to improve the moral health of the patients, and to raise or to depress the energies of the soul, through an application to the body,—just as the phials of the druggist shops, (red, blue, and green, with all their trumpery,) are destined to expurgate the editions of the fleshly tabernacle.

Mind, apart from body, as every body knows, is a most ungetatable thing: as the stoics say, it is unassailable by externals, and *pro tanto*, quite “beyond the reach of art.” Tyranny has no hold over it, walls do not imprison it, nor chains enslave it. It may say, indeed, with the stage hero,

For I myself alone am lord of I.

It is not, therefore, too much to suppose, that mind has been saddled with a body, for the express purpose of its improvement,—that by thus being brought beneath the empire of material influences, it may be properly doctored, and fitted to behave decently in civilized society. Accordingly, ethics and medicine run on all fours,—and moralists, like physicians, have a multiplicity of drugs, no few poisons, and only here and there, by chance, a tolerable cure. The parallel is indeed close between the practice of each set of professors.

In the fevers of the body, physicians rigorously prescribe the observance of a state of rest; on like therapeutic principles, lawyers in the fevers of the mind, prescribe solitary confinement. Thus, also, nothing on earth so closely resembles the late St. John Long's escarotic lotions, (both in cause and consequence), as a sound military flogging at the drum-head. Low diet in the infirmary is identical with low diet in the Penitentiary;—except inasmuch as it is carried further and more effectually in the latter, than in the former: for medical men, not being irresponsible officers, dare not go to the same length as jailers and their magisterial friends and patrons, who can afford to proceed logically, and completely to extirpate frailty and flesh together. To effect a thorough (we must not say a radical) reform, there is nothing like turning a man out of jail a perfect skeleton—a living anatomy.

It is on this ground alone that in desperate cases, capital punishment can be justified. With the capitally punished, we are tolerably sure that they can sin no more; and if dead men are of no positive use to society (which, by the by, has never sufficiently been proved,—on the contrary, the bones of our valiant soldiers, slain on foreign battle-fields for the good of their country, have been recently imported on a grand scale, to the manifest improvement of agriculture)—if dead men, we say, are of no use, it is equally clear they can do no more mischief. We never heard of the ghost of a departed highwayman visiting the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous on Hounslow Heath, and pistol in hand, taking posthumous purses from travellers, whom a corporeal pistol would not perhaps have so effectually frightened into a surrender; nor is it on record that the most artistic copyists of bank-notes, when they have paid the last penalty of their fatal ingenuity, have (even under the instigation of the devil himself) been found capable of uttering spiritual duplicate promises to pay, to the further injury of the queen's crown and dignity. No, the remedy has been purely and entirely efficacious; and the patients, beyond all question or cavil, must be allowed to have died cured.

It will be evident from the very little we have yet advanced, that not only physic, but surgery is called in for the better treatment of the mental maladies of mankind. The rack and other instruments of torture employed in the ancient administration of the question, partake largely of the character of the old, awkward and frightful surgical instruments; and both are now alike preserved in curious collections, as monuments of the barbarism of our ancestors. There is much analogy, too, between the tying the healthy portion of an artery, for the relief of a diseased aneurism, and the putting on of a prohibitory duty on cheap wheat, to remedy the distresses of those, whose happiness is wholly dependant upon the production of high rents. In the suppression of riots, platoon firing is

but another name for the actual cautery, and fixed bayonets differ only in form from amputation knives and gorgets. So close, indeed, is the connexion of legal and medical therapeutics, that in military floggings the surgeon is actually called in, and his art employed (shall we say or degraded) to determine the maximum of the remedy which can be exhibited without danger to the life of the patient. Even in their miscarriages, the lawyer and doctor are closely assimilated; for it too commonly happens that patients are dismissed from prisons as they are from hospitals, with broken constitutions, or otherwise unfitted for honest labour and profitable exertion. In both cases likewise, when the doctor knows not what to do with his patient, he sends him abroad for a change of air; and thus failing to make a cure, gets the unfortunate sufferer out of the way, the better to hide his own incompetence.

Not only, however, are the penal applications to the person of this medicinal character, fines also and damages, which are but *argumenta ad crumenam*, come into the same category, and strikingly partake of the nature of bloodletting. Moralists are pretty uniformly agreed, that mankind are never in higher spirits than when under the mental influence of a bursal plethora; and that there is no dance tune so truly inspiring as "Money in both pockets." Now it is precisely this exuberance of animal hilarity (aided perhaps occasionally by more or less of vinous, spirituous, or beerous ingurgitation), that leads men to nocturnal breaches of the peace,—to the lay impropriation of the pulsatory adjuncts and tintinnabulary appendages of their neighbours' doors,—or to striking improprieties in their casual intercourse with the heads of policemen. Hence an obvious fitness in a five-shilling penalty, with the heavens know how many fees to the officers, to lower the offender's excitability.

Some persons availing themselves of an obscure notion of the *modus operandi* of this remedy, have very weakly contended that the pecuniary (like the phlebotomizing bleeding), should be proportioned to the constitution of the patient; and they aver that while a five-shilling bloodletting may reduce a labourer to death's door, a five-shilling or a five pound fine will not abate the pulse of a "respectable" offender so much as by a single beat. They, however, overlook the important circumstance that the outbreaks of the poor imply a very malignant exaltation of mind (for what right has a poor man to be comical? what reason has a mechanic to be frolicsome?): but extreme evils, as Hippocrates avers, demand extreme remedies. Besides, a rich man has so many other motives for keeping the peace, so many other innocent pleasures, so much better an education, so much more respectability to preserve, that his reform may, with perfect safety to the state, be intrusted to these causes; so that a proportionately smaller bleeding of the purse may be sufficient to produce the requisite antiphlogistic consequences on his pugnacity and riotousness. It must be a snobbish spirit, an every way ungentlemanly disposition indeed, that can be turned aside from the career of its humour by base considerations of money; the legislature has, therefore, wisely considered, that to punish with heavy fines the peccadilloes of "a gentleman that is a gentleman," would only put him upon his metal, and tempt him to fresh violence, for the very rational purpose of convincing the brute of a beak that he can afford it: just as a buck of the olden days justified the death of a tavern waiter

whom he had run through the body in a frolic, by ordering him to be put on the bill.

This medical view of the subject clears up many other mysteries of ethical and legislative science. It is, for instance, a fashion nowadays to decry corporeal punishments in public schools, and more especially to consider the induction of learning into the head by a magnetic application to the opposite pole, as utterly unreasonable. But if the process be considered as a medical instead of a moral application, its directness and utility become straightway manifest, as entering into the category of counter-irritation. By keeping the boy's *hysteron proteron* in a state of abnormal erythism, through a periodical administration of the *cacumina betulæ albæ*, the head cannot but be best retained in a desirable state of coolness; just as St. John Long's scarifiers of the back with his irritating lotions kept down the inflammatory tendencies of those desperate sinners, the membranes of the lungs. So, also, in cases of congenital dullness, in which (as Leibig would say,) there is small affinity between a youth's cerebral matter and the elements of Greek and Latin grammar, a good whipping, *loco modoque solito*, increases the attractive power of Priscian, by rousing the susceptibilities of the brain, on the precise principle on which blisters to the legs awaken the dormant energies of the same organ, in a case of apoplexy.

Viewed by this light, one cannot but admit the reasonableness of certain punishments now obsolete, such as the cutting off of noses, the slitting of ears, or even the amputating the hand of serious offenders; of all which the hint was not improbably taken from vegetable physiology, and the observation of the vast increase of good fruits obtained by gardeners, through the parallel means of pruning and topping the tree. In like manner, the *noyades* of the French revolution, and the punishment called *donner le sceau*, were but prophetic anticipations of the cold-water cure, the efficacy of which is both in kind and degree, of a like energetic character. Pillories and floggings at the cart's tail (it will strike the reader without any assistance from us) come under the remedial head of air and exercise; and burning in the hand is *ipso facto* an application strictly analagous to the use of moxa.

We have heard much of late years of the imputed villany and truly Machiavellian policy of employing provocative agents; and more especially Irish writers are apt to inveigh with peculiar bitterness against the means employed to bring the rebellion of '98 to a head, by burning the cabins of the poor peasantry, and so driving them to join the ranks of insurrection; but the remedy becomes intelligible and reasonable, when likened to small-pox inoculation, in which a fire is wilfully raised, for the purpose of being extinguished, and a governable substituted for an ungovernable malady.

The reader may also now understand the sense and utility of the so-called arbitrary regime, which in times of popular tumult and exasperation generally makes use of the most coercive means for subduing the self-will of the people. The rulers wisely think that the redress of evils and the reform of abuses are only calculated to pamper the pride and mount the blood of a people; and that the conceding of what is right will not fail to confer a morbid strength to demand what is not

right, or to usurp the rights of others; whereas by direct penal discouragements, by hard work and starvation, reaction is reduced, and the disposition to rebel subdued with the animal strength. Hence the real reasonableness and peculiar applicability of an income-tax to cure the discontents of the Manchester manufacturers. The measure and extent of this rule however, cannot safely be trusted to political considerations alone. There is a point beyond which this mode of practice becomes eminently uncertain,—and Hippocrates alone sets the matter in its true light. According to that authority, extreme low diet disposes the patient to be more easily offended, and all sins committed against their constitutional health are thereby rendered more mischievous than with those whose diet is better cared for: on this account, he says, starvation carried to an extreme is much more dangerous than when the banyan is not pushed quite so far.*

Turning from the punishment to the prevention of crime, we may remark upon that very hacknied and trite metaphor, by which education is likened to agriculture, and is resolved into the cultivation of minds, just as we cultivate cabbages. Surely this very obvious figure will at once clear up whatever of mystery may still remain concerning the battling of the several sects for the instruction of their own children, and their marked distrust of the established churchmen, as educational instruments. This arises not, as many suppose, from experience of the inefficiency of the ecclesiastical body as public instructors, from a knowledge of the small educational utility of Oxford and Cambridge professors, or from the observed tendency to convert educational endowments into sinecures. It springs from a lurking conviction that children are cultivated, as sea-kale is, for market; that education is directed to subdue the youth to a life of *sic vos non vobis* labour, to mortify in them the ignorant impatience of imposition; and from a consequent and natural desire that the garden of each particular sect should not be robbed of its plants, and that the nursery of the establishment should not engross all the profit to itself. If education tended only to the happiness of the subject, here and hereafter, if it were (like justice and liberty), of no use to anybody but the owner, we are warranted in supposing that no more account would be taken of one than of the other; but when it is discovered that education has a money value, the case changes its aspect altogether: school-rooms, like hospitals and workhouses, come into request as remedies for that epidemic of the age, periodical revolution, and as agents in reducing hand labour to the patient impassibility of the steam-engine. Thus the schoolmaster has acquired a new tendency to rise in the social scale—as Le Sage would say, nearer to the level of the dancing-master; while in our comparative estimate of morals and medicine, he ranks with the orthopedic professor; the one placing the mind, as the other does the body, on a better footing, so as to convert it to greater pecuniary utility.

The same view throws a wonderful light upon that seeming mystery, the marked indifference which divers excellent persons who under-

* Πάν το άμαρτημα δ άν γινηται, μεγα μάλλον γινεται έν τησι λεπτησι, ή έν τησιν δλιγον άδροτερησι διαιτησι... Δια τουτο ουν, αι λεπται και άκριβεις διαιται σφαλονται, εις τα πλειστα, των μυχρον άδροτερων.—HIPPOCR. *Aphorism.*

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take for the spiritual welfare of their neighbours, often exhibit for the terrestrial comforts of their charge. Those who spend their lives in cramming the poor to the throat with the bread of life, are not always most remarkable for solicitude about the supply of daily bread : and those most anxious that their friends should embrace that true service which is perfect freedom, are far from the most zealous advocates for liberty of a more worldly character. Now this is not, as the unjust aver, a consequence of the selfishness, and what Leigh Hunt used to call the other-worldliness of the elect, but results from a well-founded conviction, that the pampering of the flesh is a stumbling-block in the way of regeneration ; and that good faith and good cheer are only reconcileable in the persons of those who have been tried in the fire and found pure, to wit—in their own persons.

This, our medical theory, throws also a satisfactory light upon another point of political practice, which hitherto has excited much increasing wonderment : we mean the uniform difference observable in the treatment of rich and poor. For the latter, the remedies are all of an antiphlogistic character ; while the former are put upon the strongest diet, and pampered with rewards and honours—the tonic and antispasmodic remedies of the moral practitioner. This, at first sight, seems silly enough, and as much opposed to medical authorities, as to the divine prescription of putting down the mighty from their seats, and exalting the lowly and weak ; for the rich and the powerful are apparently in no want of such ultra-excitation ; while the poor and oppressed (it might be thought) need not be further reduced. Observation, however, is in these matters, a safer guide than theory : and the universal experience of the high-pressure school goes to prove that the rich and the powerful do not bear extreme remedies so well as those of lower condition. Whether it be that their habitual use of stimulants occasions them to require a rich and generous mode of treatment, or that they are naturally of a more irritable fibre, so that their pulse rises on depletion, and reacts morbidly on a scarification,—the fact is certain that the slightest penal infliction (a poor three per cent. on income, or the least imaginable diminution of their accustomed protection against foreign rivalry), sets them making the ugliest faces the most horrible cries, and calling the vilest names conceivable.

The poor, on the contrary (within certain bounds) suffer you to play what tricks you please with their labour and food ; but at the same time it should not be forgotten that they seem to be never so tame and manageable as at the moment when they can bleed no longer. Another and a better view of the question may probably be entertained by the homœopathic physicians, which (admitting their principles) cannot but be deemed conclusive. The explanation we allude to arises out of the consideration that money being of the nature of a stimulant, any infinitesimal exhibition of it, to those labouring under a plethora of goods and chattels must tend to remove the diseases which that plethora is calculated to produce ; whereas a population on the verge of absolute starvation cannot fail to be relieved by a small additional rise on the price of bread, or an unconsidered additional obstruction thrown across the labour-market.

The homœopathic theory is also the true key to the ancient, and therefore venerable writ *de heretico comburendo*. That writ has

acquired among the moderns the character of a troublesome superfluity, a somewhat needless piece of cruelty, or penal carrying of coals to Newcastle. It has grown into something like a fixed opinion, that the eternal reprobation of the heretic might satisfy the most zealous hatred of the orthodox; and that considering what must happen to the erroneous believer in the next world, it would be no more than Christian charity to leave him at peace in this. According, however, to the new doctrine of *similia similibus*, the faggot and the stake will more justly be considered as an infinitesimal dose, administered to counteract and overcome the diseased consequences anticipated from the greater caustic which is to be applied in the world to come.

One objection, perhaps, may be urged against the political Hahnemannites, in reference to the penal dispensations meted to the rich and poor; that the matter of punishment belongs not to the homœopathic, but to the counter-irritant pharmacopœia; and that as the poor are more prone to outbreaks of an inflammatory character than the rich, they therefore require a freer application of that class of remedies. On this point we leave our readers to judge for themselves.

Among the various medicinal drugs for the discouragement of immorality we have omitted to touch upon advice. This drug is chiefly employed in the practice of moral hospitals, churches, workhouses, courts of criminal justice, &c.; but it is also (though more sparingly) employed in private practice. It is not very easy to determine under what head of therapeutic division it should be placed. Some of the learned range it with the irritants, on account of the impatience which many sufferers are supposed to exhibit under its administration; but our experience shows that few persons can be induced to take it at all—except when it is exhibited in a vehicle containing gold; and then, the irritating property of the medicine is wholly subdued. Neither can advice be classed with the tonics, its influence being rather depressing: we may also venture to place its restorative powers at zero. Upon the whole, we should prefer inserting it between ipecacuanha and antimony; with both which, it agrees in exciting perspiration, nausea, and vomiting, according to the dose, in which it is exhibited. It differs, however, in this respect, that however large the dose, we never heard of its occasioning death; although it has a manifest tendency, when injudiciously administered, to make the patient very mad.

The continued and persevering employment of this medicament, we hold to be one of those old women's prejudices, which have descended from the physicians of an ignorant age to the quacks and nurses of the present generation: for its adoption is utterly unworthy of the wisdom of an enlightened age.

That advice is perfectly inert and unworthy of all confidence, is much to be lamented, considering that it is a very low-priced article, cheaper indeed than the cold-water cure. If, as some persons seemed to think, it possessed even the smallest nutritive properties, it would have proved a valuable addition to the justices' dietary for the poor, which is somewhat of the lowest; but the chaplains of our gaols have not been able to prove that the most liberal allowance of it, has enabled them to dispense with any notable portion of the creature comforts; nor have the inspectors, in any of their reports, noticed an entire sub-

stitution of clergymen, established or sectarian, for the butcher and baker.

That our doctrine is a not a mere ingenious imagination, splendid but unprofitable, that it is susceptible of most advantageous application to practice, the reader must already perceive. In the first place, it brings into the clearest evidence that penal inflictions are not matters for alembicated theory, but positive facts, having the closest connexion with the ministerial budget, with the county debtor and creditor accounts, and with the pecuniary gains and losses of the parties concerned. We are thus more particularly taught that high pressure and arbitrary plans for preserving order, though pleasant in the practice, and profitable to certain individuals, are much too expensive an indulgence to be permanently maintained. So, too, we learn that the ultra-rigorous administration of discipline in penitentiaries (however admirable in their influence on the minds and morals of the patients), is by far too potent an antiphlogistic for their bodily health. By reducing the constitution too low, it renders the sufferers chargeable on the parish for the rest of their lives. So, too, with regard to protections of industry, when considered metaphysically and politically, the discussion becomes infinite; but a medical view of the subject discloses that the stimulation thus produced, like that of opium and brandy, however exhilarating in the first instance, is uniformly followed by a waste of the powers of life, leaving the last stage of the patient infinitely worse than that which preceded the adoption of the remedy.

In like manner, education considered theologically, gives birth to as many opinions as there are minds to judge of it; but regarded in its relation to productive utility, admits of the most positive tests. One most striking and luminous result of this view, is the demonstration, that education, like every other drug, is efficacious, in some very precise relation to the constitution of the patient; and further, that, however valuable it may be, when all things conspire to promote its curative action, it is stark naught, when the *adjvantia* are neglected or forgotten. We thus learn that there is no use in educating a population too poor to afford to be moral; and that a sufficiency of food, raiment, and lodging, is a necessary preliminary to the schoolmaster, if we wish that he should exert a healthful action on the subject.

By the light of the medical theory, too, we learn with more precision what education should be: discipline is a specific application to a specific disease, and therefore must bear a definite proportion to the end to be obtained. There is little use, for example, in giving a young statesman or lawyer, the education of a clergyman; there is none in teaching the wretch to read, who will never be rich enough to buy a book, or to write, when he will never have business to record. Nay, there is no use in teaching men the duty of obedience to spiritual pastors and masters, where famine teaches rebellion; no use in inculcating honesty to those who must thieve to live. We might as well try to set up a soldier for parade by tying him to the hand-loom, or to educate a blacksmith by teaching him watchmaking, or to rear a treasury clerk at the plough, as attempt to fit a child for living soberly and orderly in manhood, when every thing else conspires to make him a rogue and a vagabond.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

• AN EPISODE OF CIVIL WAR.

ONE of the most heart-rending features of civil war is undoubtedly the divisions it occasions not only among friends and intimates, inhabitants of the same town and dwellers under the same roof, but also between those whom the nearest ties of blood unite. Probably in no country have there been more examples of this kind of domestic division than in the Spanish peninsula during the various wars and dissensions that for the last forty years have cursed with poverty and misery the finest soil and climate of Europe. The vindictive character of the Spaniards, their blind and furious fanaticism (now fortunately fast dying away), the violent enthusiasm with which they devote themselves, as the fit seizes them, to the cause of a tottering royalty, or the rising sun of that liberty, like the *ignis fatuus*, so bright to gaze at and difficult to seize, these are what give its sanguinary half-savage character to Spanish civil warfare.

During the late Carlist struggle, innumerable instances were witnessed of the heartach and misery occasioned to families by the different political views of their various members. In many cases it happened that fathers, sons, and brothers, fighting on different sides yet entertained no feeling of animosity towards each other, and gladly seized the opportunity of any momentary truce to exchange inquiries and greetings, but it was too often otherwise, and actuated by a feeling of partisanship or spirit of fanaticism, those who should have been the most anxious to avoid each other in the fight, were frequently the most eager to meet, and examples of that bitterness of all hatreds where it does exist, the hatred between blood relations, were of constant occurrence.

The incidents on which the following sketch is founded came to the knowledge of the narrator as having actually occurred, and may perhaps not be found uninteresting as illustrating a state of things scarcely credible to dwellers in happier and more peaceable lands.

In the corner of Navarre south of the Ebro, that borders on the kingdom of Aragon, and at the foot of one of the numerous mountain ridges which intersect that part of Spain, is a small valley or rather dell, lying a little to the left of the high road across the sierra. Passengers along the road would hardly suspect the existence of this hollow, screened from view as it is by a wood of wild chestnut-trees that at a short distance appears to fill up the space between two steep and craggy mountains.

A sort of sheep-path from the road to the wood, however, is continued through the latter, and leads to a scene which in its kind is of unsurpassed beauty. An open space about a quarter of a mile long is bounded at the further end by a gray rock, rising for the first four hundred feet as perpendicularly as a wall. The mountains on either side of the valley are some three hundred yards apart, also of considerable height and very rugged, but less steep, and covered with a variety of trees and shrubs. From amongst these, masses of bare

rock here and there project, their barren nakedness only relieved by the creepers and mountain-plants, whose bright-coloured blossoms contrast admirably with the aridity of the spots on which they so capriciously choose to flourish.

The small space of ground thus enclosed between the mountains and the chestnut-wood is covered with the most luxuriant herbage enamelled with wild flowers, and sprinkled here and there with fig and olive-trees that attain an extraordinary growth and beauty in this warm and sheltered situation, and thanks also to the irrigation of several rivulets which flow from the surrounding hills.

As nearly as may be in the centre of the valley, and concealed by a clump of fruit-trees that have sprung up around it, stands, or stood at the time of this narrative, an object proving that the violence and the passions of men had intruded themselves even into this smiling landscape.

This was a heavy stone cross, moss-grown, and worn with time and damp, and which had fallen a little out of the perpendicular from some sinking of the ground. There was an inscription on it that had probably never been very deeply or legibly carved, and at the period referred to it would have been difficult for any one previously unacquainted with its purport to have deciphered a date, and the words "*Aquí se murio de mano ayrada,*" indicating the cross to be one of those commonly erected in Spain to mark the spot where an assassination has been committed.

It was a June morning of the year 183—, and the day was as yet scarcely broken, when a horseman emerging from the chestnut-wood rode slowly up the valley. On reaching the cross he dismounted and led his horse in among the bushes apparently with a view to concealment. Throwing the bridle over a branch he stationed himself behind a tree in such a manner that he could only have been discovered upon a very near approach, while he himself commanded a view of the whole upper part of the valley.

The person who thus posted himself in observation was a young and handsome man attired in the uniform of an officer of Christino cavalry. His countenance, of which the features were regular and agreeable, indicated an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, although its expression at this moment was rather one of anxious expectation, as he gazed fixedly at a spot in the upper angle of the valley, where a glimpse was caught of a path leading up the mountain side, and visible only for the space of a few yards, after which it disappeared amid rocks and ravines.

After a quarter of an hour's suspense, the young soldier gave a start of pleasure as a figure appeared descending the rugged track. It was that of a young and graceful woman, muffled in a large black mantilla, and whose rapid pace indicated haste, while the frequent and frightened looks she cast behind her, made it apparent that she apprehended either pursuit or observation. On reaching the valley she bounded with the speed and lightness of a fawn over the dew-steeped grass.

"Luis!" she exclaimed, as she approached the trees among which the officer was concealed.

He sprang forward to meet her, and with a cry of joy she threw herself into his arms.

The family of Oriategui, hidalgos or country gentlemen possessing an estate near the town of Estella, consisted at the death of Ferdinand VII. of two brothers, the younger of whom, Geronimo, was a priest, and the elder, Vicente, a widower with one daughter. There was a third brother, who had died some years previously, leaving two sons to the guardianship of Don Vicente. Between Luis, the younger of these, and his cousin Elena there existed, when children, a sympathy which as they grew up ripened into a warmer feeling, and when, after two years passed at a military college, Luis came to spend a few months at his guardian's house previously to joining his regiment, the young people were affianced, and their marriage, although not to take place immediately, was considered a thing decided upon.

The only person whom this arrangement displeased was Pepe Oriategui, Luis's elder brother, who had also aspired to the favour of his beautiful cousin, although without the remotest chance of success. Several years older than his brother, he was far inferior to him in those qualities calculated to win the affections of a woman, and his sullen, moody nature contrasted unfavourably with the frank, cheerful character of his junior.

His time of leave expired, Luis departed to join his regiment. He was then only twenty and his cousin three years younger. Their marriage was fixed to take place on his attaining the age of twenty-one, when he would also receive his share of his father's moderate inheritance. He had left home but a few weeks, however, when an event occurred which, while it plunged Spain into a civil war, had a most disastrous effect upon the fortunes of the young soldier. This was the death of Ferdinand, followed by an immediate rising in the north of Spain, and strong demonstrations in favour of the deceased king's brother.

Luis received letters from his two uncles couched in ambiguous terms, in which they talked much of upholding the cause of the rightful monarch and of the Romish church. These were merely meant to sound and prepare him, but when what had at first appeared a trifling insurrection assumed the character of a civil war, and the Navarrese and Biscayans thronged round the banner of Zumalacarreaguy, to the war-cry of "*El Rey y la Religion*," the elder Oriategui threw off the mask, and while he himself and his nephew Pepe donned the Carlist uniform, he wrote to Luis, enjoining him to leave his regiment and draw his sword in defence of his legitimate sovereign.

There was a severe struggle in the young man's breast on receiving this letter. He saw at once that by refusing compliance with his uncle's injunctions, he risked not only his small estate, which was situated in the country that held out for the Pretender, but also (and this was a far weightier consideration), the loss of his mistress. On the other hand his feelings and his conscience made him lean to the side of the queen.

He had imbibed the liberal principles, then beginning to be widely disseminated in the peninsula, and which had found ready acceptance among the enthusiastic young men who had been his college companions. Dislike of priestly influence, and an ardent desire for the liberal institutions under which he saw other nations flourishing were strong features in his character.

His reply to his uncle was a refusal to abandon what he considered the rightful cause, coupled with a strongly-expressed hope that they would not be the less friends because their political opinions differed, and that a speedy and amicable termination to the war would remove all causes of dissension between them.

He had not long to wait for a reply. It came signed by his two uncles and his brother, couched in the most violent terms of reproach, and declaring that unless he repaired his fault by an immediate adoption of the cause they had espoused, they should consider him no longer as a relative, but as a rebel and outcast dishonouring the name he bore. Vicente Oriategui also commanded him to give up all thoughts of his daughter's hand, to which he had proved himself unworthy to aspire.

His heart wrung by these cruel tidings, Luis yet remained stanch to his principles, and was ere long rewarded and consoled by a letter from Elena assuring him of her unalterable attachment, and arranging a plan of correspondence. She could not blame him, she said, for adhering to what he considered the right cause, and like him she trusted that the war would soon be over, and her father again be brought to consent to their union.

Months, even years elapsed, however, and the war far from finishing, increased in fury and probability of duration, when Luis's regiment was ordered to the Navarrese frontier. He soon learned by the letters which he still received from his mistress, that the corps of the rebel army to which his uncle and brother belonged was on the Carlist lines, within a couple of leagues of his cantonments, and that she had accompanied her relations.

With no small risk and difficulty, the lovers contrived to have an interview, which was followed by others. Daybreak and the valley that has been described above, were found the safest time and place for their rendezvous, and it was their fourth meeting with which this narrative commenced.

But a new subject of anxiety had lately arisen. Elena's father had promised her hand to Pepe Oriategui, now a captain in the Carlist service. He had long forbidden her to utter Luis's name, and suspicious of the correspondence kept up between them, marvelled greatly at the violent repugnance she testified to a union with her elder cousin. He insisted, however, upon the marriage taking place, and to his commands were added the remonstrances of her uncle the priest, and Pepe's wearisome assiduities.

The difficulties of her situation had been the principal topic of conversation at the interviews with her lover, who would have found little difficulty in persuading her to accompany him to the Christino lines and there give him a legal right to protect her. But he hesitated before exposing her to the privations she would have to endure as his wife, in time of war, and with the scanty pay of a subaltern as his only resource.

At this interview, however, Elena declared her intention of flying from the odious marriage her father was forcing on her, and which she saw no other means of avoiding.

"It may seem unmaidenly," said she; "but yet I know not whither to betake myself, except to your safeguard, Luis. But I will not allow

a womanly scruple to influence my conduct in what may make the happiness or misery of our two lives."

"Alas! Elena," replied her cousin, "you can hardly suppose I should have waited till now to implore you to take refuge with me from the persecutions you are exposed to, had I not had powerful reasons for so doing. But since this unhappy war first commenced, my resources, as you know, have been limited to my pay; and how can I ask you to share so wretched a pittance?"

His mistress smiled gaily.

"I can eat the *rancio*, Luis, if needful, as cheerfully and with as good appetite as any soldier in your squadron. Any privation, any hardship," added she, the light of a determined purpose flashing from her dark eyes, "rather than the persecutions I now endure."

It was agreed, then, that on the third day following this interview, Elena should come to the usual place of rendezvous, prepared to accompany her lover to the Christino country, and mean time he would make the necessary arrangements for their marriage. With this understanding they parted.

On the same morning on which their interview took place, two men were seated at a table in the principal room of a small *venta* or country inn, situated just within the Carlist lines. They were both upwards of sixty years of age, wrinkled and hardfeatured, but still active and vigorous, and wearing on their countenances the expression of that obstinacy and resolution which are perhaps the strongest characteristics of the Navarrese. There was a considerable personal resemblance between them, rendered less striking than it would otherwise have been by the dissimilarity of their garb, the one being clad in the uniform of a corps of Carlist volunteers, a blue frock with metal buttons, scarlet berêt, and loose gray trousers; while the other had the shaven crown and rusty black robe of a priest.

The appearance of the room thus occupied, bore witness to the disturbed state of the country, and the usually rough and lawless character of the customers to the *venta*. The oaken chairs and tables, although of great strength, were all more or less dilapidated; the folding doors of a massive wardrobe testified to the strength of wrist of some person or persons who had driven a knife through the thick panels in fifty different places, while the walls of the apartment were disfigured by grotesque drawings in chalk and charcoal, and the windows, now thrown open for the admission of the balmy morning air, could scarcely boast of a whole pane of glass.

On the table before the two guests were small cups of the rich, highly-spiced chocolate, of such general use in Spain, that the poorest farmhouse is rarely without it; loaves of the beautifully white bread common in Navarre, and an omelette, in which, judging from the smell, garlic and tomatas must have been the chief ingredients.

Suddenly the door opened, and a third person entered. This was a man of thirty, whose countenance, otherwise handsome, was rendered eminently displeasing by its sullen downcast expression. His dress was the uniform of a regiment of Carlist lancers. Throwing himself into a chair, he gave his attention to the conversation of the old men, which they did not interrupt on his entrance. The three persons thus assembled were Vicente, Geronimo, and Pepe Oriategui.

"It is full time," said the priest, "to overrule the caprices of this

wayward girl, to which we have already paid too much attention. I would have her marriage with Pepe take place immediately, without consulting her liking."

"And so it shall," replied Don Vicente. "My only reason for delay was, that Pepe might have a willing rather than an unwilling bride; but since she persists in her refusal, compel her, in God's name. Strange, that after three years passed without seeing or hearing of that rebel, whose name I will not pronounce, she should still persist in her attachment to him. Why, they were little more than children when separated, and would probably, if they met, scarce know one another."

"Are you sure it is so long since they *did* meet?" interposed Pepe, with a marked emphasis.

"How? Sure!" exclaimed Don Vicente. "What possibility exists of their having seen each other since the war began? But what mean you, Pepe? You think more than you say."

"I know nothing as a fact," replied the other. "Surmises and conjecture are all I can advance. There are stories told by the pickets of a woman seen flitting about the lines in the gray of the morning. I myself have twice met Elena returning from a walk at an hour when no one would have expected her to have been out of bed. I thought little of it till yesterday, when I heard for the first time that Luis's squadron is on the lines opposite to us."

"Ha! Is it so?" exclaimed Don Vicente. "But no, she would never dare to meet him."

Pepe shrugged his shoulders.

"Be not too sure of that. But where is she now?" added he.

"She has not yet left her chamber."

"Pardon me—she has left it long ago. I inquired before I came in, and expected to have found her here."

Inquiries were immediately set on foot. Elena was not in her apartment, nor was she to be found in the neighbourhood of the *venta*. Pepe's suspicions now grew to a certainty, and were partaken by Don Vicente, who was vowing vengeance against his disobedient child when she herself entered the room.

"Whence come you?" demanded her father, sternly.

"From a walk," was her reply. "The fineness of the morning tempted me."

"The air is doubtless pleasanter without than within the lines," retorted Don Vicente, looking her hard in the eyes.

Elena turned pale.

"I do not understand your meaning, father," said she, in frightened and tremulous tones.

"Attempt not to dissimulate, wretched girl!" returned her father, in a voice of thunder. "Your misconduct is known, your interviews detected. But I will put an end to such proceedings, and if Pepe is still willing to accept your hand, not a week shall elapse before you become his wife."

For a moment Elena seemed stunned by this decision. She looked to her uncle as though for aid, but saw no hopes of sympathy in his stern inflexible countenance. Deserted by all, the very difficulties of her situation gave her courage.

"Father!" said she, in a steady voice, "when three years back I

was affianced to my cousin Luis, I gave him, with the promise of my hand, my whole heart. *That* I cannot recall, although you may deem fit to retract your consent to our union. And were Luis to change towards me, which he never can do, and to-morrow send me back the ring which I exchanged for his when we plighted our troth, be assured I would never wed another. A convent should be my refuge, or that failing me, the grave."

And with determination expressed on her pale compressed lips and slightly contracted brow, she left the room.

At an early hour of the day following this scene, a loud note of preparation ran along the Carlist lines. All was bustle and movement. Trumpets sounding, drums beating, aides-de-camp and orderlies galloping in all directions, sergeants calling the rolls of their squads and companies, laggards hurrying on their equipments and hastening to the place of muster, cavalry saddling, artillerymen harnessing their horses, the rattle of wheels, the stamping of hoofs, the swearing of men, made up, what to an unpractised eye would have seemed, the most unsoldierlike confusion. By and by, however, the chaos became order, squadrons, battalions, and batteries were drawn up, camp-followers, commissaries, and baggage sent to the rear, and the soldiers had time to ask one another the cause of this sudden *alerte*. It was soon known that the Christino division, which had been for some weeks in observation on this part of the Carlist line, had received reinforcements, and was about to make a forward movement. Presently skirmishers were thrown out, the artillery began to play, and in a short time the action became general. Some hard fighting took place, and it was afternoon before any positive advantage was obtained by either party. Then, however, the Carlists having managed to out-flank the enemy's left, caused a wavering and unsteadiness in that part of the Christino line, which was increased by a well-timed charge of cavalry.

A panic spread among the queen's troops. Here and there soldiers were seen to steal away from their regiments, regardless of the remonstrances and threats of the officers, and to scatter themselves over the fields in their rear, and the enemy pushing his advantage with vigour, in a short time the rout became general, and the plain was covered with flying Christinos, the triumphant Carlists following in full pursuit.

Amongst the foremost of the pursuers might be distinguished Pepe Oriategui, heading his troop of lancers, and slaughtering all he overtook with a savage cruelty that formed part of his character. Vainly did the unfortunate fugitives, crouching with terror before the threatening aspect and raised weapons of their foes, implore mercy at his hands. "Matar! matar!" "Kill! kill!" was the constant cry of the ruthless partisan, whose track across the battle-field was dyed in blood.

A part of the Christino army was at last rallied by the exertions of its officers in a strong position, protected by the guns of an adjacent fort. Some of the cavalry, taking heart of grace, formed in troops and squadrons, and advanced to meet the pursuers, and endeavoured to protect the fugitives still scattered over the fields, and the number of whom the lances and bayonets of the Carlists were momentarily dimi-

nishing. One party of horsemen thus striving to cover the retreat of their comrades, was met and almost annihilated by a strong body of Carlist cavalry. Scarcely had the latter ridden out of the field in which the rencontre took place, when Pepe Oriategui and his lancers entered it, spurring their panting horses to their utmost speed, which now hardly exceeded a canter. As they advanced, a Christino officer extricated himself with difficulty from under his horse, which had been shot, and had fallen on him, keeping him prisoner under its weight, until the animal's last convulsive struggles were over. The officer was evidently much hurt, for he walked with difficulty, and more than once passed his hand over his eyes to wipe away the blood that streamed into them from a sabre slash across the forehead. He had his broken sword in his hand, holding it by what remained of the blade, and as the enemy's cavalry approached him, he offered the hilt, and uttered the word "*Cuartel!*" Regardless of the word and gesture which demanded mercy at his hands, Pepe Oriategui advanced with uplifted sabre, and as he passed the wounded man, dealt him a backhanded blow.

"Pepe! *Hermano!*" cried the sufferer.

The Carlist started at the voice, and looked round just in time to see his unfortunate brother fall under the lances of his followers.

The pursuit was now over, and the Carlists returning to their lines. As Pepe Oriategui retraced his steps over the field where his brother's corpse lay he left the squadron for a moment, and dismounting, stooped over the body of the unhappy Luis. There was no mistaking his features, disfigured though they were with wounds and blood, but had they been less recognisable, Pepe would have found sufficient evidence of his brother's identity in a gold ring, with the initials L. and E. engraved upon it, which he drew with some difficulty from the stiffened finger of the dead man and put carefully by. Then mounting his horse he rode after the squadron.

The same evening the Carlists re-entered their cantonments, flushed with victory and eager for relaxation after the toils and perils of the day. Hoarse with smoke and shouting, the officers sought repose in their quarters, while the men, with that insensibility to fatigue which characterizes the Spanish soldier, hastened to the wine-houses and guinguettes to pass a part of the night in dancing, a strange way it would appear of resting themselves after twelve hours fighting and marching.

Amongst others Pepe Oriategui sought his quarters at the *venta*, where his uncle, Don Vicente, who had remained with the reserve, and the priest, fray Geronimo, were already doing execution on a smoking *puchero*. Elena, who had been carefully watched since her resolute demonstration on the preceding morning, was also there by her father's commands, but unable to partake of the repast she sat sad and anxious by the window. As Pepe rode up to the door and sprang from his horse, she clasped her hands together, and her pale cheek grew yet paler. He had been all day in the heat of the fight. His appearance bespoke it; his uniform stained with blood and dust, his horse jaded and footsore, and a handkerchief round his bridle arm, where he had received a slight wound. Was it not possible or even probable that he might know something of his brother, whether he was

in safety or not? The defeat had been magnified in importance by the voice of rumour and the accounts of the victors, and the Christino army represented as nearly exterminated. Elena was sick at heart with anxiety as to the fate of her lover.

As Pepe opened the door of the apartment his cousin met him. The imploring look she gave him told her wishes before she spoke them. But he said nothing, and awaited her questions with a cold, cruel smile, the meaning of which Elena feared to interpret.

"Pepe! Por Dios!" exclaimed she, "be generous. You have heard of him, seen him, perhaps. Say but one word. Is he safe?"

While she spoke the Carlist officer was seeking something in his sabretache, and as she uttered the last word he held out to her a ring which she snatched from him and immediately recognised.

"It is his! How got you this ring?" cried she.

Pepe made no reply. She looked at it again, it was stained and discoloured.

"What is this on it?" screamed Elena, in a voice so shrill and agonized that her father and uncle started from their seats.

"Blood!" replied Pepe, taking a step backwards, himself almost startled at her vehemence. "*His* blood."

With one broken-hearted cry the unhappy girl fell senseless to the ground. Her father hastened to her in alarm, and raising her in his arms called for assistance. She was carried to her chamber, and the women of the *venta* did their utmost to recover her from the deathlike swoon in which she lay. A surgeon quartered in the neighbourhood was sent for, and tried the resources of his art, but for a long time in vain. At length the pulses acquired strength, but her eyes still remained closed, and her faculties dormant. The medical man said that consciousness would gradually return, and all danger being past she was left to the care of an old woman, who was to watch by her till morning. But before daybreak the nurse fell asleep, and when she awoke Elena had disappeared.

Search was made for her in every direction, inquiries instituted for leagues around, and a spy sent into the Christino lines by her father to ascertain whether she had fled thither, but all in vain. No tidings of her could be obtained, and after three days' researches her fate still remained a mystery.

The *venta* at which the Oriateguis were quartered was one of the most advanced points occupied by the Carlists, and at night when the pickets were withdrawn there were no troops between it and the Christinos, or indeed within a mile of the house. About a dozen soldiers were billeted there besides the two officers. Being however a couple of leagues from the enemy's lines there was considered to be little danger of a surprise, and consequently a single sentry at the stable-door was deemed sufficient for all purposes of safety.

It was late on the third night after Elena's disappearance, and the three Oriateguis were sitting together in the large room of the *venta*. The uncles had been reproaching their nephew for his abruptness in making Elena aware of her lover's death, and accusing him as the cause of her disappearance; Pepe retorted, and a scene of recrimination was succeeded by a sullen moody silence.

There was a knock at the house-door, and a female voice was heard

without, singing one of the wild, plaintive melodies of the province. A moment afterwards Elena entered the room.

She wore the black silk basquina and mantilla which were her usual garb, but the former was torn and mud-stained, and had branches of brambles clinging to it, and the latter, instead of covering the head, was twisted as a sort of scarf round her shoulders. Her luxuriant black hair had escaped from its usual glossy braids, and hung in dishevelled confusion down her back, a garland of wild flowers was her only head-dress, and to a black ribbon encircling her bare neck was suspended her lover's ring. Her cheeks were pale and hollow, and the fire of insanity gleamed from her large dark eyes.

The three men sprang from their seats as she entered. No word was spoken, not a sound heard. One look was sufficient to tell the tale of shattered intellect. Don Vicente sank upon his chair, and groaning audibly, covered his face with his hands.

Without taking the slightest notice of her relatives Elena seated herself in an old-fashioned arm-chair, and removing the garland from her head, began re-arranging the flowers that composed it, singing as she did so the same melancholy air by which she had announced her arrival. Then again dropping the flowers, she seized the ring that hung from her neck and pressed it with both hands to her lips.

"*Quien vive?*" sharply and suddenly exclaimed the sentry outside.

There was no reply made to the challenge, but a noise as of a struggle was heard, a suppressed cry and heavy fall. At the same moment there was a loud scuffling below stairs, a shot was fired followed by one or two shrieks and a volley of execrations.

"*Mi capitán!*" shouted a voice. "*Los negros son—*"

The sentence was cut short, probably by a stab.

"We are betrayed!" cried Pepe, and darting to the door he was rushing out, when he was almost knocked down by two of his men, who sprang, sabre and pistol in hand into the room.

"The house is full of the enemy," cried one of them, "there is no getting out that way; try the window."

Pepe slammed the door too and secured it by a couple of strong bars. Meantime the priest had hastily opened the window and stepped out on the balcony.

"*Ha! Un frayte! 'Mucra el cuchino!*" vociferated half-a-dozen voices from below.

Two shots were fired, and fray Geronimo staggered back into the room and fell bleeding to the floor.

"There is no retreat," cried Don Vicente. "At least let us sell our lives dearly."

And as he spoke he shut and barred the windows, and dragged a heavy table against the door, which the next moment was nearly driven from its hinges by the butts of a dozen muskets.

The four Carlists were busily loading their pistols. Another shower of blows, and a third.

"Out with the lights!" cried Pepe.

The two yellow candles that with lengthened wicks were smoking and guttering on the table were dashed out. The door gave way. The passage outside was full of armed men, some holding torches, all pressing forward and embarrassing each other by their numbers. The

table and the fragments of the door impeded their first attempt to rush into the room.

"Fire!" cried Don Vicente, and four of the assailants fell.

Some muskets were discharged by the Christinos, but the light from the corridor only partially illuminated the apartment, and no one was hurt. Four more shots from the besieged took deadly effect among the crowd, and the attacking party for a moment held back.

"Viva!" cried Pepe to his comrades, "we shall soon have help, the firing must have been heard."

As he spoke one of the windows was burst in with a loud crash, and in an instant the room was filled with the enemy. The struggle was a desperate but a short one. The Carlists, dreadfully overmatched, fell under the bayonets of their foes.

"We have no time to lose," said the leader of the Christinos. "If we loiter we shall be cut off! Sound! bugler."

The bugle sounded, fifty guerillas formed up, laden with such booty as they had been able to snatch during their momentary occupation of the *venta*, and with trailed arms and rapid pace took the direction of their own lines. Ten minutes later three companies of Carlists surrounded the house.

There was a strong smell of blood and smoke in the room that had been so desperately defended, when the officer commanding the detachment entered it. Six Christino soldiers lay dead about the door, inside were the bodies of the Oriateguis and two other Carlists, and in the midst of these signs of recent strife sat Elena, singing snatches of songs, arranging her garlands, and from time to time kissing her lover's ring.

"Have you seen my Luis?" said she to the new comers. "He will be here soon; he has sent me his ring to announce his coming."

It was never known where Elena passed the three days of her absence, although it was conjectured that they might have been spent waiting for her dead lover at their usual place of rendezvous. At least it was afterwards ascertained that she had been met in that neighbourhood on the third evening by a party of guerillas, whose leader perceiving her state of mind, and finding out by some part of her rambling discourse that she belonged to a Carlist family, had had the address to make her serve as his guide to the *venta* which he so successfully surprised.

The poor crazed girl lived for some months after these events with the family of one of her mother's relatives. Her insanity was of a mild and harmless character, and she rambled about at will, alike on Carlist and Christino territory, protected by the general sympathy her sad history excited. But her health was undermined by all she had suffered, and she drooped and grew more feeble from day to day. One autumn evening she did not return home according to her custom. Search was made in what were known to be her favourite haunts, and she was at length found lying at the foot of the stone cross where she had last seen her lover. Those who discovered her thought she slept, so full of repose was her attitude. They called her name, but she heard them not, and her hand was cold when they touched it. Elena's sorrows were at an end.

EXTRACTS FROM MY INDIAN DIARY.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

No. VI.

My first introduction to Doctor Macphee—An excursion to Goa proposed—Belgaum—The hyena—Brinjaries, and Pindaree horsemen—The queen of the gipsies—The Rham Ghaut—A panther—The dying bullock—A night on the edge of the forest—Tiger and jackals—Camp attacked by a tiger—An enormous snake—Upinwarry—Cabou—The jolly friar—A night's carousal—The doctor and the priest—Portuguese boats—Old and new Goa—Churches and convents of old Goa—The inquisition—Old paintings—The martyr—The miraculous crab—Seroda and its women—Audacious bears.

It was soon after our return from the western forest that I first became acquainted with my highly-respected friend, Dr. Macphee, and often do I look back with pleasure to the day when I first extended the hand of friendship to that very eccentric but most worthy and warm-hearted of God's creatures. At the time I write of Dr. Macphee was assistant-surgeon in the regiment then quartered at Dharwar; but, being on the sick report when I arrived there, suffering from a dangerous attack of jungle-fever, I had not, before this time, an opportunity of seeing him. He was, however, well known to me by name, for his illness was looked upon as a public calamity, and men, women, and children vied with each other in their daily and anxious inquiries after "the dear doctor." Never was a creature more universally popular, or more deservedly so; for he was not only the life and soul of our hunting parties, but the oracle of the tea-tables, and the favourite playfellow of all the curly-headed little boys and girls at the station. For his male friends he had scientific information or dry jokes and queer Scotch stories, according as one or other happened to suit their capacity, and on either subject he appeared equally at home. He had small talk and sly glances for the young ladies, an invaluable collection of receipts, both culinary and medical, for those of more mature age; and for his young friends he had always a kind word and a kind kiss, besides a certain capacious pocket, into which the urchins seldom thrust their little paws without fishing up some of those curiously-devised sweetmeats, for which the native confectioners, or *hulwaees*, are so justly celebrated. It may therefore be supposed that the day on which the worthy doctor first made his appearance in public, after his long illness, was one of general rejoicing throughout the continent.

A large party of us were sitting at breakfast in E——'s bungalow, and were congratulating ourselves on the favourable report we had just heard of the doctor's rapid progress towards convalescence, when the door slowly opened, and the head of that worthy, surmounted by a red nightcap, was thrust into the room. For a moment he stood surveying the group, while a benevolent smile lighted up his pale features, with a look of gratitude that said as plain as words could have done,

"God bless you, lads, for your kind remembrance of poor Jock Macphee," and the next moment the warm-hearted creature was sitting

among us, with tears of gratitude pouring over his haggard cheeks, while his young companions crowded round him and almost overwhelmed him with their clamorous but hearty congratulations.

My heart warmed towards the honest Scotch face of my countryman the moment I saw him; and from that day forth Jock Macphee and I were sworn friends.

To many of my readers I flatter myself the doctor may be presented as an old friend, and one with whom I hope they will be glad to renew their acquaintance. But for the benefit of those who do not know him I shall here transcribe the description given of him on his first introduction to the public.

"The doctor was a tall, bony, loose-jointed figure, apparently about fifty years of age, who looked as if his limbs were attached to his body by wires. His large hands, covered with red hair and freckles, projected several inches beyond the sleeves of his scanty jacket, and his gaunt, misshapen legs terminated in a sort of *palmed* foot—I can find no better word to express its peculiar formation—which gave to the whole limb the appearance of an ingeniously contrived machine for crushing cockroaches or stopping a mouse in a corner. His head was thatched rather than clothed with coarse, red hair; and his face—but how can I ever hope to do justice to that inimitably-expressive countenance? It was a face which, at first sight, gave one a lively idea of the knight of the rueful countenance. There was the sallow complexion, the high cheek-bones, the capacious mouth, the interminable nose, and the solemn look of a Don Quixote. Yet, with all this, there were lines of mirth lurking round the corners of the mouth, a pawky expression in the eye, and an extraordinary power of motion in the end of the long proboscis, which, when called into action, rendered the worthy doctor's face one of the most perfectly mirth-inspiring I have ever had the good fortune to meet with. Of his character I shall only say that, under this rough exterior, my friend the doctor carried a heart true as steel, and overflowing, not only with mirth, but with the unadulterated milk of human kindness."

I must beg the imaginative reader to fancy this curious mortal considerably attenuated by sickness, clothed in an ample chintz dressing-gown and loose mosquito trousers, his feet thrust into a pair of embroidered slippers, his head, from which he had removed the nightcap, closely shaved, his features pale and haggard, rendering his high cheek bones a little more prominent than usual, and his fiery red whiskers appearing doubly red from the contrast afforded by his sickly complexion, and he will have some idea of the doctor's personal appearance on the memorable morning when I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance.

"Your friend the doctor must have been a gentleman of very unprepossessing appearance," I can fancy some of my fair readers remarking with a smile.

And so he was, at first sight. But, my dear young lady, had you seen his benevolent smile, had you felt the kindly pressure of his hand, and marked the unbidden tear that gushed from his warm heart, and trickled to the end of his long, thin nose, as he listened to the affectionate congratulations of his young companions, you would have

loved him in spite of yourself, and I trust you will yet do so when you become better acquainted with him.

My brother and I have, for some time back been talking of making an excursion to the western coast, to visit the ancient Portuguese settlement of Goa, and the doctor being advised to go somewhere for change of air, has agreed to accompany us. This is a most agreeable arrangement for us, for the doctor is well acquainted with that part of the country, and being a good linguist, will prove a most useful cicerone, as well as an amusing companion. We are to start as soon as the doctor is sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of travelling.

Belgaum, March 9th.—We are so far on our way to Goa. The doctor, being still too weak to undertake a long march on horseback, came on here yesterday in a palanquin. My brother and I started by moonlight, at four o'clock this morning, on horseback. Having two relays of horses posted on the road, we cantered over the distance, fifty-two miles, in four hours and a half, and arrived here in good time for breakfast, where we have been most hospitably received by General K——, the commandant of the station.

March 10th.—From Belgaum we marched thirty miles to Patna, where there is a public bungalow, and some good ground for snipe and wild fowl. The doctor felt so much better after the first day's journey that he dismissed his palanquin at Belgaum, and rode this march, without suffering much from fatigue.

March 11th.—We started this morning an hour before daylight, partly for the sake of accomplishing the march before the heat became oppressive, and partly to give ourselves time to explore the beautiful scenery of the Rham Ghaut, one of the mountain passes leading from the table-land of the Mahratta country to the richly wooded plains of the Concan.

While passing the ruins of an old deserted fort, a little before daylight, I heard for the first-time the cry of an hyena, and coming as it did unexpectedly, and in the silence of night, it struck me as the most unearthly sound I had ever heard. The wailing cry of the jackal is bad enough, but it is music compared to the voice of this obscene brute, this prowler among tombs, this *ghoul*. What to compare it to I know not, unless it be the expiring shrieks of some tortured wretch, mingled with the gibbering of maniacs, and the mocking laughter of fiends; in short, there is a devilish character about it, which it is hardly possible to describe; but once heard it can never be forgotten.

During our march we fell in with a party of those curious people, the *Brinjaries*, or gipsies of India, and a few straggling Pindaree horsemen, armed to the teeth, and mounted on their little, active, thoroughbred-looking steeds, very low in condition, but full of fire, and exhibiting points indicative of great endurance as well as speed.

In these piping times of peace, the warlike Pindaree, once the terror of the Mahratta country, is reduced to the necessity of earning a scanty pittance by cutting firewood in the jungles, to dispose of in the very villages through which in days of yore he used to ride triumphant, laden with spoil. But even when engaged in this peaceful occupation he never parts with his beloved weapons. His long taper lance and steel-hilted sword are free from rust and keen as ever. He evidently

loathes his present inglorious mode of life. The haughty glance with which he eyes the European traveller shows that the spirit of the daring freebooter still glows within his breast, and although reduced to be a hewer of wood, his proud heart yearns after the good old times when his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him.

The *Brinjaries* of India, like the gipsies of other countries, are a wandering race, they travel about the country, living in tents, and earn a livelihood by trading in grain, for the transport of which they keep large droves of remarkably fine bullocks. In time of war they are, in consideration of the useful nature of their traffic, looked upon as neutrals by all parties, and pass freely through the most disturbed districts, without fear of molestation. I believe, indeed, that their persons are held sacred even by the bloodthirsty *Thugs*.

Some of their women are strikingly handsome, and are said to be remarkable for chastity and fidelity to their husbands—rare virtues among Indian females. The women of this tribe wear a peculiar and very handsome dress, which adds greatly to their picturesque appearance. It is very similar to what we see represented in ancient Egyptian paintings, and is probably the identical style of dress wore by Pharaoh's daughter and Potiphar's wife.

There was one woman among the *Brinjaries* we met this morning, with whose dress and appearance I was particularly struck. She was a tall, graceful creature, with the step and bearing of a queen, and her features, strikingly handsome, were stamped with an expression of native dignity that might well have become a Cleopatra. Her picturesque dress, the antique pattern of which carried the imagination back to the palmy days of ancient Egypt, was arranged with considerable care, so as to display her graceful figure to the best advantage. Her well-rounded arms, naked from the shoulder, were ornamented, both above and below the elbow, with armlets of a strange antique pattern, which, for all we know to the contrary, may have been coeval with the pyramids—heirlooms, perhaps, handed down from mother to daughter since the days of Cheops. Her glossy, black hair, braided with classical taste, was also decked with a profusion of gold ornaments, and her flowing robe, of a rich brown colour, was edged down the front, and round the bottom, with a broad crimson border covered with strange hieroglyphic figures embroidered in black. A handsome girdle, also covered with hieroglyphics, encircled her waist, and her feet were shod with sandals, richly ornamented with silver studs. As she sailed past at the head of her tribe, and returned our salutations with a graceful inclination of the body, I thought I had never beheld a more noble looking creature.

"It's Pharaoh's daughter come to life again, and turned queen of the gipsies!" exclaimed the doctor, in a fit of enthusiasm, after gazing on her till a turn in the road concealed her from sight. And certainly a finer figure to represent the character could hardly have been selected.

We reached the bungalow, at the top of Rham ghaut, before the heat became oppressive, and after breakfast, while the doctor lay down to rest, my brother and I, being both tolerably sun-proof, strolled out among the woods in search of game and the picturesque.

This was my first introduction to mountain scenery in India, and the magnificent view we enjoyed from the top of the pass, fully realized the expectations I had formed of it. Standing on a projecting spur of the mountain range, some four thousand feet above the level of the plain, we looked directly down into the gloomy depths of the forest that clothes the sides and surrounds the base of the ghauts; and beyond this the eye ranged for leagues over the richly-wooded country of the Concan, till groves and temples, and palm trees and villages, faded away in the distance, and became blended with the mysterious copper-coloured haze that shrouded the horizon. A silence, deeper than that of midnight reigned around. Nature appeared to faint under the intolerable glare of an Indian noon, and the very air, as if sick with heat, seemed to have lost all power of motion. The beasts of the forest had plunged into the deepest thickets to seek for shade, the birds dozed upon the boughs, the innumerable insects, at other times so noisy, were now silent, and the only living things that appeared in motion were the beautiful little lizards, in their gorgeous livery of green enamel and gold, who, far from shunning the glare, lay basking on the heated rocks, or darted about in search of their insect food, like animated sunbeams.

We saw numerous traces of deer during our ramble; but at the dead hour of noon, when wild animals lie hid in the densest thickets, it is labour in vain to seek for them, and we therefore contented ourselves with shooting a peacock and a few jungle-fowl for our evening meal. On our way back we started a panther in a thickly-wooded ravine close to the bungalow, and sent a couple of balls after him as he dashed down the hill; but, as he did not reply to our salute, we concluded that our shots had not taken effect.

After partaking of an excellent curry and a cool bottle of light claret, we sent on our horses and servants, and, in the cool of the evening, walked down the pass (six miles) to the village of Goacuchawarry, where we spent the night in a small bell-tent, not much larger than a good-sized umbrella, but just sufficient to protect us from the dew.

On our way down the pass we found an unfortunate baggage-bullock that had dropped from fatigue in ascending the mountain, and had been left by its inhuman master to die on the road. It appeared to have lain there for some days, for although it still breathed, its eyes had been picked out by the vultures, and its carcass was swelled and bloated, as if already half corrupted by the intense heat.

As there were no natives in sight to execrate the sacrilegious act of slaying a sacred animal, I took the liberty of putting it out of pain by shooting it through the head. This I considered an act of mercy. But had the benighted pagan who drove the poor animal to death been witness to the deed, his blood would have run cold with horror, and he would have looked upon me as something worse than a murderer—a demon in human shape,—a wretch abhorred by gods and men.

He worshipped that blessed animal. Before starting on the journey that caused its death he consecrated his house by sprinkling the floors and doorposts with water, in which a quantity of the animal's dung had been mixed; he concluded his morning devotions by smearing his breast and forehead with sacred ashes prepared

from the same substance; and thanking God that he is a good Hindoo, he lays upon the back of his half-starved bullock a load sufficient for a camel, and goes on his way rejoicing. He reaches the foot of the ghaut, and the overlaid bullock, already tottering with fatigue, commences the toilsome ascent. By dint of a vigorous application of the goad, the first mile is accomplished; but here the strength of the poor brute fails, and sick and bleeding it lies down to rest. The good Hindoo assails the object of his worship with kicks and curses, and by twisting its tail till the joints crack, he succeeds in getting it once more upon its legs. Another half mile is accomplished, but nature again fails, and again the overtaken brute sinks under its load. Kicks and blows are once more resorted to, and the tail is twisted with savage energy, till each individual joint is dislocated or broken, but the patient brute only replies with deep groans.

The devout Hindoo is at his wit's end, and in the extremity of his wrath, he even dares to curse the Brahmin bull that begat this unsanctified bullock.

He fumbles in his pouch and discovers a fresh chilli—a gleam of hope lights up his swarthy features—he cuts the chilli in two, and squeezes the pungent juice into the eyes of the fainting animal.*—The tortured brute, bellowing with pain, makes a last expiring effort—he regains his feet—staggers on another half-mile—and sinks to rise no more.

“It was his fate!” remarks the self-satisfied Hindoo, as he leisurely unstraps the heavy burden from the back of the dying brute, and distributes it among the other bullocks of the drove.

And satisfied that he has done his duty towards the sacred animal because he refrains from cutting its throat, and leaves it to die a *natural* death, he proceeds on his journey, giving thanks to Vishnoo that he is not a slayer of oxen like the accursed kaffers,† whose beards he defiles. The vultures, indeed, those sons of unclean mothers, *may* pick out the unfortunate bullock's eyes, or some unbelieving kaffer *may* choose to run the risk of eternal damnation by blowing its brains out; but that is no business of his, he is a good Hindoo; and, happen what will, the sin of slaying the blessed animal lies not at his door.

Strange inconsistency!—yet so it is, and so it ever will be, where priestcraft and superstition reign triumphant.

We made an excellent supper of our jungle-fowl stewed in rice; but did not pass a very comfortable night. The ground was remarkably hard and rather stony withal; the tent was so small that my brother and I were obliged to lie with our legs outside; and we were kept awake a great part of the night by the noisy mirth of a pack of debauched jackals, holding carnival over the carcass of a dead bullock. A tiger also prowled round the tent for several hours.

I remarked that shortly before the tiger commenced his serenade, and during the time he remained near us, the jackals were comparatively mute, and the few that ventured to give utterance to their feelings, changed their notes from the usual cry—compounded of dismal la-

* To some of my readers this piece of cold-blooded cruelty will appear almost incredible; but I regret to say that I have more than once seen it practised.

† *Kaffer*—a term of reproach applied to Europeans, pariahs, and other unbelievers.

mentations and peals of mocking laughter—to a peculiar whining sycophantic tone, better suited to the august presence of their lord and master; and I am told that whenever the jackal is heard to utter this peculiar cry, it is an infallible sign that a tiger or some other large beast of prey is in the neighbourhood.

Just after I had fallen asleep, I was awakened by hearing a noise as if some animal were crunching bones in the interior of the tent. I raised myself on my elbow to ascertain the cause, and by the light of the moon I discovered an audacious jackal, who had probably been attracted by the savoury smell of our stew, quietly seated on his haunches, and devouring the remains of our supper that had been left in a corner of the tent. He did not wait for a formal ejection, but sprang over my legs, and made his escape before I could lay my hand on any weapon wherewith to smite him.

March 12th.—Started at daybreak, and rode twenty miles to Ussinwarry, a village on the banks of a small river that flows into the sea near Goa. Our route, for the greater part of the distance, lay through heavy bamboo jungle, along a narrow rugged path, where our horses had considerable difficulty in keeping their footing, and were once or twice nearly swamped in crossing deep muddy nullahs.

Just as we were starting, we met a small detachment of the 20th regiment, on their march from Bombay to Belgaum. They informed us that they had been encamped on the opposite side of the village, and that during the night a tiger had entered their camp, and attacked a baggage camel, which he wounded so severely, that they were obliged to kill it. The tiger would not quit his prey till they had fired ten rounds of ball-cartridge at him; and, after all, made off with an unfortunate dog belonging to one of the men.

On our way we killed a large snake, which I conclude belongs to a rare species, as none of us had ever seen one of a similar kind. It was upwards of sixteen feet in length, and quite as thick as a man's thigh. The upper part of the body was a dark slate-colour, nearly black, and skin rough, without any lustre; the scales on the belly light gray or lead-colour, and the head large and flattened.

The natives declared him to be a venomous snake, and were much horrified at our venturing to touch him; but I think they must have been mistaken, for I never heard of a snake of this size being armed with venomous fangs; and on examining the mouth, I could not discover any; however, as the head was beaten to a jelly, it was difficult to say whether they had ever existed or not.

We reached Ussinwarry about 11 A. M., after a hot and fatiguing march, and pitched our little tent under the shade of a beautiful cocoa-nut grove on the bank of the river. Here we halted during the heat of the day, and employed ourselves in skinning the snake, and preparing some other specimens which we had procured for the doctor on our way through the jungle.

Being at a loss for materials to stuff the snake, the doctor had recourse to an ingenious expedient for preserving the skin; having stripped it off entire, like the skin of an eel, he filled it with fine sand, and laid it out in the sun, where it was thoroughly dried in a few hours; the sand, by its own weight, keeping it stretched to its full extent, and at the same time absorbing all the fat that exuded from it.

We leave our horses here to await our return, and have hired a

boat, manned by two native fishermen, to take us down the river to Goa.

Goa, March 13th.—We embarked yesterday evening in a very clumsy, antediluvian-looking canoe, large enough to contain us with all our servants and baggage. As we had only two men to paddle the whole distance—somewhere between forty and fifty miles—our progress was, of necessity, slow. But by dint of persevering industry on the part of our hardy boatmen, who never relaxed their exertions for one moment, we accomplished the voyage in sixteen hours, and landed here about 10 A. M. On our way down the river we saw several otters, which are said to be numerous in this part of the country, but did not succeed in procuring a specimen.

We took up our quarters near the convent of Gabou, in an empty barrack that was erected during the Peninsular war, when we occupied Goa in trust for our ally Don Juan of Portugal, but which is now used as a bungalow for European travellers. It is situated on a high promontory, clothed with brushwood, near the entrance of the harbour, and commands a magnificent view. At first the large, empty, barn-like building had rather a cheerless effect. But the doctor, who is old traveller as well as an old soldier, soon changed the aspect of affairs.

The *cunnauts*, or canvass walks of a tent, were stretched across the empty building, so as to screen off the portion required for our accommodation; a couple of camp-tables and three chairs were arranged; the tablecloth was spread, and the *cowrie-baskets*, containing a tongue and cold roasted peafowl, a salted buffalo's hump, a loaf of bread, and some bottles of pale ale, were unpacked. By the time these arrangements were completed, the peon, whom we had despatched in search of provisions, returned with a plentiful supply of oysters, fresh fish, and eggs; and in less than two hours after our arrival, we sat down to a sumptuous breakfast in as snug a little barrack-room as any one need wish for.

Just before breakfast we were waited upon by one of the Franciscan friars belonging to the convent, who politely invited us to visit the establishment, and inspect the paintings, relics, &c. This we promised to do in the course of the day, and in the mean time asked him to share our repast,—an invitation which he accepted with a profusion of thanks.

In outward appearance our guest did not at all come up to my preconceived notions of a "jolly friar," although he eventually proved himself to be one in every sense of the word. He was the image of the starved apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet,"—a living skeleton, with a skin sallow as old parchment,—and looked like abstinence, famine, and mortification of the flesh personified. His shaven crown and sandalled feet, the coarse brown tunic bound round his lean flanks with a girdle of knotted cord, and his hypocritical look of mock humility, completely imposed on us. We pitied the poor man, and said to ourselves, here is one at least who is dead to the world with all its pomps and vanities.

The kind-hearted doctor, ever thoughtful about others, happening to remember that this was the middle of lent, and fearful of hurting the feelings of the holy man, desired that nothing but eggs and fish might

be placed on the breakfast-table. We were hardly seated, however, when the nostrils of our holy friend began to expand, and after snuffing round the room, he made a dead point at the cold peafowl and buffalo's hump, which, out of delicacy to his feelings, had been kept in the background.

He did not wait to be asked, but with watering lips, desired the heretical food to be placed before him, and falling-to as if he had not seen meat for a month—as I dare say was really the case—he caused the viands to disappear with a rapidity that was marvellous to behold.

"Well," thought we, "this is an easy-going priest,—at least as far as keeping Lent is concerned."

But seeing by the poor devil's face that he was absolutely in want of nourishment, and fancying that so good an opportunity of enjoying one substantial meal in the midst of a long black Lent, had proved too strong a temptation for his famished virtue to resist, we heretics thought lightly of the transgression, and still considered him a holy man.

Having appeased the cravings of hunger—an operation in which he consumed a larger quantity of food than I thought his lean carcass was capable of containing—he solaced himself by smoking some half-dozen cheroots, and whistling to a little bandy-legged turnspit, rejoicing in the name of "Cupid," and who in humble imitation of his master had been making the most of his time under the table, he departed to his devotions, after accepting an invitation to dine with us.

We still thought the priest a devout priest. But we had not yet seen him in his true character.

In the course of the day we visited the convent of Cabou, which is rather a poor one, and presents nothing worthy of notice, except some curious old paintings, which I shall have occasion to mention hereafter. We shot a few couple of quail in the neighbouring brushwood, and after a refreshing swim in the salt-water, returned to dinner.

Punctual to a moment, our friend the friar arrived, attended by his bandy-legged cur, both looking fearfully hungry. We received our guest with a polite "*Salve domine*," and proceeded at once to business, for he was evidently in no mood for dalliance. This time we had no scruples about the meat, neither had our holy friend. He fed like an ogre; glass after glass of the excellent port wine, for which Goa is celebrated, vanished down his long skinny throat; and still he eat, and still he drank, till the doctor, who watched the extraordinary performance with evident interest, began to have serious apprehensions for his safety.

At length, after partaking of every dish at the table, he appeared to discover that man's powers are limited, and finally broke down in the midst of a savoury mess of pillaw, the remains of which, however, he could not see depart without a profound sigh of regret.

The cloth being removed, cheroots lighted, and fresh glasses produced, our friend stroked his stomach complacently, and filling a bumper of claret, begged leave to propose a toast.

"England and Portugal, with all the honours!"

"Hip! hip! hip! Hurra!"

"Delicious claret!—a perfect bouquet. Another bumper, my children! Wellington and Don Miguel!"

"Hurra! Hurra!! Hurra!!!"

The doctor, ever ready for a bit of fun, rubbed his hands with delight at discovering such convivial qualities in our clerical guest, and concluded a highflown eulogium on the Portuguese nation in general, and Portuguese priests in particular, by proposing that our jolly friend should take the chair.

This motion was carried by acclamation, and the shaven-headed friar, after a decent show of resistance, was duly installed in an arm-chair at the head of the table. He could not speak a word of English, nor could any of us understand a syllable of Portuguese; but with the aid of a little bad French, and a great deal of execrable dog-Latin, we managed to get on to our entire satisfaction.

Toast after toast was given by our excellent chairman, and the bottle circulated freely. At length the generous wine began to warm the heart of the jolly friar, and filling a larger bumper than usual, he begged to propose a toast, which he felt assured must ever be drunk with enthusiasm either by churchman or layman.

"Wine and women, my children, with nine times nine!!!"

Oh, ho! master priest!

We now began to smell a rat! And, I am ashamed to say, we availed ourselves of the friar's communicative mood, to extract from him some of the secrets of his prison-house. To do this he appeared nothing loath, and that pawkie loon the doctor, soon succeeded in drawing him out to our heart's content.

"Weel done, padre!" exclaimed the doctor, slapping him on the shoulder, and speaking a confused jargon of broad Scotch, French, and Latin, which, however, we shall translate into the doctor's vernacular. "I see ye hae a warm heart to the lasses—and what for no? I'm sure ye maun hae a wheen bonny black-eyed lasses among your congregation down by in Goa?"

The padre grinned, and replied that some of the lambs of the flock were very fair to look upon.

"Wi' a wolf in sheep's clothing to tak' care o' them," whispered the doctor, aside.

Then addressing the friar,

"Indeed, sir? Weel, I think it maun be a pleasant thing to hae charge o' a flock o' thae kind o' lambs. I's warrant, noo, you're very kind to the poor young things; and I dare say ye whiles gie them a bit faitherly kiss, just to encourage them like, when they come to ask pardon for some o' their little follies and weaknesses?"

The jolly friar's eye twinkled at this suggestion, and he appeared half-inclined to own the soft impeachment; but prudence got the better of vanity.

"Weel, weel, padre, never mind; ye shouldna' kiss and tell, they say." Then aside to us—"He's no' half-primed yet; we'll gie him another glass or two."

And suiting the action to the word, he pushed the bottle towards the friar, requesting him to fill a bumper to their better acquaintance.

A few more toasts enabled the doctor to complete his task of pumping the priest. He waxed garrulous as the fumes of the claret

to the public welfare, live like locusts on the fat of the land, and swallow up any little profit that might otherwise be derived from the Portuguese possessions in India.

On the whole, I was disappointed in the churches. They are on a grand scale certainly, and interesting from the association of ideas connected with them; but their whitewashed walls and red-tiled roofs deprive them of all architectural beauty externally; and although the interior of most of them is as splendid as paint and gilding can make them, there is a want of good taste pervading the whole that is painful to behold.

Crucifixes, for instance, and other figures really well carved, are daubed with paint, or tricked out with scarfs of silk and gold lace, till they appear perfectly ridiculous. In one corner is an image of the virgin, dressed in an old-fashioned brocade petticoat and hoop. And in another stands a crucifix as large as life, the handiwork apparently of some inspired ship-carpenter, who not satisfied with painting it an unwholesome white, has daubed it over with ghastly streaks of blood. Cherubims, evidently by the same artist,—leering, squinting little wretches,—with elaborately curled wigs, inflamed cheeks, and snub-noses, meet you at every turn. Handsome stone pillars are daubed over with a wretched imitation of coloured marble, and beautifully-carved oak roofs are whitewashed. And yet all that bad taste can effect has failed to deprive these once noble buildings of a certain air of magnificence, inseparably connected with their gigantic proportions. It is impossible to resist the first impulse of admiration on entering them, and not to experience a feeling of one's own insignificance, where man dwindles to a pigmy amidst their massive pillars and stupendous domes.

Our cockswain acted the part of cicerone to admiration, and amused us much by his remarks. He evidently looked upon the *swamies* as the objects best worthy of attention, and took great pains to explain to us their relative value and different virtues.

"This," said he, as we passed the image of a saint, "this, very good *swamy*. That," pointing to the image of our Saviour, "good *swamy* too. These," indicating the red-face cherubims, "very small *swamies*, not too much good. But this," said he, approaching the gaily-dressed figure of the Virgin, before which a lamp was burning, and regarding it with profound reverence, "this very great *swamy*! Virgin Mary *swamy*! Too much fine *swamy*! All good Christian pray to this *swamy*!" and bending his knee, he crossed himself devoutly.

Poor fellow; he called himself a Christian, and believed himself to be one; but I fear he looked not beyond external objects, and had merely abandoned the worship of one description of idol to prostrate himself before another.

The inquisition is a dark gloomy building, filled with recollections of fearful interest. As we passed through the dungeons and inspected the various instruments, constructed with diabolical ingenuity, for the purpose of inflicting on the human frame the greatest possible variety of torture, I pictured to myself the fearful tragedies that have been acted within these walls, and felt devoutly thankful that such atrocities are no longer permitted.

A sinister-looking priest, however, who acted as our guide, appeared to think, as he eyed us askance, and closed the door with a sigh, what a pity it was that so much valuable machinery should be allowed to rust for want of use, while heretics were so plenty in the land.

"But fortunate for us, friend," thought I, as I called to mind the scene of the previous evening, and fancied, if we had been the cause of bringing such scandal on the church in the good old persecuting times, what glorious subjects we would have been upon which to practise a few interesting experiments in the art of torture.

We visited several convents of monks, but were not permitted to see the nuns.

In the convents there is little worthy of notice, except some curious old paintings, similar to those we saw at Cabou. As works of art they are mere daubs, but are interesting from their antiquity, and the quaint ideas imbodyed in some of them. The favourite subject appears to be the supposed martyrdom of the early Portuguese Christians in India. And baldheaded friars meet the eye at every turn, in the act of being speared, beheaded, drowned, strangled, crucified, empaled, roasted, and flayed alive, by Brahmin priests of most ferocious aspect.

I shall only attempt to describe two out of many that tickled my fancy particularly.

One represents a friar of the order of St. Francis, standing upright as a soldier on parade, and in the act of being beheaded by an unrelenting Brahmin. His head is flying off at a right angle, grinning fearfully, and from the trunk issues a jet of blood, in the centre of which appears his soul, represented by a thing with a large head, intended, no doubt, for a cherub, but which bears a painful resemblance to one of those little *bottle-imps*, preserved in spirits, which we see in surgical museums. The thing with the large head is making frantic efforts to escape being drowned in the crimson fountain, and appears to be calling lustily for help to a group of angels who are hovering above, ready to invest it with the crown of martyrdom. The idea is a good one enough, and the moral excellent. But there is something so irresistibly grotesque in the attitudes of the principal figures, and the grinning head is represented as eyeing the little misshapen soul with such an envious glance, that it is impossible to behold the composition of the quaint old artist without a smile.

The other picture represents a miracle performed in behalf of St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies. The saint is walking on the sea-beach, and a large crab, issuing from the water, makes a profound reverence with one claw, while with the other he presents a silver crucifix, which it appears the saint had dropped overboard during his outward voyage, *before rounding the Cape!*

During the time we remained at Goa we made an excursion along the coast to the neighbouring village of Seroda, inhabited by a remarkable race of women, who are celebrated throughout the western parts of India, for their great beauty and unusually fair complexion. They are Hindoos of the Conkany caste, but differ in many respects from any other tribe. They are not allowed to marry, nor are any men, except the priest, belonging to the pagodas—of which there are several in the village—allowed to reside within its precincts. They

are, however, encouraged to become mothers, and like the Amazonian queen who is said to have visited Alexander the Great, in hopes of thereby obtaining an heroic daughter, they are very particular in selecting fathers, likely from their appearance to perpetuate in their children the fair complexion and classical features for which they themselves are justly celebrated. I was not able to ascertain how the male children are disposed of, but I believe they are dedicated to the temples, and become priests; while the females—or perhaps only the finer specimens, for all the children we saw were strikingly handsome—are reared with the utmost care to sustain the character of this village of Houries. Their origin is shrouded in mystery, but tradition says they are sprung from an ancient sisterhood of Portuguese nuns. A strange origin enough, if the tale be true. They never leave their native village, which they appear to think the most delightful spot on earth, and have a superstitious belief that if they were to ascend above the ghauts they would immediately die.

On landing near the village we pitched our tent on the beach, and, in accordance with the etiquette of the place, despatched a messenger to announce our arrival. We were soon after waited upon by a deputation of smiling nymphs, who in the most graceful manner expressed their thanks for the honour we had done them, and informed us they were charged with a message from the matron of the village, requesting the pleasure of our company in the evening to witness a *natch*,* and after throwing a garland of flowers round each of our necks, they returned to the village.

I was much struck with the grace and beauty of these young creatures. They were nearly as fair as Europeans, with beautifully regular features, and their deep blue melting eyes fringed with long silken eyelashes, were perfectly bewitching. It was that peculiar eye—rare even in Europe, and unknown in any other part of India—which Byron so beautifully describes as

The Asiatic eye,
Dark as above us is the sky ;
But though it steals a tender light,
Like the first moonrise of midnight ;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seems to melt in its own beam ;
All love, half languor and half fire.

Their figures were more stately, and their limbs fuller and better rounded than those of Indian females generally are, and their peculiar dress, a flowing robe confined round the waist by a silver zone, and looped up on one side so as to expose the leg to a little above the knee, closely resembled the drapery of an ancient Greek statue. Their hair, simply braided, was entwined with wreaths of jessamine, and secured behind with a gold bodkin. And the general effect of their charms was not a little heightened by the unaffected sweetness and simple modesty of their demeanour. For, notwithstanding their strange customs,—shocking to our ideas of propriety, but considered perfectly

* *Natch*—a native ballet, or exhibition of dancing-girls.

proper by them,—the poor things retain all the native modesty of their sex, and are not by any means meretricious in their behaviour.

In the cool of the evening we proceeded to the village, on the outskirts of which we were met by another deputation of the fair inhabitants, and conducted to the house of the head matron.

The village is beautifully situated in a grove of orange, citron, and palm trees, through which the soft sea-breeze comes laden with perfume; a beautiful salt-water lagoon, wooded to the edge, sweeps by in front of it; and in the back ground the deep blue ghauts appear to form a barrier between this enchanting spot and the remainder of the world.

We were received with great ceremony by the matron, and all the beauties of the village, in a large open apartment, where we were sprinkled with rose-water, and regaled with tea. We then seated ourselves round the room, to witness the performance of some *natch-girls* belonging to the temple; and departed at a late hour, after distributing some little presents, such as embroidered slippers, bangles, &c., among the fairest of our fair entertainers, and taking a sketch of a beautiful creature named Biaca, which I regret it is not in my power to present to the reader.

Next morning we started on our return to Dharwar, and it was with feelings of pleasure that I once more mounted my gallant gray, and felt that his first exulting bound dispelled all the dangerous fascinations which the enervating climate of Seroda, and the seducing beauty of its fair inhabitants had begun to throw around me.

We halted a couple of days at Belgaum, and the night before we left it sent on a spare horse each, to serve as a relay for next morning. On their way through the jungle they were attacked by a couple of contumacious bears, and one of them so severely wounded that his life was despaired of for some days. This is a curious fact, illustrative of the nature of the Indian bear. I know many instances of bears attacking a single man without provocation, but I never, before or since, have heard of their venturing to attack so large a party, for besides the three horses there were two servants on horseback, and two bullocks carrying our tents. The people of the neighbouring village tell us, that for some time back they have been kept in constant alarm by the repeated visits of these bears, who are daily becoming more audacious, and that in the course of last week eight or ten persons have been attacked and nearly killed by them.

My brother and I have made a vow to revenge the insult offered to our steeds, and it shall go hard but we cry quits with master Bruin, before he is many days older.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

By Mrs. ABELL,

(LATE MISS ELIZA BALCOMBE,)

DURING THE TIME SPENT BY HIM IN HER FATHER'S
HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.

No. II.

THE emperor possessed a splendid set of China of the Sèvres manufacture, which had been executed at an enormous cost, and presented to him by the City of Paris. They were now unpacking, and he sent for us to see them. They were painted by the first artists in Paris, and were most lovely. Each plate cost twenty-five Napoleons. The subjects all bore reference to his campaigns, or to some period of his early life. Many of them were battle pieces, in which the most striking incidents were portrayed with the utmost spirit and fidelity. Others were landscapes, representing scenery connected with his victories and triumphs.

One, I remember, made a great impression on me. It was a drawing of Napoleon on the bridge of Arcola. A slim youth—standing almost alone, with none near but the dead and dying, who had fallen around him—was cheering on his more distant comrades to the assault. The spirit and energy of his figure particularly attracted my admiration. The emperor seemed pleased at my admiring it, and putting his hand to his side, exclaimed, laughing,

“I was rather more slender then than I am now.”

The battle of Leipsic was one of the subjects depicted on the china. Napoleon's figure was happily done, and an admirable likeness; but one feels rather surprised at the selection of such a subject for a complimentary present. I believe the battle of Leipsic is considered to have been one of the most disastrous defeats on record; but probably the good citizens of Paris were not so well aware of this at the time the china was presented to him as they are now.

His campaign in Egypt furnished subjects for some of the illustrations. The stork was introduced in several of these Egyptian scenes, and I happened to have heard that that bird was worshipped by the Egyptians. I asked him if it were not so. He smiled, and entered into a long narration of some of his adventures with the army in Egypt; advising me never to go there, or I should catch the ophthalmia, and spoil my eyes!

I had also heard that he had professed Mahometanism when there; and I had been prompted by some one to catechise him on the subject. I at once came up with the question in my English French.

“Pourquoi avez-vous tourné Turque?”

He did not at first understand me, and I was obliged to explain that *tourner Turque* meant changing his religion.

He laughed and said,

“What is that to you? fighting is a soldier's religion; I never

changed that. The other is the affair of women and priests,—*au reste*; I always adopt the religion of the country I am in."

At a later period some Italian ecclesiastics arrived at St. Helena, and were attached to Napoleon's suite.

Amongst the emperor's domestics at the Briars, was a very droll character; his lamplighter, a sort of *Leporello*, a most ingenious little fellow in making toys, and other amusing mechanical contrivances. Napoleon would often send for the scaramouch to amuse my brothers, who were infinitely delighted with his tricks and buffooneries. Sometimes he constructed balloons, which were inflated and sent up amidst the acclamations of the whole party. One day he contrived to harness four mice to a small carriage, but the poor little animals were so terrified that he could not get them to move, and after many ineffectual attempts, my brothers entreated the emperor to interfere. Napoleon told him to pinch the tails of the two leaders, and when they started the others would follow. This he did, and immediately the whole four scampered off to our great amusement—Napoleon enjoying the fun as much as any of us, and delighted with the extravagant glee of my two brothers.

I had often entreated the emperor to give a ball before he left the Briars in the large room occupied by him, which had been built by my father for that purpose.

He had promised me faithfully he would, but when I pressed him urgently for the fulfilment of his promise, he only laughed at me, telling me he wondered I could be so silly as to think such a thing possible.

But I never ceased reproaching him for his breach of faith, and teased him so that at last, to escape my importunities, he said, that as the ball was out of the question, he would consent, by way of *amende honorable*, to any thing I chose to demand to console me for my disappointment.

"Tell me, que veux-tu que je fasse, Mademoiselle Betsee, pour te consoler."

I replied instantly.

"If you will play a game of 'blind man's buff,' which you have so often promised me, I will forgive you the ball, and never ask for it again. Not knowing the French term (if there is any) for blind man's buff.

I had explained before to the emperor the nature of the operation to be gone through.

He laughed at my choice, and tried to persuade me to choose something else, but I was inexorable, and seeing his fate inevitable, he resigned himself to it with a good grace, proposing that we should begin at once.

My sister and myself, and the son of either General Bertrand or some other of the emperor's suite, formed the party. Napoleon said we should draw lots who should be blindfolded first, and he would distribute the tickets.

Some slips of paper were prepared, on one of which was written the fatal word "*la mort*," and the rest were blanks. Whether accidentally or by Napoleon's contrivance I know not, but I was the first victim, and the emperor taking a cambric handkerchief out of his pocket, tied it tightly over my eyes, asking me if I could see.

"I cannot see you," I replied, but a faint gleam of light did certainly escape through one corner, making my darkness a little less visible.

Napoleon then taking his hat waved it suddenly before my eyes; and the shadow and the wind it made startling me, I drew back my head.

"Ah, leetle monkee," he exclaimed in English, "you can see pretty well."

He then proceeded to tie another handkerchief over the first, which completely excluded every ray of light.

I was then placed in the middle of the room and the game began.

The emperor commenced by creeping stealthily up to me and giving my nose a very sharp twinge. I knowing it was him both from the act itself and his footstep. I darted forward and very nearly succeeded in catching him, but bounding actively away, he eluded my grasp. I then groped about and advancing again, he this time took hold of my ear and pulled it. I stretched out my hands instantly, and in the exultation of the moment screamed out, "I have got you—I have got you—now you shall be blindfolded!"

But to my great mortification it proved to be my sister, under cover of whom Napoleon had advanced, stretching his hand over her head.

We then recommenced, the emperor saying, that as I had named the wrong person, I must continue blindfolded. He teased and quizzed me about my mistake, and bantered me in every possible way; eluding at the same time with the greatest dexterity, my endeavours to catch him.

At last when the fun was growing "fast and furious," and the uproar was at its height, it was announced that some one desired an audience of the emperor: and to my great annoyance, as I had set my heart on catching him, and insisting on his being blindfolded, our game came to a conclusion.

The emperor having returned from seeing his visiter, and his dinner-hour approaching, he invited us to dine with him. We told him we had already dined.

"Then come and see me eat," he added; and when his dinner was announced by Cipriani we accompanied him into his marquee. When at table he desired Narane to bring in some creams for me: I declined them as I had dined, but I had unfortunately told him once before that I was very fond of creams, and though I begged in vain to be excused, repeating a thousand times that I had dined, and could not eat any more, he pressed and insisted so strongly, that I was at last obliged to comply, and with some difficulty managed to eat half a cream.

But although I was satisfied, Napoleon was not; and when I left off eating, he commenced feeding me like a baby, calling me his little bambina, and laughing violently at my rueful countenance. At last I could bear it no longer, and scampered out of the tent, the emperor calling after me,

"Stop, Miss Betsee; do stay, and eat another cream; you know you told me you liked them."

The next day he sent in a quantity of bon-bons by Marchand, with some creams; desiring his compliments to Miss Betsee and the creams were for her.

The emperor possessed among his suite the most accomplished confiseur in the world. M. Piron daily supplied his table with the most elaborate, and really sometimes the most elegant designs in *pâtisserie*, spun sugar, &c. Triumphant arches, and amber palaces, glittering with prismatic tints, looked as if they had been built for the queen of the fairies, after her majesty's own designs.

Napoleon often sent us in some of the prettiest of these architectural delicacies; and I shall always continue to think the bon-bons from the atelier of Monsieur Piron "more exquisite still" than any thing I have ever since tasted.

But I suppose I must grant with a sigh, that early youth threw its *couleur de rose* tints over Piron's bon-bons, as well as over the more intellectual joys of that happy period.

The emperor sometimes added sugared words to make these sweet things sweeter.

On new New Year's day a deputation consisting of the son of General Bertrand, Henri, and Tristram, Madame Montholon's little boy, arrived with a selection of bon-bons for us, and Napoleon observed that he had sent his cupidons to the graces. The bon-bons were placed in crystal baskets, covered with white satin napkins on Sèvres plates. The plates I kept till lately, when I presented them to a lady who had shown my mother and myself many very kind attentions. And this was the last I possessed of Napoleon's many little gifts to me, with the exception of a lock of his hair, which I still retain, and which might be mistaken for the hair of an infant from its extreme softness and silkiness.

Napoleon was fond of sending these little presents to ladies, and generally courteous and attentive in his demeanour towards them. He always gave me the impression of being fond of lady's society; and as Mr. O'Meara remarks, when alluding to my sister and myself dining one day with him, "His conversation was the perfection of *causerie*, and very entertaining." He was perhaps rather too fond of using direct compliments, but this was very pardonable in one of his rank and country.

He remarked once, that he had heard a great deal of the beauty and elegance of the governor's daughter, and asked me who I thought the most beautiful woman in the island. I told him I thought Madame Bertrand superior beyond all comparison to any one I had ever seen before. My father had been greatly struck with her majestic appearance on board the Northumberland; and I always thought every one else sank into insignificance when she appeared. And yet her features were not regular, and she had no strict pretension to beauty; but the expression of her face was very intellectual, and her bearing queen-like and dignified.

Napoleon asked me if I did not consider Madame Montholon pretty. I said no. He then desired Marchand to bring down a snuffbox, on the lid of which was a miniature of Madame Montholon. It certainly was like her, and very beautiful. He told me it was what she had been when young. He then recurred again to Miss C——, and said Gourgand spoke in raptures of her, and had sketched her portrait from memory. He produced the drawing, and wished to know if I thought it a good likeness. I told him she was infinitely more lovely,

and that it bore no trace of resemblance to her. I mentioned also that she was very clever and amiable. Napoleon said I was very enthusiastic in her favour, and had made him long to see her.

Mesdames Montholon and Bertrand, and the rest of his suite, often came to see him at the Briars, and remained the day. It was quite delightful to witness the deference and respect with which he was treated by them all. To them he was still "*le grand empereur*." His every look was watched, and each wish anticipated as if he had still been on the throne of Charlemagne.

On one of these occasions Madame Bertrand produced a miniature of the Empress Josephine, which she showed to Napoleon. He gazed at it with the greatest emotion for a considerable time without speaking. At last he exclaimed it was the most perfect likeness he had ever seen of her, and told Madame Bertrand he would keep it, which he did until his death. He has often looked at my mother for a length of time very earnestly, and then apologized, saying, that she reminded him so much of Josephine. Her memory appeared to be idolized by him, and he was never weary of dwelling on her sweetness of disposition and the grace of her movements. He said she was the most truly feminine of any woman he had ever known.

Napoleon afterwards spoke of the Empress Marie Louise with great kindness and affection. He said she would have followed him to St. Helena if she had been allowed; and that she was an amiable creature, and a very good wife.

He possessed several portraits of her. They were not very attractive, and were seen to disadvantage when contrasted, as they generally were, with his own handsome and intellectual-looking family.

The emperor retired early this evening. He had been in low spirits since his audience of his visiter; and after the portraits of the Empress Josephine and Marie Louise had been produced, he appeared absorbed in mournful reflection, and was still more melancholy and dejected for the rest of the evening. His visiter proved to be a Count Piontkowski, a Polish officer, who had formerly held a commission in "*la grande armée*," and had landed in the morning, having with great difficulty obtained permission to follow his master into exile, "to share with him his vulture and his rock." He called at the Briars, and requesting an audience, information had been sent to the emperor of his arrival. A long interview took place between them, which apparently excited painful reminiscences in the mind of the emperor. I asked him afterwards about his visiter. He seemed to have little personal recollection of him, but seemed gratified with his devotion, and said he had proved himself a faithful servant by following him into exile.

The emperor's English, of which he sometimes spoke a few words, was the oddest in the world. He had formed an exaggerated idea of the quantity of wine drunk by English gentlemen, and used always to ask me, after we had had a party, how many bottles of wine my father drank; and then laughing and counting on his fingers, generally made the number up to five. One day to annoy me, he said that my countrywomen drank gin and brandy; and then added in English,

"You laike verree mosh dreenk, mees; somtaines brandee, jeen."

Though I could hardly help laughing at his way of saying this, I

felt most indignant at the accusation, and assured him that the ladies of England had the utmost horror of drinking spirits, and that they were even fastidious in the refinement of their ideas and their general habits. He seemed amused at my earnestness, and quoted the instance of a Mrs. B., who had, in fact, paid him a visit once in a state of intoxication. It was singular, indeed, that one of the few English ladies he had ever been presented to, should have been addicted to this habit. At last he confessed, laughing, that he had made the accusation only to tease me; but when I was going away he repeated,

“You like *dreenk*, Mees Betssee; *dreenk*, *dreenk*.”

As the time drew near for Napoleon's removal to Longwood, he would come into our drawing-room oftener, and stay longer.

He said he should have preferred altogether remaining at the Briars. That he beguiled the hours with us better than he ever thought it possible he could do on such a horrible rock as St. Helena.

A day or two before his departure, General Bertrand came to the Briars and informed Napoleon that Longwood smelt so strongly of paint, that it was unfit to go into.

I shall never forget the fury of the emperor. He walked up and down the lawn, gesticulating in the wildest manner. His rage was so great that it almost choked him. He declared that the smell of paint was so obnoxious to him that he would never inhabit a house where it existed; and that if the grand marshal's report was true he should send down to the admiral, and refuse to enter Longwood. He ordered Las Cases to set off early the next morning to examine the house, and report if the information of General Bertrand was correct.

At this time I went out to him on the lawn, and inquired the cause of his anger. The instant I joined him he changed his manner, and in a calm tone mentioned the reason of his annoyance. I was perfectly amazed at the power of control he evinced over his temper. In one moment, from the most awful state of fury, he subdued his irritated manner into perfect gentleness and composure.

Las Cases set off at daylight the next morning, and returned before twelve o'clock. He informed the emperor that the smell of paint was so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and that a few hours would remove it altogether. The grand marshal was sharply reprimanded, as I afterwards learned, for making an exaggerated report.

It was arranged that he should leave the Briars two days afterwards for Longwood, which was now quite ready for him. On the appointed morning, which to me was a most melancholy one, Sir G. Cockburn, accompanied by the emperor's suite came to the Briars to escort him to his new abode. I was crying bitterly, and he came up and said,

“You must not cry, Mademoiselle Betsee; you must come and see me very often at Longwood; when will you ride up?”

I told him that depended on my father. He turned round to papa and said,

“Balcombe, you must bring Misses Jane and Betsee to see me next week, and very often.”

My father promised he would, and kept his word. He asked where mamma was, and I said she desired her kind regards to the emperor, and regretted not being able to see him before his departure, as she was ill in bed.

"I will go up and see her."

And upstairs he darted before we had time to tell my mother of his approach. He seated himself on the bed, and expressed his regret at hearing she was unwell.

He was warm in his acknowledgments of her attentions to him, and said he would have preferred staying altogether at the Briars,* if they would have permitted him. He then presented my mother with a gold snuff-box, and begged she would give it to my father as a mark of his friendship. He gave me a beautiful little *bonbonnier*, which I had often admired, and said,

"You can give it as a *gage d'amour* to *le petit Las Cases*."

I burst into tears, and ran out of the room.

I went to a window from which I could see his departure, but my heart was too full to look at him leaving us, and throwing myself on the bed I cried bitterly for a long time. When my father returned we asked him how the emperor liked his new residence. He said that he appeared out of spirits, and retiring to his dressing-room had shut himself up for the remainder of the day.

With Napoleon's departure from the Briars my personal recollection of him may be said to have come to a conclusion. From my father being the emperor's purveyor we had a general order to visit him, and we seldom allowed a week to elapse without seeing him. On those occasions we generally arrived in time to breakfast with him at one, and returned in the evening.

He was more subject to depression than when at the Briars; but still gleams of his former playfulness shone out at times. On one occasion we found him firing at a mark with pistols. He put one into my hand loaded, I believe with powder, and in great trepidation I fired it off: he often called me afterwards "*La petite tirailleure*," and said he would form a corps of sharpshooters of which I should be the captain. He then went into the house, and he took me into the billiard-room, a table having been just set up at Longwood. I remember thinking it too childish for men, and very like marbles on a larger scale. The emperor condescended to teach me how to play, but I made very little progress, and amused myself with trying to hit his imperial fingers with the balls instead of making cannons and hazards.

Napoleon's health and activity began to decline soon after his arrival at Longwood. In consequence of the unfortunate disputes with the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, he refused to take the exercise his constitution required, and his health became visibly impaired. He was unable, consequently, to enjoy the buoyancy of spirits which probably had been the chief cause of his allowing me to be so often in his society, and distinguishing me with so much of his regard. But he never failed to treat me with the greatest tenderness and kindness.

* I trust I may be forgiven the insertion of the following extracts from Mr. O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena."

"The Briars is the name of an estate romantically situated, about a mile and a half from James-town, comprising a few acres of highly-cultivated land, excellent fruit and kitchen-gardens, plentifully supplied with water, with many delightful shady walks, and long celebrated for the genuine old English hospitality of the proprietor, Mr. Balcombe.

"Nothing was left undone by this worthy family that could contribute to lessen the inconveniences of his (Napoleon's) situation."

Some months after his departure I was attacked with an alarming illness. Mr. O'Meara attended me, and at one time despaired of my recovery. The emperor's kindness in making inquiries after me, and his other attentions I can never forget. He ordered his confiseur when I became convalescent to supply me daily from his own table with every delicacy to tempt my appetite, and restore my strength.

In concluding my brief record of Napoleon I will spare my readers any lengthened expression of my own opinion of his character. I have placed before them the greater part of what occurred while I was in his society, and have thus given them, as far as I am able, the same means of judging of him as I possess myself. But yet, in a personal intercourse, incidents occur of too trivial or subtle a nature to be communicated to others, but which are still the truest indications of character, from being the results of impulse, and unpremeditated.

Even a look, a tone of the voice, a gesture, in an unreserved moment, will give an insight into the real disposition which years of a more formal intercourse would fail to convey; and this is particularly the case in the association of a person of mature age with very young people. There is generally a confiding candour and openness about them which invites confidence in return, and which tempts a man of the world to throw off the iron mask of reserve and caution, and be once more as a little child. This at least took place in my intercourse with Napoleon, and I may therefore perhaps venture to say a few words on the general impression he left on my mind, after three months daily communication with him.

The point of character which has more than any other been a subject of dispute between Napoleon's friends and his enemies, and which will ever be the most important of all in the estimation of a woman, is, whether he furnished another proof of the "close affinity between superlative intellect and the warmth of the generous affections" (to use the words of the Rev. — Crabbe, in his delightful life of his father), or whether he is to be considered a superior kind of calculating machine, the reasoning power perfect, but the heart altogether absent.

Bourrienne, who, although conscientious and exact in the main, exhibits no partiality to the emperor, describes him as "*très peu aimant*," and reports his having said, "I have no friend except Duroc, who is unfeeling and cold, and suits me;" and this may have been true in his intercourse with the world, and with men whom he was accustomed to consider as mere machines,—the instruments of his glory and ambition: and whom he therefore valued in proportion to the sternness of the stuff they were made of. Even his brothers, whom he is said to have included in this sweeping abnegation of friendship, he taught himself to look upon as the means of carrying out his ambitious projects, and as they were not always subservient to his will, but came at times into political collision with him, his fraternal affection, which seldom resists the rude shocks of contending worldly interests, was cooled and weakened in the struggle.

But my own conviction is, that unless Napoleon's ambition interfered, to which every thing else was sacrificed, he was possessed of much sensibility and feeling, and was capable of strong attachment.

The Duchess d'Abrantes, who was intimately acquainted with Napoleon at an early age, gives him credit for much more warmth of

heart than is allowed him, by the world ; and brought up as she had been with himself and his family, she was well qualified to form an opinion of him.

I think his love of children, and the delight he felt in their society, and that, too, at the most calamitous period of his life, when a cold and unattachable nature would have been abandoned to the indulgence of selfish misery ; in itself speaks volumes for his goodness of heart. After hours of laborious occupation, he would often permit us to join him ; and that which would have fatigued and exhausted the spirits of others, seemed only to recruit and renovate him. His gaiety was often exuberant at these moments ; he entered into all the feelings of young people, and when with them was a mere child, and, I may add, a most amusing one. I feel, however, even painfully, the difficulty of conveying to my readers my own impression of the disposition of Napoleon. Matters of feeling are often incapable of demonstration.

The innumerable acts of amiability and kindness which he lavished on all around him at my father's house, derived perhaps their chief charm from the way in which they were done—they would not bear being told. Apart from the sweetness of his smile and manner, their effect would have been comparatively nothing. But young people are generally keen observers of character. Their perceptive faculties are ever on the alert, and their powers of observation not the less acute, perhaps, that their reason lies dormant, and there is nothing to interrupt the exercise of their perceptions. And after seeing Napoleon in every possible mood, and in his most unguarded moments, when I am sure from his manner that the idea of acting a part never entered his head, I left him impressed with the most complete conviction of his want of guile, and the thorough amiability and goodness of his heart. *That this feeling was common to almost every one who approached him, the respect and devotion of his followers at St. Helena is a sufficient proof. They had then nothing more to expect from him, and only entailed misery on themselves by adhering to his fortunes.

Shortly after he left the Briars for Longwood, I was witness to an instance of the almost worship with which he was regarded by those around him. A lady of high distinction at St. Helena, whose husband filled one of the diplomatic offices there, rode up one morning to the Briars. I happened to be on the lawn, and she requested me to show her the part of the cottage occupied by the emperor. I conducted her to the pavilion, which she surveyed with intense interest ; but when I pointed out to her the crown which had been cut from the turf by his faithful adherents, she lost all control over her feelings. Bursting into a fit of passionate weeping, she sunk on her knees upon the ground, sobbing hysterically. At last she fell forward, and I became quite alarmed, and would have run to the cottage to tell my mother and procure some restoratives ; but starting up, she implored me, in a voice broken by emotion, to call no one, for that she should soon be herself again. She entreated me not to mention to any one what had occurred ; and proceeded to say that the memory of Napoleon was treasured in the hearts of the French people as it was in hers ; and that they would all willingly die for him. She was herself a Frenchwoman, and very beautiful.

She recovered herself after some time, and put a thousand questions to me about Napoleon, the answers to which seemed to interest her exceedingly. She said several times, "How happy it must have made you to be with the emperor!"

After a long interview, she put a thick veil down over her still agitated features, and returning to her horse, mounted and rode away. For once, I kept a secret, and though questioned on the subject, I merely said she had come to see the pavilion, without betraying what had taken place.

Napoleon, on his first arrival, showed an inclination to mix in what little society St. Helena afforded, and would, I think, have continued to do so but for the unhappy differences with Sir Hudson Lowe. These at length grew to such a height, that the emperor seemed to consider it almost a point of honour to shut himself up, and make himself as miserable as possible, in order to excite indignation against the governor.

Into the merits of these quarrels it is not my intention to enter. With all my feeling of partiality for the emperor, I have often doubted whether any human being could have filled the situation of Sir Hudson Lowe, without becoming embroiled with his unhappy captive. The very title with which he was accosted, and the manner of addressing him when contrasted with the devotion of those around him, must have seemed almost insulting; and the emperor was most brusque and uncompromising in showing his dislike to any one who did not please him. The necessary restrictions on his personal liberty would always have been a fruitful source of discord. And even had Napoleon himself been inclined to submit to his fate with equanimity, it is doubtful whether his followers would have allowed him. Accustomed as they had been to the gaiety and brilliancy of the French capital, their "*séjour*," to use their own words, on that lone island, could not fail to be "*affreux*." And as they were generally the medium of communication between Napoleon and the authorities, the correspondence would necessarily be tinged with more or less of the bitterness of their feelings. Their very devotion to the emperor would make them too tenacious and exacting with regard to the deference his situation entitled him to; and thus orders and regulations, which only seemed to the authorities indispensable to his security, became a crime in their eyes, and were represented to the emperor as gratuitous and cruel insults.

Napoleon, too, in the absence of every thing more worthy of supplying food to his mighty intellect, did not disdain to interest himself in the merest trifles. My father has often described him as appearing as much absorbed and occupied in the details of some petty squabble with the governor, as if the fate of empires had been under discussion. He has often made us laugh with his account of the ridiculous way in which Napoleon spoke of Sir Hudson Lowe; but their disputes were generally on subjects so trivial, that I deem it my duty to draw a veil over these last infirmities of so noble a mind.

One circumstance I may relate.

Napoleon wishing to learn English, procured some English books, and amongst them "*Æsop's Fables*" were sent him. In one of the fables the sick lion, after submitting with fortitude to the insults of the

many animals who came to exult over his fallen greatness, at last received a kick in the face from the ass.

"I could have borne every thing but this," the lion said.

Napoleon showed the woodcut, and added, "It is me and your governor."

Amongst other accusations against Napoleon, some writers have said that he was deficient in courage. He always gave me the idea on the contrary of being constitutionally fearless. I have already mentioned his feats of horsemanship; and the speed with which his carriage generally tore along the narrow mountainous roads of St. Helena would have been intolerable to a timid person. I have more than once seen gentlemen, whose horses were rather skittish, obliged to turn, to their great annoyance, when the emperor approached almost at speed, and fairly take to their heels, pursued by him, until they reached an open space where they could pass his carriage without danger of their horses shying and going down a precipice.

He had a description of jaunting car, in which he yoked three Cape horses abreast in the French style. And if he got any one into this, he seldom let his victim out until he had frightened him heartily.

One day he told General Gourgard to make his horse rear, and put his fore-paws into the carriage, to my great terror. He seemed indeed to possess *no nerves* himself, and to laugh at the existence of fear in others.

Napoleon, as far as I was capable of judging, could not be considered fond of literature. He seldom introduced the topic in conversation, and I suspect his reading was confined almost solely to scientific subjects. I have heard him speak slightly of poets, and call them *rêveurs*; and still I believe the most visionary of them all was the only one he ever read. But his own vast and undefined schemes of ambition seemed to have found something congenial in the dreamy sublimities of Ossian.

SPACE—TIME.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

AMIDST the Crowd a minstrel sang,
And touch'd a string of finest sound;
Unheard, for clamour rudely rang,
And envious discord music drowned.
A spot, some distance off, I chose—
And sweetness crept along the air!
Above the din the music rose—
I heard the minstrel there!

Too often this the poet's lot:
He sings to present time in vain,
With crowds around him, hearkening not,
All careless mirth or loud disdain.
But when a distant day has blush'd
Above the rude tumultuous throng,
The clamour of an age is hush'd—
Then wakes the sleeping song!

THE WIDOWS' ALMSHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," "COLLEGE LIFE," &c.

No. VIII.

HIRING A GOVERNESS.

Latet anguis in herba.

VIRGIL.

I MENTIONED in my last number the fact of Mrs. Barnabas Just having been received into the hospitable asylum at Mount Whistling; but I had not space to record the manner in which she became known to the kind-hearted foundress of that institution. This information I think it right to supply, as the adventure that led to the introduction may not prove uninteresting.

CHAP. I.

AFTER the sale of the house, carriages, and furniture at Finchley, and the unfortunate blue-coat school and fortunate tally-trade at Cowcross, Mrs. Just found herself mistress of a very good wardrobe and a few jewels which the creditors handsomely refused to take from her. She had, as the reader may recollect, no relations to whom to apply for aid in her distresses. She had no friends but the Gubbinses, who, after the disappointment she had caused them by interfering with their plans upon her husband while he was a single gentleman, were not likely to render her any assistance. So convinced was she that an application to them would not only prove useless, but be productive of insults and reproaches, that she gave up all thoughts of calling their attention to her situation.

From her neighbours she received but little sympathy, for her late husband had not shown any anxiety to cultivate their acquaintance, and had indeed been impolite enough not to return the wedding calls of many of them. The only person from whom she received any thing valuable was from the clergyman whom her husband had assisted by placing his boy in the old original blue-coat school. He gave her his advice, which was all he had to give, save and except an invitation to stay at his humble home until she should procure a still more humble home of her own. She took his advice, which was to advertise for a situation as governess or assistant in a school, and accepted his invitation until she procured a cheap lodging, which she did in a few days at a cottage in Holloway.

At this cottage Mrs. Just resided for some weeks, living upon the money she had raised by the sale of some of her jewels, and the gold watch her deceased husband had given her upon her wedding-day, from which she felt very reluctant to part. But what was she to do? She had no other means of supporting herself, so the watch was parted

with for about half its value. The buyer kindly consented to restore it to its owner again, if she could redeem it within one month, and was willing to pay forty per cent for the accommodation which he had afforded her. Generous man!

Twice a day did she walk from her retired home to the grocer's shop, which was used for the district post-office, in hopes of finding a letter, directed, post-paid, to A. B. C., but for some days without success. No one seemed to want a governess, and every school seemed to be furnished with the requisite number of assistants. Her hopes and her resources were gradually growing less, and she was about to try some other means than teaching to provide for her scanty wants, when a circumstance occurred which restored her spirits and her hopes of success.

During her absence to make her usual inquiry at the post-office a gentleman had called at her lodgings, and had informed her landlady that his doing so was in consequence of an advertisement which he had seen in the newspaper; that he wanted to find a person who could and would undertake the tuition of two young ladies, the daughters of his widowed sister. He said that he had ascertained at the post-office who the advertiser was, and where she lived, and that he preferred seeing her and talking the matter over with her to communicating his wishes by letter.

The landlady assured him that Mrs. Just would not be long before she returned, but the gentleman said business would not allow of his waiting for her even for a few minutes, but that he would call again on the morrow.

With what anxiety was that morrow expected! The night seemed endless, and the hours of the following day appeared to creep on slowly as if to add to her irritability and anxiety. At length her untasted dinner was removed, and the hour struck which the stranger had named as the time of his interview. Eagerly did she listen to every footstep that passed, to eye every one whom she could discern from her parlour-window. Seconds went by like minutes, minutes seemed hours, and when another hour sounded on the clock, she gave up all hopes, and believed that she was doomed to be disappointed.

She retired to her bedroom, and threw herself upon a little couch, and gave way to a burst of tears she could not restrain. In the midst of her sobbings she heard a smart double rap at the door. She sprang from her bed and listened. She heard her name mentioned, and the parlour-door opened. She heard her landlady bid the stranger be seated while she summoned her. She wiped the tears from her eyes as hastily as she could, and with inflamed eyelashes and tell-tale looks, met the woman in the passage, who bade her be comforted, for that she had no doubt that the stranger would engage her service and relieve her from all further anxiety, adding that "he looked such a nice gentleman, and quite fatherly."

Mrs. Just felt a little relieved by these assurances, as she entertained some little doubt in her mind whether she was not acting imprudently in granting an interview to a male stranger, without having previously required a reference from him. When she heard that his appearance was that of a gentleman and the father of a family, she felt less reluctance to meet him. When she entered the room, and saw a well-

dressed middle-aged man, seated on her sofa, she thought that the woman of the house had formed a just estimate of his character. His dress was a black coat and waistcoat, with dark gray trousers. He wore a white neckcloth, and his hair was slightly powdered. His age seemed to be verging on fifty years, and his face was one which might have been handsome once. Its expression was most benevolent.

The stranger rose on her entrance, and after surveying her face and figure for an instant, apologized to her for intruding upon her personally, instead of replying to her advertisement by letter, repeating the reasons for such a mode of proceeding which he had assigned to the landlady on the previous day.

Mrs. Just expressed herself as being quite satisfied, and took a seat opposite to him. In the course of the conversation that ensued she told him her little history, and her present situation, not omitting to inform him that her means were nearly exhausted, and that immediate employment was what she sought.

The stranger listened to her attentively, and seemed so much affected by some parts of her story, that he was obliged to have recourse to deep sighs to relieve the oppression on his bosom, and even to the assistance of a white cambric handkerchief to remove the moisture from his overcharged eyes.

After her explanations were fully given, the stranger told her that his sister, for whose children he was seeking a governess, lived a few miles westward of London; that she was in good circumstances, and was disposed to give a liberal remuneration to any person whom she should deem worthy of the care of her dear little fatherless children.

Mrs. Just proposed taking down her address, and going by the stage to have an interview with her. The stranger, however, considerably declined an offer which would put her to much trouble and expense, and said that he would write to his sister to drive up to town in her carriage to meet her at his house, in a small street near Russell-square, on the day after the morrow.

Mrs. Just thanked him with tears in her eyes, and the stranger shook her kindly by the hand, and bidding her not to forget the day and hour appointed for the interview, took his leave of her.

What a load was removed from the fair widow's mind! She was beyond the reach of want once more! Her heart leaped in her guileless bosom at the thought of it. She considered herself a most fortunate woman, and so she told her landlady over a cup of tea, which she had invited her to partake of in her lodging. The landlady most cordially agreed with her as to her good luck, but seemed to wonder very much that neither party had asked the other for a reference.

"It was very odd," she said, "that a man of the world, as the stranger evidently was, should introduce a strange female into his family without further proof of her respectability than the respectability of her appearance, ascertained at one interview; she could not quite make that out."

Mrs. Just allowed that it showed a want of caution on the part of the gentleman. She thought, however, though she did not say so, that her appearance, and the circumstances of her life which she had related, had satisfied the stranger of the truth of her story, and of her respectability, as fully as his address and assurance had satisfied her of

his being what he professed to be—an uncle seeking an eligible governess for his nieces, the daughters of his widowed sister.

She retired for the night, after thanking God for his provident care of the widow, and imploring his blessing on the head of the kind and considerate stranger.

Mrs. Just, on the following morning, could not refrain writing to her friend, the curate at Finchley, to acquaint him with her success in procuring a situation, and begging his permission, *if* a reference should be asked for, to refer the party to him.

Now the worthy curate, though a single-hearted and simple-minded man, knew enough of the world to see the impropriety of a young and beautiful widow putting herself into the power of a man who, although he might be respectable, had acted so incautiously as the stranger visitant at the cottage at Holloway had done. He did not, therefore, reply to the letter by post, but greatly to the fair widow's surprise, answered it in person, and presented himself at an early hour on the following morning in the rooms of Mrs. Just, and expressed his intention of going with her to call at the house in —— street, Russell-square.

The widow was in high spirits, and smiled at the curate's suggestion, "that it might possibly happen that the stranger was not what he professed to be."

She related every particular of her interview with him, described his dress, manner, and personal appearance. Still the curate shook his head, and as he put her into the stage, and mounted to the roof himself, bade her not be too sanguine.

On their arrival at the Blue-posts, in Holborn, where the Holloway stage stopped, the curate asked Mrs. Just for the card which the stranger had given her. He read it, and asked the nearest way to the place, as given in the address. A few minutes brought them to the corner house of the street, which happened to be occupied as a baker's shop.

"I must take a bun or a biscuit," said the curate, "for I breakfasted early, and it is now getting late. I shall not detain you long, and I think that a slight refreshment will not be detrimental to yourself. Let us walk into this shop."

Mrs. Just consented to do so, though from her anxiety as to the result of her interview she felt no inclination to eat, and thought every moment that passed until her doubts were converted into realities, was a sad waste of time. She took a chair in a distant part of the shop, while her friend went to the window to select his luncheon.

"Do you happen to know, madam," inquired the curate of the woman who was standing behind the counter, "the parties who occupy the house No. 15 in this street?"

"I do, sir, the family deal with us."

"The name, I think," said the curate, referring to the card, "is Wilkins."

"No, sir, No. 15 is Robinson," said the woman.

"Indeed! this card, you see, bears the name of C. J. Wilkins, Esq., there can be no mistake in the number," said the curate, presenting the card.

"A lodger, probably, sir; Mrs. Robinson is a widow lady who has not long resided in this street, and I believe does take boarders or

lodgers. There are very many in this neighbourhood who resort to such a mode of gaining a livelihood."

"Mrs. Robinson is a respectable person, doubtless?" suggested the curate interrogatively.

"I believe so, sir; but why—if the question is not a rude one—do you inquire?"

The curate briefly stated the object of his visit to ——— street.

"Can you describe the appearance of this Mr. Wilkins?" inquired the woman.

The curate did so as well as he could, from what Mrs. Just had told him of his dress and age.

The woman seemed lost in thought for a few seconds, and then whispered to the curate to call by himself, and to leave the lady under her protection, and return for her if his inquiries were satisfactory.

Mrs. Just acceded to this proposal, and while her friend was absent on his errand endeavoured to elicit from the prudent shopwoman the cause of her suspicion of Mr. Wilkins's character.

She plainly and rather bluntly said that she had no cause for suspecting a stranger whom she did not know even by name, but that she thought too much caution could not be resorted to in a case where a man living in lodgings had appointed to meet a lady from whom he had not required a reference, and to whom he had not given the name of some one to vouch for his own respectability.

To this Mrs. Just could offer no valid objection, and said no more on the subject.

The curate, meanwhile, had obtained an entrance at No. 15, and on inquiring for Mr. Wilkins the girl who answered the door seemed to hesitate, as if she was uncertain whether any gentleman of that name did live in the house. A parlour-door, however, was opened, and a lady assured the maid "it was quite right. Mr. Wilkins was the new lodger who came last night and occupied the back drawing-room. Pray walk into my parlour, sir, while the maid takes up your card."

The curate had no card with him, but sent up his name, and a request that he might speak to Mr. Wilkins.

The maid returned with a message that Mr. Wilkins would be particularly engaged all that morning, but would be happy to see the Rev. Mr. Milnes, if he would favour him with a call some other day.

The curate sent the girl up stairs again to say that it was of importance that he should see Mr. Wilkins immediately. This produced a request, through the servant, that the gentleman might know the nature of the business on which the clergyman wished to see him. Mr. Milnes begged to be accommodated with a slip of paper, and wrote a note in pencil, saying that he was a friend of Mrs. Just, the lady who wished to be engaged as a governess to Mr. Wilkins's sister.

While the maid was absent, waiting for him to write his note, the curate put a few questions to the lodging-letting lady as to her knowledge of the gentleman who rented her back drawing-room.

"Mr. Wilkins, madam, only took your rooms yesterday, if I understood you rightly?"

"Only yesterday, sir, for one week upon liking."

"He is a gentleman, I presume?"

"I never admit any but gentlemen, sir," replied Mrs. Robinson, bridling up like a horse with a short bearing-rein on him.

"You had satisfactory references before you admitted him, of course, madam?"

"Of course, sir. My advertisements invariably conclude with 'references exchanged.' I think, sir, I can boast of as respectable a list of referees as any lady who takes in gentlemen boarders. There is one of my cards, sir, and if you should know of any gentleman who is in want of a nice, quiet home, where there are no children or other nuisances, I shall feel obliged by a recommendation. I breakfast, tea, and sup my lodgers, but don't dine them or wine them, though I don't always object to lunch and table-beer them."

Mr. Milnes put the card into his waistcoat-pocket, and when he had sent up his note, inquired "if Mr. Wilkins was a professional man, or in any business."

Mrs. Robinson "could not say, but believed not. The gentleman who had satisfied her of his being an unexceptionable occupier of a back drawing-room, and a bedroom attached, was a lawyer in Staples-inn."

"A barrister, or an attorney?"

"Neither, sir, but a most respectable solicitor," said the lady.

The maid prevented any further inquiries by begging the curate to follow her up stairs, as Mr. Wilkins would see him immediately. He was ushered into the back drawing-room, and received by a person who answered the description given of him by Mrs. Just. He appeared to be a respectable, middle-aged gentleman, having the outward and visible signs of paternity of paturity. On the table before him lay a very few papers, tied up with red or green tape, materials for writing, and an old-fashioned gold snuff box.

Mr. Milnes explained at some length the object of his visit, and added that from prudential motives, as Mrs. Just had no friends or relations to appeal to, he, as a clergyman and a married man with a family, thought himself fully justified in interfering in her behalf, and seeing that she did not fall into objectionable hands.

Mr. Wilkins listened very attentively, and then smiling most benevolently, assured the curate that he held the character of a clergyman of the established church in the greatest possible esteem, and most cordially approved of the caution which he, Mr. Milnes, had exercised upon the present important occasion. The curate bowed as in duty bound.

"I did not require a reference from the afflicted lady, sir," he added, "because I was fully satisfied with what I heard from her lips; and from her highly respectable appearance and genteel manners, I judged her to be a person whom I could confidently recommend to my sister to undertake the charge of her interesting children."

"The lady, I believe, sir, was so much satisfied with your appearance and the nature of your proposal, that she did not require any reference from you?"

"She did not; neither did I think it at all necessary to offer any in this stage of the negotiation. I am fully prepared to do so, and were the lady in town, as she promised to be, to meet my sister, this morning, I would—"

"Mrs. Just is in town, sir, and within a few minutes' summons. I left her only a few doors off while I sought this interview with you."

Mr. Wilkins seemed surprised, and played with the seals and key of a gold watch which he had placed on the table before him. He then said, as he opened a portfolio and took out a note from between the blotting sheets,

"I need not trouble the lady any further this morning. If you will give her this note from my sister, who is too unwell to come into town at present, and beg her to comply with the proposals it contains, I shall be ready to accompany her to Hammersmith at the hour named. I beg, sir, you will at once inform yourself of the proposal made in that letter."

Mr. Milnes read the note which was written in minute lady-like characters. The contents were these :

"My dear Brother,

"I am attacked by one of my nervous headaches, and have been forced to send the dear girls in the carriage to our sister Jane's for a few days. I could not bear the noise of their dear little tongues, and Mr. Anodyne prescribes perfect tranquillity as the only chance of recovery. Relying implicitly on your matured judgment in selecting an unobjectionable person to inform the minds of my dear children, I entreat you to beg the favour of Mrs. Just, the lady whom you so warmly recommend, and whose story interests me greatly, to accompany you here to-morrow in my carriage, which I will send for you. You can go round by Holloway and take her up. She may as well bring her clothes and other moveables with her, as I have no doubt, from your description of her, that she will suit me admirably, and we can refer to any friend whom she may name while she is staying with me.

"I am, my dear Brother,

"Your affectionate and obliged sister,

"ANGELINA COURTNEY.

"Ivy Cottage, June 10th."

The curate was quite satisfied with these proposals, and thanked Mr. Wilkins, in the widow's name, for the favourable report of her which he had made to his sister.

Mr. Wilkins smiled benevolently, and begged he would make no further allusions to an act of civility which any serious-thinking Christian would gladly show to a sister in the faith who was in distress. He also begged the curate to take some luncheon with him. This invitation was respectfully declined, and after a few minutes conversation, in which Mr. Wilkins managed to impress the curate with an assurance of his being a most respectable, benevolent, and Christian-like person, the bell was rung, and the parties separated, apparently mutually satisfied with each other.

Mrs. Just was very nearly tired of waiting for her friend, and was relieving her impatience by walking to the door every five minutes to see if she could catch a glimpse of the door of No. 15 opening preparatory to his making his exit. At length the wished-for moment

came, and as soon as she could distinguish his features, she was convinced that every thing had turned out satisfactorily, and that she was no longer the destitute thing she had been.

Mr. Milnes briefly explained every particular as they walked along, and congratulated her on the probability of her being comfortably settled.

In the midst of joy or grief, ladies and gentlemen must eat and drink, and Mr. Milnes insisted on the widow's dining before she returned home. A private room in an hotel was soon found, and a slight repast ordered. While it was being prepared, Mrs. J. just amused herself by casting her eyes over the morning paper. Amongst other matters, she saw an advertisement which contained a list of benevolent individuals who were subscribing a sum of money to relieve the distresses of several families who had lost their all—but their lives and appetites—in “an awful conflagration;” in plain English, a large fire. Among the subscribers' names appeared,

	£	s.	d.
C. J. Wilkins, Esq, by Y. Z., Stapfes-inn	100	0	0
A. C. ———, by the same	10	0	0

Could there be a doubt that these considerate and charitable persons were *her* Mr. C. J. Wilkins, and his amiable but nervous sister Mrs. Angelina Courtney? Mrs. J. just thought not; so she showed the advertisement to her friend the curate, who fully agreed with her that she was indeed most fortunate in having met with such good Christian-like people.

CHAP. II.

“MABEL, you hussy, why have not you prepared the blue bedroom as I ordered you?” said a person who, from her style of dress, might, by some indiscriminating people, have been called a lady, to an over-worked, under-fed, scraggy-looking maid-of-all-work.

“I can't be in twenty places at once, mum,” replied Mabel. “I've not been off my poor knees all this blessed morning, except to pump the kittle full, light the fires, get the breakfast, clean the knives and forks, and answer the door to the milkman, the rollman, the butterman, and—”

“There, don't talk,” said the lady, “you do nothing but talk.”

“Talk!” replied Mabel, amazed, “I never talk—I haven't time—I'm always scrubbing, and I haven't a soul to talk to. Ever since you left the boards, as you theatricals call the stage, I've been on the boards myself, down on my knees all day long. I was your dresser once, and now I've a dresser of my own—only of a different sort—fitted up with drawers and—”

“Mabel, I will not allow any reference to be made by my maid to any past events in my life,” said the lady, waving her hand and pointing to the door. “Go and prepare the blue room.”

“Any visitors a-coming?” asked Mabel, without moving, except to rub the surface of a horizontal piano with the corner of her apron.

“You are very impertinent,” replied the lady.

"Is it a man or a woman?" said Mabel, "because I must make the bed according. Males sleep with their heads high, and prefers a mattress in warm—"

"Really this is unbearable—go, go—prepare the bed for a lady."

"Is it a real lady?—one as has been used to have things nice?" continued Mabel; "'cos if it is, I must turn the best side of the carpets uppermost, and carry your *skey* into her room, and get the best tablecloth with the lace edging, and—"

"Go—go, Mabel," said the lady, stamping with her little feet—"the lady is a most respectable person."

"Young or old?" said Mabel; "becos if she is over forty, she'll put on her specs and examine every corner for cobwebs and—"

"The lady is a young person—a few years, at least, younger than myself."

"A single woman, a married woman, or a widow?" said Mabel, who was now engaged in rubbing off the marks on the mirror caused by the flies. "Becos single ladies, unless they're passed a certain age, ain't over particular—married women is more so—but widows are the—"

"The lady whom I expect is a widow," said the lady.

"Any relation?" inquired Mabel, "becos then, maybe, she won't be so over particular."

"A perfect stranger to me."

"Is she coming by invitation, or is she to pay for her lodging? If she's to pay, I think she'll want a new set of curtains and a new blind to the left window: and the fire-irons is as rusty as—"

"Well, well," said the lady, "you are at your old tricks, I see, trying to worm out all the information you can in your own vile, roundabout way—so I may as well tell you all I know myself at once."

"Just as well," said the imperturbable maid. "I shall never rest till I finds it all out."

"Well, then, you must know that my friend, Mr. Courtney, has a relative—a widow woman without a family, whom he wishes to place under my care. She is not quite right in her head, poor thing."

"What, a little cracked?" cried Mabel. "Is it the raving sort or the melancholies?"

"She is perfectly quiet—no one would discover her affliction who did not know her history. She is the widow of a soldier who fell in battle, and his loss affected her so much, that she has never been right since. She never alludes to her husband as an army man, but talks of him as having been a pawnbroker, or some such thing, and having ruined himself by promoting the education of the lower classes. She fancies she is not worth a penny in the world, and is coming here as a teacher to some young ladies."

"What a very queer notion," said Mabel. "Is she pretty? becos if she was, and I was you, and she wasn't your gentleman's sister, at least, I would not run the risk of—"

"Pooh! nonsense! Mabel, I am not at all afraid," said the mistress, surveying her figure in a pier-glass, and spinning a pirouette. "Go—go, now, Mabel."

Mabel did go; for she thought she had elicited from her mistress all the information she was likely to obtain at present.

When she reached the bedroom which she was about to prepare for the reception of the stranger, she laid down her dust-pan and broom, and leant out of the back-window which looked over a pleasant meadow down to the Thames. She gazed steadily on the Surrey hills for a few minutes, shook her head slowly, and thus soliloquized :

" Well, I can't quite make it out : a lady coming to visit my missus for the first time since I've lived with her, and that's some years now ! She's queer in the head, too, and so she must be to come and live with—but it's no business of mine. Missus is a good missus to me, and it's my duty to hear and see every thing, and say nothing. That Mr. Courtney's a sly one ; but he's pretty good to missus, considering—and she must not quarrel with her bread-and-cheese. She's not so young as she was, and her dancing days is pretty nigh over, I should guess. Well, to have to wait on a mad woman—a dead sojer's lady—well ! we shall see what we shall see."

When Mabel had arrived at this conclusion, she set about preparing the blue room in earnest. While she is sweeping and dusting, it will be as well to give my readers a slight insight into her mistress's past life.

Mrs. Courtney, as she called herself, had been apprenticed by her parents, who held a subordinate situation in a theatre, to a teacher of dancing, by whom she was placed on the stage, as a figurante, at an early age. She gradually rose in her profession, until she was engaged at the opera, and became one of the three young ladies who occupy the stage just before the appearance of the principal male and female dancers when they go to execute their *pas de deux*.

Soon after she was out of her apprenticeship she lost her parents, whom she had supported out of her hard-earned wages during a long illness, and took a cheap lodging in the outskirts of London. The woman of the house gained her living as a laundress, and, amongst other assistants, had hired a little foundling from the workhouse. This was Mabel, who was shortly promoted to the dignity of dresser to the fair *danseuse*, and attended her nightly to and from the theatre.

For several seasons the poor dancing-girl led a correct and virtuous life, although exposed to numerous and strong temptations, and surrounded by vicious companions. At last, in a provincial theatre, where she was engaged for the autumnal months as the principal dancer, she became acquainted with a Mr. Courtney, a man by some years her senior, and yielded to his solicitations to resign her profession and live with him.

It is possible that she would not have made this *false step* had she not made another—on the stage—by which her ankle was so severely sprained, as to make it impossible for her to fulfil her engagement. Poverty stared her in the face. His look was frightful, and she returned to town with her humble friend and servant Mabel as Mrs. Courtney.

Beyond the committal of this one great fault, her conduct was perfectly correct. She admitted no visitors to her cottage but her nominal husband and a music-mistress whom he had engaged to teach her the pianoforte. She knew she was a degraded being in the eyes of the virtuous, but she did not feel her degradation so acutely as she would have done had she received a moral and religious education. All she had been taught was to read and write a little, and to dance a great

deal. She had passed her early days in an atmosphere that was seldom enlightened by the beams of virtue and religion. Her ears had been early and long accustomed to the whispers of licentiousness, and the only wonder was, that she had not fallen earlier and deeper into the mire and filth of vice.

Of Mr. Courtney's history and situation in life she knew no more than he had chosen to confide to her; that he was a gentleman, a man of good family, and considerable property, who passed the greater part of his time in London. He made her a liberal allowance, which was paid to her regularly by an agent, through whom she communicated with him whenever she had occasion to write to him.

Such was Mrs. Courtney's unhappy situation at the time she received a letter requesting her to prepare the room, which was occupied by Mr. Courtney on his visits to the cottage, for the reception of a relation of his who was not sane, and whom he wished to place in a quiet abode until he could procure a proper asylum for her.

This story she implicitly believed, although Mabel, who was possessed of a considerable share of cunning, which she termed sharp-sightedness, was less disposed to credit the tale that she had extracted from her mistress in her own roundabout way than her mistress herself was.

CHAP. III.

To return to the widow. With what delighted zeal did she pack up her little wardrobe, and how happily did she chat with her humble friend, the landlady, about her future prospects! She was too much excited to taste any breakfast, though she was kindly and urgently pressed to do so. She could not sit still long enough to eat and drink; but walked up and down her little apartment, and looked out of her window for the approach of the carriage for some hours before it could possibly arrive according to the time fixed by Mr. Wilkins. At length the clock gave forth the appointed moment, and in a few minutes, which seemed very long minutes indeed to the fair expectant, a well-appointed, sombre-looking chariot was driven to the door of her mean abode, by a staid, steady-seeming coachman, in plain pepper-and-salt livery-coat.

Mrs. Just took one view of the equipage, shook her hostess by the hand kindly—nay, affectionately,—for she had been a friend to her in her adversity, and hurried to the door. In a few seconds she was rolling along the Liverpool-road, seated by the side of the quiet and fatherly-looking Mr. Wilkins.

The way along the New-road, Baker-street, Oxford-street, Hyde Park, and Kensington, did not seem long; for Mrs. Just had many inquiries to make and answers to receive as to the age and dispositions of her little charges. Mr. Wilkins, too, had much good advice to give her as to the mode of conduct she was to adopt towards his widowed, nervous sister, which he did in a most kind and considerate way.

Mrs. Just could not help comparing him with her former employer, Mr. Deputy Gubbins, and the Deputy lost greatly in her esteem by the comparison. If the sister proved only one-half as kind and consi-

derate as the brother, and the children at all resembled her, the widow felt that she should be fortunate indeed.

At length the chariot entered Hammersmith and turned to the left. The town was left behind, and a glimpse of the river was now and then gained, with the hills forming a pleasing background to the picture. The road was studded with neat cottages and pretty little villas with gardens, filled with shrubs and flowers before and around them. The meadows smiled in their verdure, and the trees nodded their green heads as if to welcome the stranger to their homes.

How her heart fluttered in her guileless bosom as the carriage stopped before the prettiest of all the pretty cottages, and the widow was admitted into its neatly-kept front-garden by a tidy maidservant, looking very thin and scraggy it is true, and very curiously at the new arrival. That was natural enough, and if the new arrival had observed the look, which she did not, for she was otherwise engaged, she would not have thought it at all extraordinary that a servant-girl should study the physiognomy of a person who was about to become an inmate with her mistress, and to take the charge of her children.

Mr. Wilkins, after speaking a few words to the maid, conducted Mrs. Just into a little back-parlour, the window of which opened on to a nice little lawn and flower-garden. The room was tenantless, and her conductor begged of the widow to be seated, whilst he went to see if his invalid sister was well enough to grant her an immediate interview.

When left to herself, Mrs. Just employed herself in examining the apartment. It was neatly but not extravagantly furnished. There were work-boxes and work-bags strewed about it. A handsome piano-forte stood against the wall, and by its side a canterbury or music-rack, well filled with books and unbound songs; but there were no reading-books of any sort, except a few novels and romances, evidently hired from the Hammersmith circulating library. A few engravings of celebrated female dancers hung, suspended by gay-coloured ribbons, from the walls, and exhibited the human form in a vast variety of unnatural positions.

In vain did Mrs. Just search for any signs of her future pupils. There were no playthings, no children's books: not even a little low chair or stool was to be seen. Every thing, too, looked in such "apple-pie order," that it was quite clear the young innocents were not allowed to run about and enjoy themselves in that apartment. Probably, thought the governess, they are accommodated with a room to themselves.

All further investigation was put a stop to by the maidservant, who brought in a tray, and begged that the lady would take ~~some~~ luncheon, and assured her that the gentleman would join her in a short time.

Mrs. Just thought it strange that she should take her luncheon alone; but considering that the lady was an invalid, and probably unable to make her appearance, and that her brother might not be able to leave her for the present, she sat down to the cold chicken with a tolerable appetite,—which was not surprising, as she had tasted nothing before on that day.

What seemed more extraordinary to her, was the conduct of the maid, who watched her every movement, and seemed very nervous and

fidgety every time she took up her knife, or laid it down again, and instead of standing near the sideboard, took her station close to the door, which was not closed.

After a time, however, she closed the door, and ventured to stand near the table,—still, however, exhibiting signs of uneasiness. At length she ventured to ask the lady a few questions connected with the luncheon, and finally entered into a regular conversation, which consisted chiefly of interrogatories on the part of the maid, to which the lady replied unscrupulously.

We must leave them thus engaged, and follow Mr. Wilkins up stairs into the room where the owner of the pretty little cottage is waiting for his appearance.

"Angelina, my dear, you have managed remarkably well. All, I find, is comfortably arranged for my unfortunate relative."

"Yes, Courtney," said the lady, receiving his extended hand, "I have done all as nearly as I could according to your instructions. You know that nothing gives me so much pleasure as fulfilling your wishes."

"I am glad to hear you say so, though I had no doubt on the subject," replied Mr. Wilkins—or Mr. Courtney, for by that name he was known to the person with whom he was conversing, "as I am going to put your willingness to oblige me to a further test. My poor relative is worse, decidedly worse," and I have engaged a person from Kensington, who is used to the management of the insane, to come over this afternoon and take charge of her. You will only feel uncomfortable if you remain here, and I wish you to run down to Brighton or some other agreeable place for the few days that it will be necessary for her to stay in this house. Here is a note to pay all your expenses, and Mabel can accompany you, as I shall not require her services."

"I shall like the trip much," said Angelina, "but if I can be of any service to the afflicted lady pray let me remain."

"On no account whatever—your feelings would be unnecessarily shocked. There, summon Mabel, who is below with the invalid, supplying her with refreshments, with a strict charge not to enter into conversation with her. You can ride into town in the chariot, which will return for me in the evening, after I have made all the requisite arrangements."

The bell was rung, and Mabel, to her evident surprise, was ordered to put up a few clothes as quickly as possible, and be ready to accompany her mistress to town in the carriage, and thence by coach to Brighton.

Mr. Courtney did not lose sight of mistress or maid until they were deposited in the carriage, and the coachman was ordered to drive them to Charing-cross, and see them placed in the inside of the afternoon fast coach to Brighton.

"She's no more mad than I am," said Mabel, as soon as the carriage-door was closed. "There's mischief a brewing, or else I'm mistaken. Such a pretty, nice little woman too! talks as sensibly as any body I ever heard, and is no more related to your Mr. Courtney than I am."

"You have been talking with her, then," said Angelina, "although you were forbidden to do so.

"Of course I have," said Mabel, "I had my suspicions from the very first, and now I'm sure of it."

"Sure of what?"

"That the madness is all a trumped up story, and that you're made a fool of," replied Mabel.

What further revelations were made by Mabel, and what mode of conduct was adopted by Mrs. Courtney in consequence, will be seen in the sequel.

Half an hour had elapsed after Mabel was summoned away by the ringing of the bell, and Mrs. Just was wondering what had become of her conductor, and how much longer she was to remain alone. At length she heard footsteps descending the stairs. The front door was opened, and the sound of the wheels of the departing carriage reached her ears. She thought that Mr. Wilkins had taken his departure, and she thought it very odd that he should have done so without bidding her farewell; but she concluded that his sister being well enough to see her, had so willed it, and she sat down contented.

She heard the outer door shut, and soon after the handle of the door of the room in which she sat was turned. She expected to see the maid enter to summon her into the presence of her mistress. To her great surprise the person who entered was—Mr. Wilkins!

But I must not describe the scene that ensued, the details would be too disgusting. Suffice it to say that Wilkins or Courtney—neither of which names belonged to him but by assumption—was a bold, bad man; a villain who had laid a trap to ensnare an unprotected, friendless, virtuous woman.

His proposals, threats, and promises, were alike useless. A pure, modest, weak woman, rejected, spurned, and despised them all, and he left the room at her bidding, threatening to confine her until she should have changed her mind. He turned the key in the door after he had quitted her, and Mrs. Just, though ready to fall down, fainting and exhausted, put forth all her strength, and moved the cumbrous sofa, the heavy piano, and a large table against it, to prevent his intruding upon her again. Having accomplished this difficult task her courage forsook her, and she sank on her knees and prayed for help in her time of need and necessity. Suddenly she sprang from the ground and rushed to the window, in the hope of escaping, but it was fastened on the outside, then the miseries of her situation occurred to her in all their force, and she wept like an infant.

Several hours passed—passed in tears and bitter thoughts—when the lock of the door was again turned. The widow flew to the barricade she had raised against it, and added her slight weight to make the resistance greater. Great was the power the villain exerted to remove the obstacles opposed to his admission, but it failed—the barricades did their duty well. He begged, entreated, prayed earnestly to be admitted—but to no purpose. He used the most awful threats, and uttered imprecations on her head, but she kept her position, and answered not a word, with a fearful oath he closed and again locked the door upon her.

But there was the window ! it was fastened without and doubtless might be opened from without. She sprung to it, closed the shutters, and barred them just as she heard a step grating on the gravel-path of the garden. In darkness and intense wretchedness the evening wore away. She heard footsteps above her head as of a person walking to and fro, and she doubted not they were those of her vile persecutor. Trembling in every limb, she sought the table on which the tray still stood, and pouring out a glass of wine, drank it, and threw herself on the sofa. She could not sleep—she doubted not but that the wretch would attempt to gain access to her room again, and she was resolved to resist him again as she had done before. No attempt was made, and about midnight, as she conjectured, she tried to sleep to recruit her exhausted strength.

She fell at length into that dreamy state between sleeping and waking, when the senses are still liable to outward impressions. She heard distinctly the tread of footsteps on the gravel-path under her window ; she heard too the fastenings of the window moved and the sash gently opened : this was followed by an attempt to force open the shutters ; they resisted the attempt, and a slight whispering followed. Mrs. Just, thoroughly aroused from her dreaminess, rose from the sofa and approached the table. She searched for and found a table-knife, and resolved to defend herself against the intruder and approached the window ; she listened attentively and heard voices in whispering colloquy ; she could not distinguish the words, but she felt convinced that the voices were the voices of *women*.

Hope revived within her, but died again when she thought that it might be an attempt made at the suggestion of her persecutor by some females who were acting under his authority.

In a few minutes she heard a gentle tap at the shutter, then after a slight interval another and another. Then a voice in a loud whisper said,

“ Lady, if you are awake, speak—it is I—Mabel—the maid. I am come with my mistress to release you.”

Mrs. Just knew the voice but was afraid to comply with the girl's request. The same words were repeated louder, and then she heard another voice say,

“ Oh, Mabel ! we are too late to save her.”

“ No,” replied Mabel, “ she is here ; for I can hear her breathe.”

Mrs. Just hesitated no longer, but gently unbarred the shutter. The moon shone brightly, and Mabel seizing her by the hand, put her finger to her lips, and pointed to the room above, whence a nightlamp threw a faint glimmering light upon the blinds. The other female took her other hand and bidding her be of good cheer, conducted her to the garden-gate by which they had entered. Here Mabel left them while she returned to the room to fetch the widow's bonnet and cloak and one of her boxes, which had been left with her in the morning.

In safety they left the garden, closed the door behind them, and were turning into the lane which led to the high-road (where they had left the chaise, in which, at Mabel's suggestion they had returned to town, when only one stage on the road to Brighton), when two watchmen came up and stopped them. They accused them of having robbed the cottage and of attempting to escape with their booty. In

vain did Mrs. Courtney explain that the cottage belonged to her, and that Mrs. Just was a friend of hers who was going away in a chaise which awaited her.

The watchmen would not understand why, if her story were true, she did not come out at the front door instead of the garden-gate. They seized the females and the bundle and knocked at the door of the cottage.

Mr. Wilkins, *alias* Courtney, quickly appeared in his dressing-gown, and his surprise may be easily conceived when he saw his real and his intended victim and the maid, whom he fondly thought at Brighton, in the custody of the watchmen, and under a charge of robbing his house. He confirmed the suspicions of the guardians of the night, and Mrs. Just with Mabel and her mistress were taken to the watchhouse.

In the morning they were taken before the magistrate and the whole facts were disclosed. A messenger was sent to summons Mr. Wilkins, *alias* Courtney, but the nest was cold—the bird had flown and was halfway to Dover on his road to the continent.

These facts appeared in the public prints of the day, and met the eyes of the good widow of Mount Whistling, who having communicated with the kindhearted curate of Finchley, admitted the poor persecuted Mrs. Just into her asylum.

Angelina Courtney it was believed returned to the stage, and that Mabel would not desert a mistress with whom she had lived through good and bad report. Some persons have been wicked enough to say that the curate of Finchley having heard Angelina's story, and pitying her case, placed her in a situation where she gained an honest livelihood by teaching dancing and music. If he did so it was a bold but a very meritorious act.

I am fully aware that this little tale will be scoffed at as highly improbable, and by some, perhaps, deemed improper; but those who are familiar with the reports of what passes in our police-courts, will easily recollect circumstances that have occurred within these twelve-months which brought these *facts* to my remembrance. Truth is stranger than fiction, and some strange truths have come to light before magistrates while inquiring into the particulars of some people's method of **HIRING A GOVERNESS**.

CRICKET.

VARIOUS games—including Chess, Whist, and Backgammon—are supposed to be strong tests of equanimity;—and, in reality, the loss of a match, rubber, or hit, has been frequently known to upset human patience, and the rules of good breeding. But of all games or sports, Cricket appears the most trying to the temper, for a Player cannot lose his Wicket without being *put out*.

ET-CETERA.

(THE REMINISCENCES OF MR. FITZBEETLE.)

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

And are et-ceteras nothing!
Pistol.

EVERY man has his foul fiend—(thus said Mr. Fitzbeetle, beginning the narrative of his experiences)—every man has his foul fiend, of whom it behoves him to beware. The fiend attendant upon us all takes infinite shapes, and bears myriads of names, in languages unspeakable. My own fiend has a familiar Latin cognomen; he is called Et-cetera. I have known him by name ever since I learned the alphabet, but I have only lately discovered *him*.

Edgar's madness was a fiction, but his foul fiend was a reality like Lear's fool. The sham maniac never knew it, but there was actually a follower at his heels wherever he went, vexing him unaware. It were as easy to separate ourselves from the shadow we cast in the sunshine, or to outrun the echoes of our footsteps, as to part company with our fiend; to distance him, to trip him up, even when we are conscious of his presence; but we seldom detect this private and invisible attendant pursuing us, until life's day begins to darken.

We all remember, when we have once read, that fearful and picturesque lesson of Bulwer's—the story of the man who panted for solitude, utter solitude, who hated the faces of his brethren, and slew the grinning, chattering fellow, cast with him on the desert island, because he would not keep on his own side of the stream, and consent to be alone. Well, this lover of loneliness, when he had thus got rid of this grinning, chattering impersonation of Society, and sought repose in the bosom of sweet Solitude, found he could never be alone more—never for an instant could he be alone now,—for the grinning, chattering thing walked with him and ran with him, slept beside him at night, and sat opposite to him at dinner. And when on his return to Europe the physician, thinking to cure the suffering sinner, led him into an apartment, the floor of which was covered with a layer of wet sand, and in the middle of the room said,

“You and I are alone here, *he* is not with us,”—
—the lover of solitude answered by pointing to the sand, on which the footprints of three persons, from the door to the centre where they stood, were distinctly visible, and as the two living men walked farther, wherever they went the feet of a third moving creature left their prints upon the floor also.

Why we can no more run away from the fiend we have once allowed to tread upon our heels than the misanthrope could from his victim. We permit, nay encourage the growth of a habit to which, without knowing it, we become a slave, and from which, while liberty is worth having, there is no escape. Each then has his foul fiend in this way, give him what name we will. My own, as I have said, is named Et-

cetera. To Et-cetera I have been a victim all my days,—in Et-cetera is included all my causes of complaint—with Et-cetera every misfortune of my life has been hurried on—and yet to the influence, the potency of Et-cetera, I have always been blind.

The truth is, that from the earliest dawn of my day, I was known as a philosopher of a very literal turn of mind. I could just crawl forward and spy whatever lay conspicuously before me in the straight path. I had a tolerable eye for causes, but not for effects—I never could see these until they had happened—not one out of twenty. Any immediate consequence I might be sensible of, but not the remote ones and the contingencies. There was room in my mind for only one idea at a time.

Thus I was perfectly well aware that a shower of rain would give me a soaking, if it lasted long enough, but there my consciousness stopped short—it rarely extended its regard to the next generation of consequences, taking in the influenza and rheumatism.

So too I was sensible enough that eating very heartily was likely to be destructive to appetite—experience taught me this fact, and I felt it forcibly from boyhood—but I had a very indefinite notion of the next stage of results, indigestion, nightmare, apoplexy, Et-cetera.

Getting wet through, and laying down my knife and fork, in the cases in question, constituted the sum-total of what would be in my mind as inevitable and necessary consequences. All other results, however natural and certain, were not of this primary class, but fell into a category of which I rarely took the slightest notice—and then only by a great effort of the mind, after much pondering upon those things.

If not in my cradle, certainly in my early school-days, my experience of the influences of this fiend Et-cetera, together with my insensibility, began.

But I am not going to dive so deeply into the past, as that retrograde movement would carry me. Enough, that long before I quitted the university, Et-cetera was at my heels hourly tripping me up. He attacked me terrifically, the very first breakfast I ever gave. I thought of a breakfast then, as of eggs, coffee, cream, rashers, and a pigeon-pie or so—and thus I agreed to give some breakfasts—in a friendly way, and in the spirit of a wise young student. Bless my five simple wits, how innocent I was of wiles as well as forms and customs! How little did I know what breakfast was, until they told me in the most good-natured style of warning imaginable, that I must order champagne, Et-cetera.

And ordered they were; and in due order their successors came; and then departed only to be replaced by indescribables equal to them; and, in short, in the course of two years I had won quite a reputation, and grew famous, among all men of taste for my breakfasts—these breakfasts being thus relished and reputed, not at all on account of those excellent commonplaces the coffee and eggs, not by any means on account of such unmitigated vulgarities as rashers or pigeon-pies; nay, not for the sparkling refinement and vivacity of the champagne—but chiefly, and above all things, for the Et-cetera, the nameless luxuries, the inexpressible ingenuity and abundance of the Et-cetera.

And very right it was that some effect should be produced by it, as

it turned out to be far the heaviest item in my college account of debts, some thousands of pounds long; for I remember my father, when called upon to pay, declaring that the charges for the more regular and necessary articles were not a particularly exorbitant scale, but that the demand for Et-cetera was ruinous.

But for all that I had no eye to Et-cetera when I became my own master. One of the first steps I took on gaining my freedom was to part with it; and at the matrimonial altar, I supposed (such was the narrow limit of my understanding) that I was taking unto myself one wife as per licence. My mistake soon broke upon me like a thunder-clap, and I found that I had not taken Etcetera into account. I had a wife, it is true; but I had married also my wife's mother, three sisters, two maiden aunts, and an excellent young man, distantly related to the family, who was every way worthy of my good offices, and very fond of singing to the girls. Yes, it was quite clear that I had not made due allowance for Et-cetera.

Whatever was definitely expressed, I could readily comprehend; but whatever was not expressed, but implied, was beyond my range of thought. Thus I had compassed the idea of a wife with astonishing ease; but a wife's relations were one remove beyond, and so they were absolutely out of sight. Not after marriage, though; never for one day. A day! not "an hour of virtuous liberty" could I thenceforward command. I was in a minority of one upon every motion for freedom.

My brain was in a whirl moreover, or upon the rack rather, stretching itself to take in the conception of their direct relationship to me. Sisters I understood; but sisters-in-law, not in law related at all, were literally teasers to me. A mother was a noun substantive indisputably intelligible; but a mother-in-law, who had never borne me on the one hand, and whom I couldn't bear on the other, was a riddle—and a very bad one she was of the sort.

I felt for the unhappy husband whom Mr. Vining represents in the pleasant farce, wherein *Old Fozzle* is so divine and *Mrs. Quickfidget* so diabolical. I went beyond even the persecuted gentleman who complained of his "Wife's Mother" to the readers of this magazine long before the date of the farce, and I envied, of all mankind, Adam only—only Adam—for his wife had neither mother nor sisters.

But envy and sympathy were alike useless. I had contracted an alliance, but luckily not my establishment; so room was made for all, including the deserving relation who, upon trial, was not half so distant as he was represented. I had married a wife whose maiden name was Legion, that was all. I was wedded, not merely to one spinster, but to a genteel private family, matrons included. When, in the ardour of my affection, I had made my charger my own, addressing her as my adorable, and vowing that "*she only* could be mine,"—I had entirely forgotten Et-cetera. There were the family besides her. It couldn't be helped.

I thought, however, that if the time were to come over again, and the extent of the lady's relationships could be known, a prudent lover might, without running much risk of detection in those moments of rapture, change the impassioned question,

"Will you be mine alone?"

—into a guarded application to her, to drop all her troops of troublesome relatives, at once and for ever—

“Will you *alone* be mine?”

The word “family” introduced here, forcibly reminds me that in the eventful affair of marriage, I was in another sense guilty of a strange oversight, an obliviousness of latent consequences. It had merely occurred to my simple and uncalculating mind, that to get married was to get a wife. “A wife, *Et-cetera*,” involved a train of ideas too complex, too divisible at least to be entertained for an instant. But when the fourteenth little Fitzbeetle made his appearance in the family circle, I discovered by my finances that in arranging marriage-matters, I had not provided for *Et-cetera*.

The same mistake I committed in my estimate of the consequences of securing a seat as representative of the worthy and independent electors of Pocketborough. The simple impression on my mind was—having but a solitary idea, I always made it a pleasing one—that a sum paid and a seat secured, ended the matter. But woe to all short calculators who delude themselves with such false estimates. The condition complied with, and the seat contested, a tremendous train of *Et-cetera* broke in upon my repose. The foul fiend was not to be pacified. The large sum had gained over the large influences; but the voters, the mere *Et-cetera* in the calculations of my advisers, remained to be won; and when all seemed to be over, the business of paying had but just commenced.

The seat secured, or, to speak more correctly, the seat taken, a committee of the House now became my *Et-cetera*—the thing implied, but not expressed, in my negotiation. Sent back to Pocketborough to disburse more dexterously, though hardly more economically, the seat was again won—and now repose was in view. But another train of *Et-cetera* was yet to be fired; in applications without number for favours, rewards, and honours to be showered upon the worthy and independent electors of Pocketborough.

It was perfectly astounding even to me, whose wife had by no means come of an unprolific stock, how so few voters could contrive to reckon up so many near and dear relations. Every one of them might have furnished an astonishing paragraph of news to the *Pocketborough Patriot*, each case exhibiting a statistical miracle, in a numerical staircase of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. If any thing could have added to the wonder, it would have been found in the surprising uniformity of wants and desires that characterized the independent constituency in question.

What might have added yet to the singularity was, that while every son, grandson, *et-cetera*, ardently longed for a situation in the Customs or Excise, the Home Service or the Colonies, so every one in succession happened to be, of all existing specimens of precocity, the best fitted for the place specified.

One qualification only could be superadded to this—and it was, that all were equally fitted, by natural and acquired powers, for *any* place that might become vacant. The fiend *Et-cetera* never came in a more persecuting shape; and the pursuit of places under difficulties, which commenced on the day of my return, chanced, by a strange coincidence, to end only on the day of the next dissolution.

But hitherto I have detailed my adverse fortunes, consequent upon my inattention to the *Et-cetera*, in important affairs alone, in the leading events of my life. The same fate attended me, and for the same reason, in all minor concerns. For example:

When invited, in a most marked and flattering manner, to meet Lord Blank and Mr. Dash, the greatest philosopher and the greatest poet of their time, what pleasant self-gratulations, what dignifying forebodings were mine! My soul yearned for the coming night! Very true—I did not thoroughly enter into the justice of their claims to greatness, but I knew their claims were recognised. I did not profess to measure accurately their pretensions; it was enough that their pretensions were unquestioned. I divided my one idea between them, and determined that philosophy and poetry were equal—perhaps the same thing. At all events, I should be introduced, I should converse, I should hear—and then I could say that this had happened. Besides, their sayings must be very unlike other men's—the one would speak diamonds, the other pearls.

But when the hour of meeting came there were Lord Blank and Mr. Dash to be sure—and there too was I. Alas! when invited to meet *them*, I had not allowed for the presence of *Et-cetera*. Between the great men and me, a hundred and fifty admiring obstacles in black coats or beautiful draperies interposed. There were two Somebodies and myriads of Nobodies to obscure them. I went there to meet Blank and Dash, and I met *Et-cetera*. There were the Migginses and the Fribskins by scores, and one eternal squeeze and jabber they kept up; but as for the philosopher and the poet in such company, I would as soon have met the two sheriffs of London in an omnibus.

I saw the illustrious pair certainly, as one may have seen Rubini and Lablache on the stage, without the chance of a personal conference, or even an introduction,—and with this material difference—that there was not the possibility of hearing the voice of either. Imagine my disappointment. A simple-minded man, I had reckoned upon a three-handed reel of discussion, Lord Blank, Mr. Dash, and myself, never dreaming of the intrusion of *Et-cetera*. But it is a sample of my experience.

Doubtless the reader has sometimes indulged in similar anticipations, and been similarly deceived. The *Et-cetera* at the end of a list of agreeable names is frequently plain English for a bore.

Most of my friendships have been formed upon this narrow and near-sighted principle of not taking into view the consequences entailed in an *Et-cetera*. My friend is not a wise man, but I love him nevertheless; forgetting the truth conveyed in Gay's couplet—

Who knows a fool must know his brother;
One fop will recommend another.

My regard for a fool has attracted round me half the fools in town. My house has become a fool's paradise. My friend possesses an endless file of friends; and in the exuberance of his sympathetic bounty he makes them all mine. There is not a single acquaintance of his in all London, but he insists on sharing him with me. Every queer creature I catch in his company I am fain to regard instantaneously as my proximate Pylades. It might be almost supposed that he obtains in-

roductions to foolish people by the dozen, only with the benevolent design of introducing me as his very particular friend. I verily believe that he would not hesitate, if he had the power, to palm off all the inhabitants of the Friendly Islands upon me. My private Temple of Friendship is thus thrown open to the public, admittance gratis from January to December.

Charles Lamb has consigned to lasting contempt, the intrusive principle involved in "Love me, love my dog;" with that, however, I could be content, but my friend insists upon my loving every puppy that crosses his path. Who could possibly have suspected when I was first shaking hands with a solitary Jones, that I was introducing myself to such an *Et-cetera*! Jones, it is true, is quite a comet among the heavenly bodies of friendship, but unfortunately I did not calculate in time the astonishing length of his tail.

If not on this rock, I have often contrived to wreck my comfort in friendship upon another. For want of that wise forethought, which always stops to look at *Et-cetera* wherever he appears, I have read some friendly bond drawn up for signature, to the close—excepting the *Et-cetera*!—and then freely put my hand to it. Why, I had left unread all the principal clauses, in overlooking the &c., that which I had innocently taken for an emblematic or nament, or a true-lover's knot to end with, by way of flourish. I had signed and sealed, as legibly written, to confidence, sympathy, attachment, honour, and other items; but *Et-cetera* at the end stood in place of words unwritten—as cash advances, bill at short date, surety, responsibility, and similar significant phrases; and not one of these sly snakes had I discerned under the grass of *Et-cetera*!

To take the latest example of the consequences of this oversight. It happened when my friend came to demand a clear moiety of my worldly property to support and carry into assured success his magnificent speculation. He had it, for on him personally I had every reliance; but according to habit I noticed only his own name as responsible in the concern, and totally omitted to fix one moment's attention upon the "and Co." that followed it. "And Co." made all the difference. Alas! my friend had an *Et-cetera*, and it played the foul fiend with my responsibility. *Et-cetera* is sometimes Latin for "And Co."

Even in forming an ordinary acquaintance, I was often the dupe of the fiend. I met a cheerful companion, a goodnatured gossip, a lively reveller, and we of course struck up an intimacy. Every thing went on pleasantly and promisingly—the most agreeable intercourse was sure to be the result—all jocund hospitalities would be interchanged—when it turned out that we were reckoning without reference to the familiar but invisible demon *Et-cetera*.

My new acquaintance was charming, but his wife was—*Et-cetera*. My evil genius was his better half. Here was the patent lock upon hospitality, the extinguisher upon lighthearted ease, the thumbscrew upon the hand of intimacy; so our lively salutations would dwindle into mere good-mornings, our good-mornings into nods across the street, till they dropped by degrees into a distance yet more respectful. This is nearly the history of my social life. Every one of its enjoyments has been clogged with a fatal *Et-cetera*.

Talk of the postscript's superiority to the letter in real interest and

importance! What is that to the superiority of *Et-cetera* in meanings of mighty import, over any terms of speech which may introduce it! When Mrs. Fitzbeetle, speaking in the united voices of the genteel family who have multitudinously married me, declares that I must positively make immediate arrangements for their taking a trip to Paris, *Et-cetera*, I distinctly hear in the phrase now, the whole tour of France and Italy. When she announces her intention of asking a few people in the evening—just the Johnsons, *Et-cetera*—I justly calculate upon the presence of every live creature known to us by the sound of the voice. When the application is for a pair of earrings, *Et-cetera*, I well know that the little article asked for bears the same proportion to the desirables *unmentioned* that the protruding head of the tortoise bears to its concealed body in the shell. •

Et-cetera is no longer to my ears a scrap of a dead language; it has undergone the process of translation in the liveliest manner. If my partial exposition (for this dissertation might be greatly extended) of its import and tendency, should chance to induce, somebody to use it sparingly and conscientiously, to investigate it when used by others, to consider that it may mean a little too much, and to inquire into the probable significations it comprises, that somebody may have reason to rejoice that I have introduced him here to the foul fiend—*Et-cetera*!

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

No. VIII.

A DEAD HIT; OR, HOW TO MAKE A BENEFIT.

THE following anecdote is narrated on the authority of a gentleman who was for many years previously to Elliston's death his private secretary, confidant, and companion, and whose veracity is too universally admitted to be doubted by any one. To him, the Comedian himself has more than once related it, and always with great glee, evidently considering it an uncommonly good joke, though it certainly was rather a grave one. The propriety of the proceeding may perhaps justly be questioned, but propriety has seldom been looked for as the close companion of eccentricity; the universal levity with which the grim king of terrors was formerly treated in their epigrammatic epitaphs by our Lapidarian bards; our village Propertiuses and Tibulluses, for the most part the worshipful company of 'parish clerks,' may be urged too in extenuation. The aim of these latter worthies seems to have been most religiously to obey the old adage which enjoins us "to say nothing of the *dead* but that which is *good*,"* inde-

* England has always been remarkable for her mortuary merriment; our church-yard waggeries have already furnished matter for more than one volume. A *modest*—VOL. LXVIII. NO. CCLXXII.

pends of this, the lately published "reports of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of public charities," furnish abundant instances that testamentary oddity was of every-day occurrence.

Besides this general sanction of treating with apparent lightness subjects the most serious, it must be remembered that the actor was at the time of this transaction in his green and salad days; the seeming irreverence of the expedient may therefore be excused for its necessity, its adroitness, and its originality; the anecdote will also furnish, if any such proof be wanted, another instance to be added to those already related of the comedian's singular readiness in an emergency, and happy faculty of turning circumstances, even the most adverse, to his advantage.

In the early part of the actor's career, while yet unknown to fame, he joined a strolling company who were exhibiting for a few nights only in a barn fitted up for the occasion, in W——, a little country town of a not very flourishing county. The business, as it is aptly enough termed, had been very bad, the company had not been adequately patronized by the rural population of W——, and the manager thought it advisable to close his theatre and season somewhat precipitately; for this purpose he abruptly gave Elliston, who was leading the business and was playing for a benefit, notice, on a certain Saturday, that he was to have his benefit the following Monday.

"What! my dear sir," said the surprised comedian, "take my Ben next Monday? Why, I shall have no time to get out my tickets, or post my bills. It will be totally impossible to let the natives know, and I am sure every body will be anxious to witness my performance."

"I can't help that, Muster Elliston," replied Mr. Mouldygrub, the manager, "I can't help your not having time to get out your bills; I only want the tradespeople here not to have time to get out *theirs*. Monday is the only open night we have, all the rest are devoted to the benefits of the other members of the company: this day week I close."

There was no gainsaying this determination. Like that of other monarchs, the word of the theatrical potentate of W—— was law, and Elliston set his busy fancy to work to devise what steps would be best to take.

"It is now Saturday noon," thought he, "I cannot get my bills printed till night, and when I do get them out there are no dead walls round W—— on which to post them—to-morrow is Sunday, what's to

dern Old Mortality might easily collect a new Joe Miller from our parochial elegiac remains. Our doggerel epitaph-writers seem as if they had been anxious to verify the anagram, by really turning "funeral" into "real fun." The beautiful cemeteries that have lately been consecrated in the suburbs of the metropolis, after the example of Père la Chaise, and which have the effect of depriving mortality of much of its gloom, will no doubt go far to correct, if not entirely to check this unseemly pleasantry. One instance of this national peculiarity the narrator happens to remember, and as he believes it has never yet been published, he will now transcribe it. There is, or at least there was, within the last ten years, an epitaph in Croydon churchyard, to the memory of a man who lost his life through being accidentally run over, and which appears sufficiently ridiculous, it is to the following effect:

Here I lie, killed by Death's dart,
Who came to me in a horse and cart.

be done? I have it! Every body goes to church here; 'tis true I have no interest with a single living soul in the place. Well, I must make interest in another quarter, take a liberty where I know it will not be complained of, at least by those with whom it is taken, avail myself of a few *post obit* bills. Dead walls must be found, yes, 'I'll make the very stones' prate of my whereabouts.' I'll stick—stick—no matter where—at any rate I'll not stick at trifles. No, I will stand the hazard of the die."

To borrow a late joke of the Editor who presides over these pages, though Elliston did ultimately as he had intimated he would, stick at something, he in reality *stuck at nothing*, as will appear in the sequel.

His resolution taken, our comedian drew out a flaming bill announcing for his benefit on the following Monday, Monk Ghost Lewis's "Castle Spectre," in which he was to sustain the principal character, together with a variety of singing and dancing. The whole to conclude with O'Keeffe's Farce, "Dead Alive."

This bill he duly had printed, and apparently retired to his truckle-bed as usual, but in pursuance of his plan he arose in the "dead waste and middle of the night," and repairing to the Golgotha of W—, soon, in silence, secrecy, and safety, accomplished his purpose.

Accordingly on the following morning, when the church-going bell called the little population of W— to congregate together, and meet in brotherly love, agreeably to the good old custom, the worthy minister, with the parochial officers and honest inhabitants were considerably scandalized at the spectacle which then presented itself. To their great surprise, they found the mural enclosure of the venerable Saxon structure, which had presided for centuries over the pastoral destinies of W—, and in the peaceful realms of which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept," together with one or two of the most imposing of the last mansions of the landed gentry, thickly plastered over with the benefit bills of the eccentric actor.

Shocked at this outrage, which, as the parish clerk of the place, who was also its schoolmaster, and professed to teach the dead languages observed, learnedly blundering on a pun, was an offence *contra bones mori*, the bill-sticker of the district was directly summoned, but he indignantly denied all knowledge of the profane proceeding, and the rustic Dogberrys found themselves wholly at fault as to the author of the offence, their suspicions never once falling upon the person most interested in the affair, and consequently the most likely to commit it, the *Bénéficiere*! After much discussion in close vestry, it was subsequently determined to offer a reward for the discovery of the culprit who had committed this daring act. Placards were therefore immediately printed, stating the nature of the offence, and promising five pounds to any one who would give such information as should lead to the detection of the person or persons who had pasted the bills announcing Mr. Elliston's benefit at the theatre of W— upon the walls and memorials before mentioned.

These placards, early on the Monday morning were fully displayed in the market-places and public spots of all the towns and villages, for at least ten miles round W—. This was the very thing Elliston wanted, it afforded him an advertisement of his benefit he could not have procured by any other means.

The circumstance became the universal talk, and many honest persons from different parts of the country walked over to W—ocularly to satisfy themselves of the fact that such an impropriety had really been committed. The comedian's benefit bills, which had been suffered to remain on the desecrated walls, were anxiously inspected by hundreds, and the various wonders promised by the performer duly spelt over. The visitors' imaginations were inflamed, desire was created, and the result at night was an overflowing house in every part of the barn, which was crowded by spectators, who, but for this circumstance would certainly never have entered the Thespian temple of W—.

A very considerable sum was next morning transferred to the pocket of our Comedian, who wisely keeping his own counsel, speedily became one of the departed. "Alas!" soliloquized he, "I can only call the friends, by whose assistance I obtained the notice of the public on this occasion, my *late* friends—yet 'better late than never.' Though my time has been rather short, my receipts have not proved so, and I shall always hold their memory in respect: for, thanks to their means, unpatronized and unprovided, my *Benefit* has turned out—a complete dead hit!"

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

ELLISTON had a very original and singular way of thinking on many subjects, which, however *outré* it might appear at the first blush, was generally found to be based in the main on truth, and was always advanced with such a dogmatical air of authority, as completely to silence scepticism, and deter the most doubting Pyrrho; his views of ordinary things often appeared not a little startling in the outset from their novelty and boldness. The narrator will give an instance of this peculiarity in his hero.

The truth of the proposition in this case, though it may not perhaps go to the full length of Elliston's assertions, will be found on investigation, more correct than may be apparent from a cursory glance at the subject.

A lady one morning complained to the comedian that she had visited the theatre the night previously to see him perform *Don Felix*, but had been much disappointed by not having been able, in consequence of his face being constantly turned the contrary way, to gratify herself in catching his various expressions of countenance in that character, which she had understood were particularly fine.

"That was a great loss, madam, a very great loss," replied the actor, importantly, "as my looks in that particular part comprise, as you have truly heard, full half the excellence of my personation of the amorous Spaniard. It has been generally admitted that every variety of expression of the tender passion is conveyed by my eyes in that character; I indeed look *unutterable* things, as Davison has often remarked to me."

Here he gave a sly wink to a friend who happened to be present.

"Were you in the front of the house, madam?"

"No, sir, all the front-seats were engaged; I considered myself fortunate in being able to procure a seat at one of the sides."

"You were fortunate indeed; most fortunate, madam," said Elliston, solemnly; "but on which side the house were you sitting then?"

"The left side, sir, to the stage."

"I thought so," said Elliston, "that accounts for it. Are you not aware, my dear madam, that every performer naturally plays to the left—that is, *from* the stage, which is consequently *the right* side of the house. Does not every one put his right-leg foremost, either in love or war? If ever you wish to see an actor or actress to advantage, take my advice, and secure a seat on the right of the house. Royalty is generally in the wrong box in a theatre, because it is seldom in the right box, but is usually boxed up at the left. I remember when the Allied Sovereigns visited London, and commanded "Othello;" no doubt with an anxious wish—it was natural enough—to witness my performance of the character before they left England, though that 'little man in the Black Wig,'* by what he chose to consider a prescriptive right, played the character in my stead, and *disappointed* them, he had just before *defiled* my *Duke*, by the by†—I remember, I say, it was my intention on that occasion to have put my best leg foremost, which leg, in that case, would certainly have been my left leg, for to the right I should have played—yes, yes, I should have been all right then. Have you not remarked, my good lady, that in a mixed party those who talk to the left, generally talk the most, it is obvious—you do not talk at your ease when you talk to the right. It is more particularly so on the stage. In my *Don Felix*, I always have my *Violante* on the left, the same with my *Juliana*, my *Rloranthe*, my *Lady Amaranth*, my *Mrs. Sullen*, my *Cherry*, and all my other stage loves. I have noticed whenever women are crossing a road, and wish to see if their way is clear, being ignorant of the laws of driving, and not knowing that 'when you are left, you are right, and when you are right, you are wrong,' they generally look more to their off-side than any other, and very often get run over in the busle for their pains. *A propos*, talking of the road—To travestie the well-known epigram on driving, and apply it to the drama, exchanging one vehicle for another—the stage, we may settle the question by remarking, •

'Twixt the road and the stage, there's a difference quite,

For when joining the play-going throng,

If you sit at the left, you will never be right,

At the right you will never be wrong!"

* The nickname originally given to Kean during the earlier part of his London career, by the Grandees of Drury, from the amazed call-boy so designating him to Raimond, the committee's manager (for Raimond was never associated with Elliston), when the latter inquired who it was that had occasioned the tumult he heard in the house the first night of the great tragedian's appearance as "Shylock," at Drury Lane.

† Kean once attempted the part of the *Duke* in poor Tobin's noble play of "The Honey Moon;" the part, however, was too level, too devoid of intensity and energy, and Kean's figure was too *petit* to admit of his making a great hit in it. Elliston was much incensed at his *presumption*, as he termed it, in touching the part, which he indignantly observed, he should never play again, as the little man had *defiled* it. He did not, however, adhere to his resolution.

THE ORPHAN HOUSE OF BRUSSELS :

A CONFESSION.

BY MRS. GORE.

MISTY and cheerless was the morning on which Emmanuel Zoon, the son of the rich brewer of Bruges, emerged from the quaint old mansion of his father in the Ursuline Gardens, to keep a first appointment with the object of his first and only love; and were it not proverbially known that the events we most ardently desire usually occur under circumstances that deprive them of half their charm, nothing would have been more unaccountable than the desponding air of the young lover.

But there were heavy presentiments on his soul. The unexpected signification of her to whom his attentions had been long devoted in vain, that she would meet him on the morrow at the porch of the church of Our Lady, on the first sounding of the Angelus, gave more pain than pleasure. Such a concession on the part of the reserved and gentle Netja, was as a stepping down from her pedestal that jarred against his sentiments of adoration. An act so foreign to her nature, was a proof of either sudden weakness or supreme indifference.—How was he to reconcile himself to either?

At the appointed hour, however, he was on the spot; an hour when only the very devout or very laborious were astir in the city;—people without smiles on their faces, and of an aspect little in accordance with the buoyant feelings of a happy lover.

But Emmanuel was *not* a happy lover; and it afforded him only a momentary gleam of pleasure when, at the close of the earliest morning service, while the solemn roll of the organ and chaunt of the altar still seemed to linger among the groined roofs they had filled with echoes of prayer, the object of his attachment emerged from the porch, with the hood of her black *faiile* falling deep over her face; and, without so much as a word of greeting, passed her arm through his, and directed his steps towards the ramparts.

"I have that to say to you," said she, in a still lower voice than her usual soft and gentle parlance, "which may not abide the presence of my young sister,—my innocent sister,—innocent and young as I was myself, Emmanuel, when first your childish heart yearned towards me in friendship.—I could almost accuse myself of it as of a crime, that those friendly feelings should have warmed into more than brotherly regard; for from the first hour of our meeting till now, never has there been a moment in which my heart could have regarded you with the sentiments of equality, essential to reciprocity of love. You have ever been to me as a child,—whom I used to sooth and protect, almost as a child of my own. Even thus, Emmanuel, I loved you from the first;—even thus I love you at this moment."

A bitter sigh burst from the soul of Emmanuel Zoon at this affectionate apostrophe; for he felt that he would rather be an object of hatred, than of this vaunted maternal love, a transition from which to the passion he wished to excite would have been almost criminal.

"Since, however," resumed Netja, on finding that no other answer

awaited her, "you have unhappily deluded yourself into a belief that the love enkindled in a young unpractised heart like yours, by one for whom all the illusions of life are over, can be more than a momentary caprice, know, Emmanuel, that there are other and graver obstacles to the affection you covet, than the decay of a blighted form, or the coldness of an unresponding heart. Even were I fair and young as my poor sister—even were I rich as the wealthiest heiress in the city,—there is that in my destinies which incapacitates me for becoming your wife. Did it never occur to you that there are deeper furrows on my brow, and deeper sadness in my voice, than mere sorrow can occasion?—You, who have watched me with the eager vigilance of love, did you never discern in my faded cheeks and silvered locks—the traces of deep despair, but deeper remorse? Did you never say to yourself, while listening to my listless words, 'there speaks a woman for whom all happiness on earth is over,—who hath no past, no future she can dwell upon, and a present only till it pleaseth the God of all goodness to call her to himself?' Have I never seemed to you, dearest Emmanuel, like a blighted tree standing amid a green forest, on which the sun is loth to shine, and whose withered branches encumber the earth because no one is at the pains to clear away a thing so worthless?"

"You have never seemed otherwise to me," replied Emmanuel Zoon, in a hoarse voice, "than the dearest and loveliest of women; and as such I must ever regard you, say what evil of yourself you will!"

"You must *not*!" was the firm reply of his companion; "You *must* not and you *will* not. You will soon learn to see in me, as I see in myself, a child of sin and shame. Evil entreatment drove me away, Emmanuel, from my father's house; but it required something more to prolong my banishment. The harsh dealing from which I had fled in dismay as a child, would have ceased to appal me when I became a woman, and I should have returned to Bruges to assert my rights, and claim my portion of my father's love, but that I might no longer intrude my guilty presence among the guiltless.—My glory had departed from me, Emmanuel!—I was become vile and worthless.—The ashes of humiliation were upon my head!"

Cold dews rose upon the forehead of the young man. He was at once eager and afraid to give ear to these impassioned avowals. From any other lips than those of Netja, he could not have listened to such defamation.

"So long as my father's wife survived," resumed Netja, grieved to observe the excess of his emotion, but only the more resolved to proceed in her confessions, "never should I have presumed to approach his door. But when I knew him to be left alone in the world,—alone, poor, helpless, with an equally helpless girl upon his hands, whose helplessness and loveliness amid so much poverty might betray her into evils and errors similar to my own, I took courage to arise and go to my father and to say unto him, 'father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy child!' For is it not written that such abasement at a father's feet shall procure mercy and tenderness in return?"—

"Netja, you are dallying with me!" cried Emmanuel, with sudden warmth. "Speak out,—tell me the worst—if the worst must be spoken, and hath that in it which is to part us for ever; for were this

suspense to last only a few minutes longer, my heart must burst with the agony your wild words have called into existence.—Speak, Netja, speak ! My life and death are hanging upon your explanation !”

“ When I left my father’s house,” she resumed, as if in obedience to his adjuration, “ it was even at such an hour, and on such a morning as this ; hopeless—cheerless,—with the whole world before me, and not a friendly face to greet me therein. I had been heavily beaten overnight by my step-mother, who spared me neither blows nor menaces ; and, instead of crying myself to sleep, as was my wont, lay moaning with pain, and asking myself whether it were not better, when morning dawned, to go and fling myself into the canal, than confront the daily renewal of my misery. My evil genius, dear Emmanuel, answered ‘ Yes ! ’ and grieving only that I could neither imprint a farewell kiss on the forehead of the dear little sister whom I loved not the less for being daughter to so cruel a mother, nor hold for the last time upon my knee my loving little friend, my neighbour, the motherless Emmanuel, I turned the house-latch charily, and went forth—to die. And would—would that I had died !—”

“ Though desperate, I was not lost to the fear of God : and my first thought was to utter a prayer for mercy upon my mother’s grave, ere I took refuge in my own. She lies yonder, Emmanuel, in the church we have left behind us ; and this very morning, even as twelve years ago, have I knelt upon the stone that covers her remains in the southern aisle of the old church, and prayed for her intercession with the Most High, in favour of her erring child. When *then* I bent my knees over the resting-place of her who was a chaste wife in her generation, and lies buried among humble kindred, blameless as herself, a sudden thought rushed into my mind that she had left those who might protect me from my stepmother, and redeem me from the evil fate I contemplated. Her sister was wealthily married at Brussels ; and if I could only reach her, there was a home for me more inviting than the chilly waters of the canal.—Yet, again I say, Emmanuel, would—would that I had died !

“ I was scarcely sixteen—I had not one doit in the world,—my clothes were mean below my condition, and unexchangeable for the means of such a journey ; and when I rose up from my mother’s grave, I determined to make my journey on foot, living on charity by the road. And I did so !—I begged my way to the city ; and on arriving at the door of my kinsfolk, ragged and wayworn, was chidden away as an impostor !

“ At length, by dint of earnest prayer, I obtained a hearing ;—and by my circumstantial details of my father’s house and conduct, such credence^o as procured me food and lodging. Still, my mother’s sister, heart-hardened by prosperity, affected misgivings concerning me, that exonerated her from taking me to her heart, as was her duty. All she chose to do, was to comply with the sole request I had courage to make,—that she would place me in service in some respectable family.

“ She placed me with a *rich* one, which was what *she* called respectable, where I was kindly used ; and the unwonted peace I enjoyed, and the gentle words with which I was addressed, had such an influence on my feelings, that for a long time, I could scarcely answer without tears.

“ I was young, Emmanuel ! I needed of a mother’s warning and restraining, as much as of a mother’s tenderness,—I needed a voice to tell

me there was a snake in the grass. I needed a voice to bid me beware of my own gratitude.—How shall I tell you all!—Within a year from the rash moment of quitting my father's protection, though still myself a child, I was about to become a mother.—You start!—I hear muttered curses betwixt your lips.—Yet the father of that child was one who professed to love me as you do;—professed, like you, that though his father required rank and fortune in his future wife, *he* was content with Netja; and that, though the pride of his parents forbad all hope of their sanction to a marriage, which, without it, could not legally be solemnized, no sooner should his infirm old father bequeath him independence, than the mother of his babe should become his bride.

"I was content! I believed in him,—for I loved him. His kindness to a poor outcast had first secured my gratitude; his tenderness to the grateful girl, in time rendered her his slave. Before the hour of discovery exposed either of us to the indignation of his parents, he removed me to a place of shelter; and when our child was born to us, Emmanuel, there wanted to my claims and comforts, only the name of wife.

"Yet because I speak of him as thus submitted to parental authority, do not suppose him young, unguarded, and thoughtless as myself. His years nearly doubled my own,—he was a man of mind and authority,—a representative of the people,—a servant of the throne; one whom it behoved to bear himself blameless in the eyes of the world, as in those of his eternal judge. On that point was he ever insisting. Amid all his love—and it was great—so great, that I felt not the extent of my sacrifice,—he had still before his eyes the terror of public opinion. It was not, in fact, the interdiction of his father and mother of which he had stood in awe, but that the world should know he had applied in vain for their consent.—'What would people say?' was ever his reflection, if it came to be known that he had formed an attachment so much beneath him, as to be forced to screen it from his family by a clandestine establishment!"

"And you could *love* this man?"—exclaimed Emmanuel Zoon, with indignation.

"Better than my life!—He was the first human being who had ever loved *me*."

"Not the *first*," interrupted Emmanuel; "*my* affection preceded his."

"You loved me like a child—*he* with the strong affection of a man—a thinking, acting, predominating, authoritative man! A little fear and a great deal of pride, I admit, mingled with the attachment that repaid his preference. Still, I did most fondly and truly love him, even before no especial bond of union conjoined us in one; and afterwards,—after the first cry of the child that was his and mine saluted my ears, I would have walked barefoot to the world's end, Emmanuel, only to prove the excess of my devotion. We were *very* happy!—yet I say again that, even *then*,—would I had rather died!

"For there is worse to come. Will you believe it? This child on whom I so doted,—this fair sweet child, who, from the moment of her birth, bore on her little features the stamp of his own and of my deep affection, was to *him* a care and an incumbrance! You know how dearly, by my nature, I love children;—*you* know how I tended the infant of my harsh step-mother,—*you* know how I fondled my little

motherless neighbour. And *this* one was my own—and, dearer still, *his* own, and as such, more precious than the light of my eyes!—But he was naturally averse to children, as I was partial; and this dear one he liked least of all, as liable to bring his unblemished credit to disgrace. More than once did he express before me his regrets that, for both our sakes, it should have been *born alive*; and instead of regarding it as a cement to render our future marriage doubly urgent, spoke of the little creature as a drawback, whose illegitimacy would hereafter affix a stigma upon bonds which had otherwise passed without reproach.

“Again, Emmanuel, I hear your muttered execrations; and, alas, they are not likely to wax less bitter for what I have further to relate. For very soon he ceased to allude to a future marriage. His father was on his deathbed. The hour of probation was at hand; and when it came, and as soon as his filial tears were shed and dry I ventured to appeal to him for an early confirmation of his often repeated promises, he patted me smilingly, and with an air of superiority on the head; telling me that in his last moments the old man had exacted a still *more* solemn promise of him to bestow his hand upon a noble kinswoman of his own; and that his father’s testamentary dispositions were framed with reference to this alliance!—

“Poor, weak, friendless as I was, what had it availed me to remonstrate and defend my rights and those of my daughter? Nay, why not own the truth, though to my shame, that, at that moment, I thought less of insisting upon my claims to become his lawful wife and sharing his rank and fortune, than of imploring him, let his father’s will dispose as it might of his hand, to reserve for *us*,—for me and for my babe,—the precious endowment of his love. All I asked—all I besought—all I exacted was, that he would promise me to withhold from the heiress every indication of the passionate tenderness he had lavished on my happy self.

“He promised—for he was used to promises! They cost him nothing,—not so much as a qualm of conscience. And thus deceived, I submitted to what he swore to me was inevitable. Though from that time he absented himself for hours and days, and almost weeks together from my presence, on pretext of the business heaped upon him by his father’s death and his new opulence, I was satisfied the moment he bewailed to me the hardness of his fortune and the ugliness of her who was to be his wife. When we did meet, he was tender towards me as ever; and more than ever intent upon gaining an ascendancy over my conduct and character. Alas! such efforts were little needed!—He was master over my destinies,—as any man is master over the destinies of the woman in heart and soul his own!”—

“The more sacred his duty, never to abuse such mastership!” interposed Emmanuel, in a gloomy voice.

“There were a thousand reasons for the gratitude which made me so much his slave!” added Netja, as if attempting her own exculpation. “On learning my connexions and ardent desire for tidings of those I had abandoned, he not only contrived to obtain constant information for me of my father’s health, but despatched to my poor home the succours of which it stood so much in need, without affording any hint of the cause originating his benevolence.”

“I foresee all!” said Emmanuel, with sudden energy. “This man

abandoned you!—This man, so smooth-tongued and so beneficent,—who exercised his hateful influence over your girlish mind to blind you to the sin and shame of your position, appeared before you one day to tell you that he loved you no longer!”—

“You mistake him. There was not mercy enough towards me in his worldly heart to decide him to the annoyance of witnessing my grief on receiving such a communication. He delegated the task to his man of business. He sent his lawyer, Emmanuel, to the poor girl who so dearly loved him, to say that he felt it a duty to his position in life and the community, no longer to show the bad example conveyed by such a connection as ours! He reminded me how dear had ever been to him the maintenance of his high character and the favour of his sovereign; and called upon me to unite with him, if I really loved him, in making a sacrifice indispensable to his honour and happiness. On the eve of marriage, to see me again, he said, was out of the question. But he entreated me to refrain from any indiscreet exhibition of grief; to accept the handsome provision he had secured me; and return to my friends and native city, leaving to *him* the child for whose future advantage he was so much better able to provide than myself.”

As Netja proceeded in her narrative, she had clung close to the arm of Emmanuel, as if to shelter herself under the protection of his attachment, from the shame of her avowals. Her voice was now almost stifled with emotion,—her steps were becoming tremulous and faltering. Yet without regard to these manifestations of weakness, no sooner had she uttered the last words of her confession, than Emmanuel suddenly drew her arm from within his own,—stopped short in the lonely path they were pursuing,—and clasping his hands abruptly before him, exclaimed, “But you did not consent?—This time, you stood firm?—Do not—*do not* let me suppose your weakness extended to such base submission!”—

“Emmanuel!” replied Netja, gathering courage from his violence, and in accents whose gentleness found their way to his heart,—“do not withdraw your arm from me;—for unsupported, I am unable to sustain myself. Give me your aid, dear friend!—the aid of a strong arm—the aid of a kind heart—the aid of a patient ear. So is it that those who *really* love, mark their devotedness; rather than by giving way to impulses of passion which God hath given us as temptations to be overcome, *not* as guides to be followed!”

Without a syllable of remonstrance, the young man instantly put forth his arm for her support; drawing her more closely to his side, as though seeking to excuse himself for that momentary expansion of feeling. It was in a gentle and subdued tone he renewed his inquiry of—“dear blessed Netja!—tell me that you did not sacrifice your child?”—

“No, Emmanuel!” replied the humble voice of his companion, “I sacrificed *myself*!—I gave up the sweet smiles that were so dear to me—I gave up the little clinging arms that used to entwine themselves around my neck,—I gave up the lispings farewell for the night, which was as the balm of sleep to my watchful ears,—I gave up the morning greeting more cheering to my soul than dawning day!—*How* I loved her, needs not to tell you;—for I resigned her—gave her up for ever—only that her days might be prosperous—more prosperous than my own!”—

For a moment, her words were interrupted by struggling emotions—but she soon found courage to resume.

"What could I have done for her but love her? To incur her father's resentment would have been to leave us both no other resource than the hard extremity to which I had been driven three years before; and what I could bear to anticipate for myself, I had not courage to inflict on a little being, fair, innocent and joyous, as the angels in Heaven! Expelled from my present home, I had none other but the necessitous one embittered by my step-mother's cruelty, or the eternity wherein the crime of self-murder must separate me for ever and ever from the sinless spirit of my child. I took pity therefore, Emmanuel, upon myself and her. *I submitted,—I obeyed!* The count had obtained from his mother, my former mistress, her promise to adopt and educate his little girl, on condition of a complete rupture between us, and my solemn engagement to attempt no further intercourse with one who was to be reared as a lady of the land. This pledge was given to me in writing, signed with their double attestation. And so I went forth from the place where I had been so happy;—alone—in the darkness of the night,—that I might not grieve her little heart by the sight of the tears that accompanied my last kiss. She was asleep when I bent over her and imprinted it on her little forehead;—asleep and smiling, as though the angels of God were with her in her dreams, breathing promises of succour and solace now that she was to be deprived of a mother's tending. Disturbed by the fervour of my embrace, she stirred, as though she would have grasped her little fingers round those that parted the flaxen curls upon her forehead. Had she done so, I had never found courage to unclasp them, and leave her for ever!—But the hand of God was over us, and she slept on.—And again I say unto you, Emmanuel, would—would—that I had died!"

Emmanuel Zoon dared not give way to the feelings struggling in his soul. He was afraid of again incurring the mild rebuke of his friend.

"I need not tell you," she resumed, "that I took nothing from that house but the memory of my shame. A maintenance had been provided for me—a stipend prepared. But I went forth, unknown to them all, leaving every thing behind me that could ever recall to my recollection on how barren a waste I had squandered the treasure of my affections! So long as I abided there, Emmanuel, I fancied that my whole love was transferred to her,—that all was absorbed in her. But on crossing for the last time the threshold of the house wherein my happiness had been so complete, I knew, by the twofold agony that tortured my heart, how dear to me, even wronged as I had been, was the man I renounced for ever! At that moment, I saw in him the lover of my youth;—the first and only being who had been unto me a heart-to-heart companion;—not the worldling, the politician, the cold and callous being who had said in explicit terms,—'My interests require that we should meet no more.'—Emmanuel! woman hath a sorry portion in the justice of this life!"

"But when he found that you had thus nobly taken your departure, Netja," whispered Emmanuel, tenderly pressing her arm towards a heart throbbing with the earnestness of its sympathy,—“he surely pursued you—inquired for you—and strove, in spite of yourself, to better your condition?"

"I know not—I never asked!—All I sought was concealment, that I might lie down and wrestle unnoticed with my despair. A trifling sum

(the guerdon of my service in his mother's house, which I had laid aside, as though in mockery of myself, I felt entitled) to take with me, to procure the daily bread for which I knew that trouble and weakness would for a time incapacitate me to labour. And well was it that I did so ; for many months ensued ere, I was able to rise from a bed of sickness, in the obscure retreat to which I betook myself. Not far from her, Emmanuel ! Hard by the stately mansion where I had first served as a menial, and then been worshipped as an idol, I found an humble lodging ; and when the days of convalescence came, my first care was to creep to the window, and watch beside it from morn till night, to see my lovely one carried forth to take the air. Her father did justice to his promise. She was tended as a daughter of his father's house ; and in that short interval had grown and thriven, till I almost grudged her the beauty that had come upon her otherwise than when nestled in my bosom. Still it was a sight of comfort for me,—a sight of comfort and joy ; and I felt that I should have strength to labour for my own living, so long as that ray of sunlight shone upon my misery.

“I am wearying you perhaps, Emmanuel ; for in speaking of her, I seem to find pleasure in dwelling upon my words. Forgive me, dear friend ;—and you *will* forgive me ; for indulgence towards such weakness is the very soul of friendship ! Well, then, I worked, and was content.—I hardened the hands, grown feeble with luxury, to the tasks of the poor ; and by the blessing of providence, three years of probation and privation passed over my head, in which I scarcely quitted for as many hours the chamber overlooking the dwelling-place of my child. It was as a lacemaker I earned my pittance : and my life was divided between that easy task and moments of joy that were as the blessedness of a better sphere. Sometimes, however, now that she was older and had reason in her words, I longed so sorely to hear her voice, that, well aware no vestige remained in the poor workwoman of the young fair mother she had seen bedecked in rich attire and covered with loose flowing tresses which I had shorn away as emblems of my shame, I used to follow her in her walks, and ask alms of her, that she might stop short and fix her little tearful eyes upon me, and her attendant to do an act of charity towards me. When tears of joy mingled with the blessings I lavished on her benevolent heart, they mistook a mother's yearning for the mere gratitude of a beggar !—

“I had no fear of encountering *him*. He was busy with his duties in the senate,—busy with his service as a courtier,—busy with his pleasures as a man of the world ;—and even had some luckless hazard driven him across my path, how was he to recognise in the coarsely-attired peasant, the girl on whom he had delighted to lavish all the splendours of luxury ?

“But alas ! that darling child, my sweetest Louisje was so touched by our frequent encounters, that at the end of the second year, she used to speak of me as her poor beggar woman, “her own poor beggar woman,” till the name came to be a byword in the household of her grandmother. The old lady, home-ridden and infirm, took little heed of such matters ; but the child so prattled and interested others by her prattle, that one day, one fine spring day, such as those on which I had accustomed the darling of my heart to expect my petition at the corner of the Boule-

vards she had to cross to reach the park,—the hard, proud young countess for whom I had been sacrificed, said to her husband in order to persuade him into giving her his arm for a walk,—‘Let us walk together and see this pet beggar woman of Looisje’s!’—a luckless caprice—but for which, my happiness might have endured for ever!—For though, on seeing them approach, I attempted to escape, it was too late. At sight of *him*, Emmanuel, my strength failed me, and I fell prostrate on the pavement. The child instantly ran forward to succour me; but her attendant interposing, drew her away; and it was in the arms of a charitable stranger I awoke to consciousness. But, alas! when lying thus insensible at his feet with my face bared to the air by officious interposition, he instantly recognised me; and from that day, the child came forth no more for her daily walk.

“For weeks, I submitted to her absence. At length, I took courage to inquire of the countess’s porter, whether my little benefactress were confined by illness to the house. But I was driven away as a bold beggar; and a day or two afterwards, when I looked at early morning from my window towards those of my child, saw black draperies affixed to the doorway, and a *chapelle ardente* established under the *porte cochère*!

“I had not voice or courage to breathe the fatal inquiry of, who is numbered with the dead; but the greatness of the family rendered them a matter of curiosity among the neighbours; and my landlady fortunately volunteered the information that the old countess, mother of the deputy for —, was to be interred that morning.

“After the funeral, the family quitted the house. Looisje and her nurse were not among them; probably because the child had been removed during the illness of its grandmother. A placard of sale was affixed to the door-posts. Strangers established themselves in the old familiar house; and now, how was I to obtain intelligence of her without tidings of whose well-being, life was a blank?—I left no means unattempted. I pursued my inquiries in all directions; still without result. No one knew what was become of the old countess’s *protégé*, or no one would tell.

“I bore this suspense long, Emmanuel,—*very* long; for I flattered myself that in the winter, the little girl would return from the country in company with the count and countess. But she came not; and my strength of body and mind being now exhausted, for food had ceased to nourish me, or sleep to refresh. I ventured to address a few lines to her father, reminding him of his engagements towards me, and that, his mother being no more, it behoved me to learn who was to succeed to her guardianship over my child.

“No answer was vouchsafed me; and in the impatience of a distracted heart, I hazarded a second letter. Then, indeed, he wrote, and in what terms!—He bad me ‘respect his domestic happiness and cease to molest him!’—My daughter, he said, was placed for her education in an establishment where her health and morals would be properly cared for; but that, on the slightest renewal of my attempts to interfere with her in violation of the treaty between us, his bounties should be withdrawn from her for ever!

“Again, Emmanuel, did I submit! But by this time, I was broken hearted; and since it was worse than grief to me to behold the walls which no longer contained the sweet object of my love, I determined

to humble myself to my father, and live and labour in my native city; though rather as an act of atonement and expiation, than for any joy in the return.—My stepmother was still alive; so that it was only by stealth I obtained an audience of my poor old harassed father, now as much the object of her tyrannous persecutions as I had been in my youth. It was long before I obtained pity and pardon at his hands. But in the end, the sense of a common misery reunited us; and many a time did he escape from his disorderly home to my humble chamber, and sit there in stillness and seclusion watching me at work. I had promised myself at the expiration of a year to return to Brussels, and make a secret attempt to discover the residence of my little girl, for a mere glimpse of her face in the chapel of her convent. But when the time came, my stepmother had just departed this life, and my father shown me so great a mark of esteem and confidence as to recall me to take her place, and consign my young sister to my guardianship.—Judge whether I had a right to demur!

“The rest, Emmanuel, you know. Whether the remnant of my days is to be smoothed by the sympathy of the true friend I trust to have obtained in my little playmate of the Ursuline garden, must depend upon yourself!”

The feelings and perceptions which just then perplexed the mind of Emmanuel Zoon, were of too complex a nature to admit of his bestowing on his gentle companion the assurances and encouragement of which she stood in need. He appeared resigned, however. He ceased to indulge in exclamations of irritation or disgust; and scarcely noticed that, by degrees, Netja had directed his footsteps homewards, till they were arrived on the confines of the suburb leading to the Ursuline quay.

“And now, Emmanuel,” she resumed, more cheerfully, “now that we are about to part, and never, I trust, to renew a subject or discussion likely to provoke a difference of opinion between us, I have a favour to ask you.”

A gesture implied the eager acquiescence he had not breath to utter.

“You are going to Brussels.—Be my delegate!—Prosecute for me the inquiries I am not able to pursue. No great mystery can envelop the residence or household of a public man,—a representative of the people—*een vertegenwoordiger*.—Make it your duty, then, to ascertain whether the holidays of my pretty Looisje are spent under her father’s roof. See her, if you can;—see her, speak her kindly, and look into her face with the friendly eyes, you have often times bent on mine!—*This* will be a proof of friendship,—*this* will be an act of affection.”—

“It shall be done!” was all he could answer.

Having now reached the swing bridge leading towards the premises of Gabriel Zoon, they parted,—without another word,—without another look;—for the hearts of both were full. But in that parting hour, Emmanuel echoed in the depths of his heart the former bitter cry of his beloved Netja,—“Would—*would* that I had died!”

From that day, Emmanuel was seen no more in the house of the lay vicar. He had accepted his mission. All he desired was to accelerate as much as possible the term of its accomplishment, in order that he might be at liberty,—free to die,—free to escape from a world in which his hopes of happiness were gone. What was it to *him* to become a wealthy burgher of Bruges, to inherit the rich homestead and Ursuline gardens,

since he was denied even the poor comfort of respecting his poor Netja as the type of all womanly excellence.

Arrived in Brussels, Emmanuel had no difficulty in finding the residence of a man so eminent as the Count de L——; for though his own consequence was miserably diminished by transition from the quays of Bruges to the streets of Brussels, that of his rival was secondary only to the throne. By a gratuity to one of the hangers-on of the house, he ascertained that no little girl was ever seen under its roof;—that the two sons of the count, boys of seven and eight years of age, were under the care of a preceptor; and when he expressly referred to a “poor foundling, a *protégée* of their master’s family, he was informed that the child in question had been removed from the house a few weeks previous to the decease of the old countess, either to be sent back to her friends, or placed in some public establishment.

All this was sadly discouraging; nor did it surprise Emmanuel to receive in answer to his communication, a heartrending epistle from Netja, conjuring him as her brother—son—friend—as all that remained to her on earth, to leave no stone unturned for the enlightenment of a mystery vital to her existence. She who had spoken to him so mildly—so submissively, seemed suddenly roused to the impetuosity of the lioness bereft of her young.

He determined to address himself personally or by letter to the man in authority; but his letter remained unanswered. He wrote a second, more peremptory in tone, requiring of the man whom he loathed with the loathing we bestow only on a rival or a reptile, to “account for the person of Looisje, the illegitimate daughter of one Netja Van Isinghen, committed by her mother to his charge.” Still, no answer was returned; and when Emmanuel presented himself in person at the gates of the great man, he was answered by the servants with the air of saucy defiance peculiar to the menials of the great.

A new alternative presented itself. One of the leading burghers of the flax-growing district, represented by the Count de L——, was connected by commercial interests with the family of Emmanuel; and to this gentleman he addressed himself for permission to bear him company the first time he should have occasion to visit the noble deputy.

This was easily accomplished. A few days afterwards, Emmanuel found himself following the Herr Vermeirsch into the handsome study of his Excellency the Count de L——; and as he had expressed only a curiosity for a private view of a man, renowned in his public capacity, the introducer fancied he did enough in naming him as “a young friend of mine, lately launched in the legal profession.”

The visitor had now to listen to a desultory conversation between the elector and his representative, concerning colonial and indigenous sugars,—a reduction of the duties on flax,—colonisation in Guatemala, the influence of the Zoll-Verein in Belgium, and other legislative topics, already more than sufficiently discussed in the chamber; and could Emmanuel have been amused by any thing at that agitating moment, it would have been the care of the learned deputy in breaking up his political arguments into very small pieces, and wrapping cotton round the angles, lest they should do a mischief to the overgrown booby to whom they were given to play with.

At last, Herr Vermeirsch rose with abundance of bows and *congrâtes*

to take leave; and, as he was progressing towards the door, Emmanuel came resolutely forward towards their host.

"I am the person," said he, "who has repeatedly addressed you, Monsieur le Comte, on the subject of the child Looisje."

The countenance of the deputy, which had been clothed with benignant smiles to part with his constituent, instantly fell.

"I have not the honour to understand you, sir!" said he, with an air of defiance. "If you have any communication to make me on the subject of any *ward* of mine, you will have the goodness to address it to my man of business, the Herr Vermaeghe, whose office is in the Fossé aux Loups."

"I have a communication to make you, Monsieur le Comte, on the subject of *your daughter*," was the firm reply of Emmanuel Zoon. "I am myself a member of the legal profession; and whether in my capacity of lawyer, or my capacity of man, will not be trifled with.—I require of you —"

"What is all this?"—cried the terrified Vermeirsch, returning from the door on hearing what appeared to be an altercation between his honoured representative and his audacious young friend.—"Emmanuel, you are forgetting yourself!—Is *this* your deportment towards one whom you pretended a wish to see, as one of the most eminent men in Flanders? I entreat you, Monsieur le Comte, to accept my humble apologies for his folly!"

"Enough, enough, my dear sir!" cried the count, who, having already rung for his attendants, a groom of the chambers and a tall *chasseur* were holding open the door of the ante-chamber. "Believe me, I appreciate you too highly to attribute to your share any portion of the gratuitous offence offered."

"You will hear from me, Monsieur le Comte!" said Emmanuel, with grave self-possession, satisfied that in a struggle against three powerful men, he should only render himself ridiculous.—"You have avowed your evil intentions: expect the full retaliation they deserve."

Having rid himself of the company of the irate old flax-merchant, Emmanuel hurried back to his office; much admiring that he should have wasted so much time and so many weeks in fruitless attempts to obtain information, probably contained in the very deed cases of green paste-board that were piled around the study of his principal. He lost no time in entering into conversation, incidentally as it were, with Herr Vermaeghe; but so cautious were his replies, that Emmanuel saw in a moment the subject had been discussed between the lawyer and his client immediately on the receipt of the first letter; and that his only chance of success, without creating a scandal fatal to the future interests of Looisje, was to wait for some future contingency likely to throw all parties off their guard. For the count was still unaware that the saucy clerk by whom he had been addressed, was articulated to his own notary; or that the friend of Netja to whom he had called the attention of old Vermaeghe as likely to wait upon him for news of the child, was no other than his clerk.

At the close of two months, however, he had not advanced a single step towards obtaining the confidence of his employer as regarded the affair of the Comte de L——; and began almost to despair!—The clerks of the office had each his department. That of Emmanuel was at pre-

sent wholly subordinate; and the second clerk, the delegate intrusted by Vermaeghe with the business of his noble client, was a young man of considerable ability but dissolute habits, between whom and Emmanuel there existed no intimacy.

As the year advanced, however, Emmanuel, who saw in his colleague the only channel to his object, so far conquered his antipathy to Jan Hasselaen, as to assist him in those duties of his office which his habits of dissipation caused to accumulate upon his hands. By degrees, this spirit of conciliation encouraged the improvident young man to make other demands on the goodwill of one who was perfecting his studies in a notary's office only with a view to government employment; and little did the profligate clerk conjecture how welcome to Emmanuel Zoon were these inroads upon his purse. So prompt indeed was the generosity of the junior clerk, that Hasselaen, instead of being overcome with shame, was encouraged to make further demands; till Emmanuel stated his inability to produce the sum required.

"In a week's time," said he, carelessly, "I trust I may be able to oblige you."

They reached the Saturday preceding the last Sunday of the Carnival, however, without a word transpiring auspicious to his hopes. The hour for closing the office arrived. The green boxes were in their places; the desks closed for the night; the shaded lamps extinguished one by one; and the key was carried to old Vermaeghe by the head clerk, to be laid by till the Monday following. Jan Hasselaen was surprised to find that Emmanuel instead of bidding him as usual a dry good-night, seemed inclined to join him in his walk homewards; a movement to which, hoping it might lead to the despaired-of act of liberality, he afforded every facility.

As they were passing the noble hotel of the Count de L——, on their way to the Montagne de la Cour, Emmanuel suddenly exclaimed in a tone of assumed indifference, "What sort of lads are old L.'s two sons growing up?—I remember a pretty little girl of his, who used to live with her mother the dowager, who either died or was sent to school on the decease of her grandmother."

"No, she did not die," replied Jan, little conjecturing the breathless anxiety with which his companion awaited his answer. "I scarcely know what became of the poor child. But it must have been an iniquitous business in some way or other, our old fellow has been so plaguy cautious in keeping it to himself!"

"I should be glad to find out, for I know those who were interested in the child," observed Emmanuel, as coolly as he could.

"Had you asked me the question an hour ago," replied Hasselaen, "I would have made it my business to answer you; for, in the file of the Count de L.'s accounts, I should doubtless obtain some sort of information. But the office is sealed till Monday morning, and will be closed again on the morrow. We do no business here on Shrove Tuesday. Till this year, alas," he continued, "I have always made a delicious day's work of it on *Mardi Gras*; but I am just now at the end of my purse."

"On Monday evening," observed the overjoyed Emmanuel, "I will accommodate you with the sum you asked for,—if you oblige me in your turn with news of the child Looisje."

On the Monday morning, accordingly, the business of the firm of Vermaeghe and Company was as carelessly performed as might be expected, when one of the clerks was occupied in searching files of private accounts, and another in watching his proceedings from a distant desk. But a notary who expects his young subs to perform their duties in a dutiful manner on the penultimate day of the carnival, deserves no better; and if his papers were less carefully engrossed than usual, Jan Hasselaen, had managed to secure the means of ample festivity for the following day, and Emmanuel Zoon, for the accomplishment of the object dearest to his heart. He retired to rest, that night rejoicing that, on account of the holiday, the city would be asfir betimes on the morrow, so that he need not lose an hour in verifying the authenticity of the information obtained for him by Hasselaen.

The Carnival is becoming almost everywhere a worn-out name and exhausted pleasure, for two reasons, auspicious to the history of mankind. People are becoming too enlightened to be amused by senseless mummeries, and too much at ease throughout the year, to indulge in the single day's outburst of frantic merriment into which they were goaded when the sackcloth and ashes of Lent imposed upon them by the priests, formed an insupportable burden, and the whole year round a series of fasting and mortification. That the fantastic maskings of the middle ages lingered longest in the most austere Catholic countries, proves that the "farewell to flesh" was a moment of festivity only where the subsequent fasting was of rigorous infliction.

It was in the large capitals the observance of the Carnival became first disregarded; and, at the present day, *Mardi Gras* is uproariously celebrated in proportion to the poverty and savageness of the population,—the higher classes having ceased to regard it as an epoch of festivity. At Brussels, however, which is Catholic as Rome, the people still hold in veneration the tides and festivals of the church bequeathed to the respect of Flanders by the Spanish and Austrian domination; and Shrove Tuesday is accordingly ushered in by the ringing of bells and parading of gendarmes, who, though superfluous for the regulation of gay equipages conveying masks, as in the days of the *gouvernantes* of the Netherlands, are wanted for the removal of obstructions round the doors of the beer-shops and dancing-houses, or to clear the way for a few groups of buffoons who, in hired costumes of the meanest kind, repay themselves by a day of privileged uproar for the decencies imposed upon them at more orderly seasons of the year.

The only persons, meanwhile, to whom the display of their brief madness seems to afford entertainment, are the young children, for whom *Mardi Gras* is a universal holiday; and from an early hour the windows of the principal streets are lined with fair and joyous faces, patiently awaiting from daybreak the parading of the masks, which occurs only in the afternoon. Happy the grandame who possesses a mansion with windows that command some stirring thoroughfare; for on this occasion, it is her privilege to assemble round her the united ramifications of her olive-branches,—the offspring of her sons and the offspring of her daughters; and a pleasant sight it is to wander through the streets and see the little creatures, with their glossy curls and holiday attire, grouped round some white-haired grandfather, to whom they point out the passing masks, and from whom they demand explanations,—even

to the babe in its young mother's arms, which can do no more than utter cries of delight at the glowing colours of the motley throng struggling in the streets below.

Yet the sight of these young faces, delighting and delighted, protected by the parental love for which their little endearments afford such rich requital, produced only a pang in the heart of Emmanuel, as he proceeded along the streets in pursuance of the melancholy errand he had that day imposed upon himself. He seemed to understand and appreciate, for the first time, the strength of the tie uniting child and parent, and apprehend the anguish that awaits a mother forced to unclasp from around her neck the clinging hands of her soul's treasure.

"To deprive her of the sole solace of her misery!—to part her from her child! What were all his iniquities compared with *that*?" was his secret ejaculation, as he pressed his way onwards, attracted every moment by the aspect of some cherub face smiling from the windows above, while patiently waiting the coming of masks that came not; and his heart grew heavier and heavier, as he approached the gloomy old portal of a quaint brick building of the sixteenth century, evidently of monastic origin, though so far modernized by the march of civilization that through the dim green panes of its ungrated windows, flowers were perceptible.

"On the summons of a jangling bell, hastily touched by Emmanuel, the iron-knotted oaken door grated on its hinges opened by a little deformed old woman. All that presented itself within exhibited the barn-like, stable-like air of ancient charitable institutions, ere Benevolence became curious in the orders of architecture, and it was found impossible to love one's neighbour as oneself, save through the medium of a Greek noun. For this was the Orphan House of Brussels, to which gloomy, desolate abode Jan Hasselaen accused the Count de L—— of having consigned the child of Netja, as the safest mode of ridding himself of the encumbrance!—

"What is your pleasure?" inquired the old woman, who appeared to enjoy a monopoly of infirmities, being blind and deaf as well as halt.

"I wish to visit the *hospice*," replied Emmanuel.

"There is nothing to be seen here to requite the curiosity of strangers," said she, after the request had been several times repeated; "nor is it the custom of the place to make a show of it."

At that moment, a loud shout of hilarity became audible through a black door at the head of a small oaken staircase,—a sound strangely at variance with the depressing character of the spot.

"Hark!" said the old portress; "the children are at play. This is one of the four holidays of their year. No work to-day!—I thought probably that monsieur was come, as so many gentlefolks do, to give a commission for work to the *révérende mère*?—Our young people are the best needle-women in Brussels."

"Such is my object!" cried Emmanuel, instantly seizing the idea.

"In that case, return to-morrow at noon!" said the old woman, about to close the huge door in his face. "The *révérende mère* never sees a soul upon business on *Mardi Gras*."

A dollar slid into her bony hand, however, inspired a different conviction; and, bidding him walk into the *parloir*, she offered to go and summon the superioress. Emmanuel now found himself ushered up

the stairs he had noticed ; the black door of which led into a mean white-washed corridor, along which groups of children, of all ages, were racing in joyous sport. He had not, however, leisure to bestow more than a glance upon these little outcasts, abandoned by their parents to the charity of strangers, and so differently cared for from the children of luxury he had been admiring without. A door being thrown open to the right, he found himself in a great square uncarpeted room; the plastered ceiling of which was adorned with old-fashioned scroll-work, the compartments containing, in embossed letters, the holy names of "Jesu Christi," "Maria purissima," and other similar inscriptions, coeval with its ancient foundation.

In medallions on the walls were inscribed, in black letters, certain Flemish moralities, or *Zedelessen*, admirably calculated to teach the young ideas of the little orphans how to shoot; such as—" *Den Godsdienst moet gy steeds met hert en ziel ankhlesen. Dan slechts kan men den naem van eerlyth man u geven.*" or "*De erkentelykheid is het gehengen des herten.*"*

The only further ornaments of the parlour, where the children and their instructresses were allowed to hold intercourse with their relatives, was a framed piece of needlework, representing a holy family,—the golden glory surrounding the head of the virgin, having very much the appearance of an ill-made straw bonnet; and a portrait in black chalk of the present or some former superioress, probably the *chef-d'œuvre*, (like the singular group we have described) of one of her pupils, more grateful than skilful, who had bestowed upon her the air of a saint distorted by the agonies of martyrdom.

While Emmanuel was contemplating these adornments of a chamber, that would have looked like a prison but for a few fine hyacinths in the window-seats, tributes of gratitude from the friends of the poor children, the matron, a simple cordial middle-aged woman entered the room. She had been apprized, she said, by the portress, that the gentleman wished to get shirts made in the *hospice*; but had as much sewing in hand as would occupy her classes for some months to come.

In reply, Emmanuel apologized for having deranged her from her duties on so fruitless an errand on a general holiday; and from this remark, the transition was easy to the state of her pupils, and the number dependant upon the tender mercies of the institution.

"You have among them," observed Emmanuel, "a little girl, placed here by the Count de L——. Let me see!—Looisje must now be ten years old?"—

"To be sure she is!" cried the superioress, instantly falling into the snare; "and a sweeter little girl never came into a teacher's hands. Had it been in my power to undertake the work you propose, sir, you would not wish to have the stitching better done than by the little hands of Looisje, who works like a fairy!"

The matron, already contemplating her visiter with considerable deference, as the friend of so great a man as the Count de L——, now proposed to afford him a sight of the institution,—its humble dormitories and

* "Be ever faithful to religion, without which you can never become an honest man." "Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

refectory; as well as the poor children, whom she seemed to fancy scarcely worth the exhibition, unless occupied in the routine of the daily tasks accrediting the zeal of her superintendence; and Emmanuel, whose heart was divided between the joy of having accomplished his promise, and the indignation of finding the child of Netja included among the pensioners of a public charity, followed her guidance into the corridor, where a horde of children wearing the unsightly uniform of the *Hospice*, were playing at blindman's buff. At sight of the superioress, their little laughing faces became demure, as they instinctively ranged themselves in line; as if for the express purpose of enabling Emmanuel to search out among them the owner of the long flaxen ringlet, fondly exhibited to him by Netja at parting, to facilitate his recognition of her lost treasure.

But alas! these wards of public charity were stripped of all such extraneous adornment!—A close cap was fitted to each well-cropped head; and how was he to detect the little victim? The superioress probably noticed his look of blank disappointment as he surveyed her little flock; for addressing one of the elder girls, she hurriedly inquired for Looisje.

In reply, the child pointed to a distant window-seat, opposite a wooden Madonna inserted into the grim old wall; and lo! the eager eye of Emmanuel fell upon a young girl, arrayed like her companions, but too much absorbed by her book to notice either their tumultuous gaiety, or the interruption of the superioress's approach. Even when they almost reached the window-seat, the little girl read on; a single ray of the bright March sun falling upon her white cap and open book, so as to throw into relief the exquisite outline of her delicate features.

On hearing her name pronounced by the united voices of the superioress and a stranger, the child instinctively and respectfully arose; and Emmanuel recognised at once not only the mild saintly expression of her poor mother's face, but an air of the distinction which seemed to place her apart, as much as her studious occupation, from the noisy group of her companions in misfortune.

As he contemplated that face, as fair and mild as moonlight, tears sprang into the eyes of Emmanuel; whose evident emotion would have provoked a suspicion in the mind of the superioress that the father of her little pupil was before her, but for the scanty years of him who took so deep an interest in Looisje.

"This child's holidays are sure to find her at her book!" observed the superioress, patting her encouragingly on the head; and Emmanuel rejoiced to perceive by the promptitude with which the hand thus extended was seized and kissed by the little girl, that she was in the habit of receiving such caresses and such commendations.

Deeply affected, he had little attention to bestow on circumstantial details of the nature and purpose of the institution. All he understood was that most of the children before him were foundlings,—the offsprings of vice or poverty; removed thither from the adjoining establishment of the *Enfants Trouvés*.

"She is all we could desire," wrote he, in the letter which conveyed to Bruges, the following day, the details of his visit; "gentle, lovely, intelligent; and being so placed as to enable you to contemplate her unsuspected, I will not indulge in the indignation excited by the breach of faith of her infamous father, in having rendered her the object of a public charity, instead of accomplishing his conditions with yourself. To remonstrate

with him,—to acquaint him that his treachery and her place of concealment are discovered, would be perhaps to cause her instant removal, and thus lose sight of her for ever. Let us be content, then, dearest Netja,—let us be content. Though the child you love be submitted to the rough schooling of adversity, let such be her portion for a time, rather than have her placed in some less accessible retreat.”

Never perhaps did more acute emotions contend in a human heart, than when, shortly afterwards, Emmanuel was required to escort the mother of Looisje to the *hospice*, and witness the mingled agony and joy of poor Netja, compelled to repress the yearnings of a mother's joy as she contemplated her promising child. He beheld at a moment the utter extinction of the hopes he had still wildly cherished. He saw that the heart of Netja was full; that there was no place for the feelings he had persevered in hoping to excite. Consulted, however, as a patient friend,—a loving brother,—he rejoiced to find poor Netja so enlightened by her lessons of affliction, as to be content that her child should receive a modest and religious education among those of her own degree, rather than be an humble pensioner upon the bounty of her father.

“She is happy—she is contented,” said Netja, through her tears, as they quitted the *hospice* together. “What more have I to desire except the impossible joy of pressing her to my heart as my child, and glorying in the name of mother.”

“At some future time even this may reward your many sacrifices,” replied her companion. “A few years hence she may be withdrawn, to become the wife of a man who will restore her to her mother's affection.”

“Who would marry the offspring of shame?” faltered poor Netja. “What man of honourable condition would accept a bride reared and nurtured in a public hospital?”

“One to whom her mother's affections were denied!” replied Emmanuel, firmly. “When the time arrives, give her to me! Make me indeed your son, and see whether I do not render her in return the happiest of wives and daughters.”

Netja replied by a desponding shake of the head. How was a woman so cruelly experienced in the fickleness and perfidy of mankind to believe in the stability of these good intentions?

Nevertheless, the happy prospects thus nobly held out have been fully realized. Within three years of that singular and providential discovery, Emmanuel Zoon, having obtained a noble independence by the death of his father, enabled the mother of Looisje to claim her child from the Orphan House, and place her in the Ursuline convent of Bruges for the completion of her education in a style proportionate to the station of life for which she was now destined. Nor had the Count de L—, who had, of course, represented her to the administration of the charity as fatherless, the smallest authority to interfere with their arrangements.

That the result has been more than satisfactory is attested by the unalloyed domestic happiness of one of the wealthiest families in Belgium. It was within view of the window from which Emmanuel made his first acquaintance with his gentle neighbour, and with two of his lovely children climbing on his knees, that the romantic story of his marriage was related to me *by himself*; and accompanied by his young and accomplished wife, it was my good fortune to visit the ORPHAN HOUSE OF BRUSSELS.

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

BODILY STRENGTH.

"BODILY strength is a concomitant of good health, which is produced and supported by a regular supply of wholesome nutritious food and by active occupation. The industrious and well-fed middle classes of a civilized community may therefore be reasonably expected to surpass in this endowment, the miserable savages who are never well fed, and too frequently depressed by absolute want and all other privations."*

As applied to the civilized and savage races this dictum is unquestionably true; but however the middle classes of Europe may excel in bodily strength, it may be doubted whether they attain an equal longevity with the aristocracy, for a singular caprice of nature seems to have ordained that the less a man has to do, the more time he shall have for doing it.

"How would you have me live?" inquired a dyspeptic patient of an eminent physician.

"As well as you can," was the answer. "None live so well as our nobles and none live so long."

Such, however, does not appear to have been Abernethy's opinion, if there be any truth in the story of his prescription for the cure of the gout. "Live upon a shilling a day, and earn it."

This would form one of the many cases in which the remedy is worse than the disease, and could only be tried by a patient *in extremis*. When the parsimonious baronet urged his own example to the spendthrift, the latter indignantly exclaimed,

"Live like you, Sir John!
That I can do when all I have is gone."

EPIGRAM FROM AUSONIUS.

BOTH are in want—the pauper and the peer:
The latter craves court favours and rewards;
The beggar only wants his bread and beer;
Surely *his* need is smaller than my lord's.

ADROIT COMPLIMENT OF A COURTIER.

CAMBYSSES asked of those whom he used most familiarly whether they thought he had equalled the greatness of his father Cyrus. In reply they told him that he was the greater of the two, for that to all which Cyrus had possessed he had added the empire of Egypt and of the ocean.

Croesus, who was present, did not assent to this.

"Sir," said he to Cambyses, "in my opinion you are not equal to your father; you have not such a son as he left behind him."

* Laurence's Lectures, p. 405.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH BARRISTERS.

WHEN Charlotte Corday was placed upon her trial for the assassination of Marat, she did not venture to ask any counsellor to undertake her defence, apprehending that the advocate who should act in such a cause during the reign of terror, would be sure to compromise his own life without saving hers.

A brave man, nevertheless, volunteered the office, which he performed with a boldness, zeal, and energy that won the respect of his hearers, though he could not save the life of his client.

"Accept my most cordial thanks," said the criminal, after she had listened with perfect composure to the sentence of death—"I will now give you a proof of my gratitude. As I have nothing in the world to bestow upon you, I bequeath to you the privilege of paying the few debts I have contracted in prison. A noble mind like yours will understand this legacy, and will execute it in that feeling of respect by which it is dictated."

An English barrister upon one of our circuits was bitterly upbraided by his brethren with having disgraced the profession by taking half-a-guinea for some motion of course, for which the customary charge was a guinea.

"What do you mean?" indignantly demanded the accused party; "the poor woman was a widow, and it was the last half-guinea she had in the world. Call you *that* disgracing the profession?"

ENJOYMENT THE SUMMUM BONUM.

"BEHOLD then what I have seen good!" says Owen Feltham in his "Resolves," "that it is comely to eate and to drinke, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he travaileth under the same, the whole number of the daies of man's life which God giveth him; for this is his portion. Nay, there is no profit to man but that he eate and drinke and delight his soul with the profit of his labour. Meethinkes the reading of Ecclesiastes should make a puritan undress his braines and lay off all those phanatique toys that gingle about his understanding."

WEALTH AND EASE THE OFFSPRING OF POVERTY AND LABOUR.

"To prevent society from sinking into its savage state, in which every man must be content to fish and hunt for himself, and to wear the skin of the beast he has slain, a large proportion of the people must depend for their subsistence on the toils of husbandry or useful manufactures and domestic service, which implies the relation of master, and servant of those who have nothing but their labour to bring to market, and of those who come with a price in their hand to purchase it."*

The envy and hatred with which the hard-working poor contemplate their more fortunate neighbours would be much mitigated, and perhaps extinguished altogether, if they could be brought to reflect that in a commercial country such as England, opulence and idleness are, in a

* From a pamphlet published in 1802.

great majority of cases, the direct results and representatives of poverty and industry. For what does any man toil, except to purchase an exemption from toil? What is the stimulus and the support of a poor man?—the hope of becoming rich. If the Hindoo system of *castes* prevailed among us—if the humble man, however gifted, could never expect to emerge from his obscurity, he might justly complain of his lot; but in no country is the road to distinction more unobstructedly open to all classes than in England. The fathers or grandfathers of some of the most eminent of our living statesmen, and of our wealthiest gentry have been common mechanics and artisans. From the nature of things these grand prizes in the lottery of life can only be gained by a few; but if every man has a chance, it is as much as he has any right to expect. All poor men try to get rich, and it is no injustice to the many that only a few succeed.

Drudgery and dependence are doubtless evils, but it is a great mistake to suppose that opulence is always a good.

How much more happy is that sweet estate,
That neither creeps too low nor soars too high;
Which yields no matter to contempt or hate,
Which others not disdain, nor yet envie,
Which neither does nor takes an injurie,
But living to itself in sweet content,
Is neither abject nor yet insolent.

SIR FRANCIS HERBERT, 1629.

• • •
PROFLIGACY AN EXTINGUISHER.

WHERE the frame has become enervated by vice, and a dissolute course of life, the sympathizing mind invariably “imbodyes and imbrutes.” You cannot defile the lamp without obscuring its rays. Debauchees resemble foul wells, which first dim and finally extinguish the light that is committed to them.

PUNISHMENT SOMETIMES THE PARENT OF CRIME.

It may be a question whether the mitigation or remission of punishment will alway diminish crime, but there can be no doubt whatever that undue denunciations and penalties will occasionally create the very offences they seek to suppress. Men will measure the temptation to commit a crime, especially if it be of an untried and mysterious nature, by the severity with which it is visited, and as “bread eaten in secret is pleasant, and stolen waters are sweet,” daring spirits will seek the double delight of violating the law, and tasting a forbidden pleasure. The pork-lover who wished he had been born a Jew, that he might have enjoyed the compound gratification of sinning and dining upon pig, was only the representative of a class. From a mistaken notion that a disbelief in sorcery and witchcraft would impugn the credibility of the Scriptures, the clergy were for a long time anxious to retain the punishment of death for those supposed offences. Yet these legislative enactments confirmed the delusion as to the existence of witchcraft—stimulated to its perpetration and discovery, deluded many into the belief and confession that they were guilty, and occasioned all those horrible enormities, oppressions, and legal murders, which form one of the darkest pages in human annals.

An act of the twentieth Elizabeth made it a felony to cast the nativity of the queen, or to seek by calculation how long she should live. The offence, as it observed, was not an attempt to shorten her life, but only to ascertain how long it should last. Can any one doubt that hundreds of wizards, prognosticators, and fortune-tellers, were set to work by this very prohibition?

The magnitude of the crime and its penalty, the solemnity of its treatment, and the morbid curiosity which constituted a sort of apotheosis for the criminal, have tempted to repeated offences against the person of the most popular queen that ever sat upon a British throne. The punishment is now made degrading and contemptible by the infliction of imprisonment and whipping, and we may venture to prophesy that her majesty will not be troubled with any aspiring candidates for the dungeon and the lash.

SKULL DRINKING-CUPS.

THE received notion that one of the celestial beatitudes of the Scandinavian heroes was to drink wine out of the skulls of their enemies, in the Hall of Odin, was stated, in a former article, to have arisen from the mistranslation of a Latin text; but Herodotus (Melpomene lxxv.) speaking of the living Scythians, and their treatment of the enemies whom they have slain, says,

“The skull below the eyebrows they cut off, and, having cleansed it thoroughly, they merely cover it, if they are poor, with a piece of leather; if they are rich, in addition to this, they decorate the inside with gold, and it is afterwards used as a drinking-cup.”

SONG.

NATURE! thy fair and smiling face
Has now a double power to bless,
For 'tis the glass in which I trace
My absent Fanny's loveliness.

Her heavenly eyes above me shine,
The rose reflects her modest blush,
She breathes in every eglantine,
She sings in every warbling thrush.

That *her* dear form alone I see
Need not excite surprise in any,
For Fanny's all the world to me,
And all the world to me is Fanny!

OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.

GRIM-GRIBBER.

OUR vocabulary would be in the same state of plethora as our manufactures, from the effects of over production, were it not that as new words are introduced, old ones, becoming obsolete, sink into the limbo of oblivion, and are dismissed to the moon, to keep company with the lost Pleiad. Among the terms thus cashiered by the fiat of fashion, few are more to be regretted than that which heads the present article, for it has a good, rough Saxon sound, which echoes well to the sense,

and like the fearful "Fee-fa-fum!" of the giant is only the more significant and appropriate from its mysterious vagueness. The word *Grim-gribber* designated that fraudulent gibberish of the lawyers, which is at once an insult to the understanding of the client, and a robbery of his pocket, and which was perhaps copied, in the first instance, from the *hocus-pocus* of the conjurers, who always talk nonsense to their dupes when they want to cheat them by some sleight of hand. Sir Richard Steele names one of his dramatic characters Grimgribber; but as the word does not occur in our dictionaries, a few specimens of its use will better enable the reader to understand its meaning than any attempt at a definition.

"Mankind in general," says Horne Tooke, "are not sufficiently aware that words without meaning, or of equivocal nature, are the everlasting engines of fraud and injustice, and that the *Grim-gribber* of Westminster Hall is a much more fertile and a much more formidable source of imposture than the *Abracadabra* of the magicians."

The following lines form a verse of a song which was popular among the barristers of the Northern Circuit, about the year 1770.

Let men who love treasure
For trifles contend,
And prudently riches
In *Grim-gribber*, spend.
Their loss—nay, their ruin,
' ' ' Our hearts never grieves,
' We pocket their gold,
And we laugh in our sleeves.

In the "Anecdotes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," occurs the following passage:

"He at length made his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received him very favourably, till the *Grim-gribber* part of the business—the portion and settlements came under consideration, but then broke off the match in great anger."

It were to be wished that the practice had become as obsolete as the word; but as there seems to be little chance of such a consummation, we have only to express our sincere hope that the reader may never have any other than a theoretical acquaintance with the meaning of *Grim-gribber*.*

ENGLISH WORDS WANTING.

WE want English synonymes for the Latin terms *patrimus* and *matrimus*, which at present we can only express by the circumlocutory phrase of—having a father or mother still living. We require a synonyme for the legal term *arson* to designate a malicious and wilful fire. The common substitute of an *incendiary* fire expresses nothing more than a fiery fire: it was probably used in the first instance to signify the fire of an incendiary.*

* For the quotations illustrating the use of this word the writer is indebted to the common-place book of a literary friend.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.*

For the first time a biography of Queen Elizabeth, written with impartiality, and confined to her personal actions and characteristics, is before the world. The new volume of Agnes Strickland's valuable and instructive "Lives of the Queens of England," is devoted to this great sovereign and extraordinary woman. Elizabeth is here portrayed with all her pomps and greatness, her whims and waywardness, her learning and her pedantry, her love of finery, her intuitive wisdom, and her depths of world-craft. Now steering even in childhood her difficult course with the tact of mature age, and now endearing herself to her successive step-dames, to her favoured brother, and even to her rival sister. The early trials and difficulties of Elizabeth's position in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, are deeply interesting; her love entanglement with the audacious Seymour of Sudley, and the profound sagacity with which she recovered the esteem of her brother, and the good opinion of the world, after her temporary disgrace, are new features in her history, elicited by her present biographer to fill up the obscure outlines and vague hints which appear in previous memoirs of this queen.

A great body of new circumstances, never before woven into any life of Elizabeth, are likewise embodied in the continued narrative of her confinement in the tower. Hitherto much mystery has rested on our annals at that period, but the manner in which Miss Strickland has rectified the chronology of the incidents that happened to Elizabeth at this crisis, and succeeded in reducing a mass of disjointed anecdotes into continuous narrative, casts a clear and satisfactory light on an obscure but most interesting portion of her life.

Elizabeth's confinement in the tower, was, at first, so rigorous, that she was not permitted to see any one but the servants who had been selected by the council to wait upon her—a service fraught with danger even to those who were permitted to perform it. As for the other members of her household, several were in prison, and one of these, Edmund Tremeine, was subjected to the infliction of torture, in the vain attempt to extort evidence against her.

Before Elizabeth had been two days in the tower, the use of English prayers and Protestant rites was prohibited, and she was required to hear mass. One of her ladies, Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, refused to attend that service; on which her father brought abbot Feckenham to persuade her to it; but as she continued firm in her resistance, she was dismissed from her office, and another lady, Mrs. Coldeburn, appointed in her stead. Another of Elizabeth's ladies, the beautiful Isabella Markham, who was just married to Sir John Harrington, was also sequestered from her service, on account of her heretical opinions, and committed to a prison lodging in the tower, with her husband, whose offence was having conveyed a letter to the princess. This misdemeanour, however, appears to have been committed as far back as the second year of Edward V., if we may judge from the allusions Harrington

* Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VI. Queen Elizabeth.

makes to his former master, the lord admiral, Thomas Seymour, in the spirited letter of remonstrance, which he addressed to Gardiner, on the subject of his imprisonment and that of his wife. Nothing can afford a more beautiful picture, of the attachment subsisting between the captive princess and these faithful adherents than this letter, which is written in the fearless spirit of a true knight and noble-minded gentleman.

* * * * *

Sir John Harrington the younger adds—"that his parents had not any comfort to beguile their affliction but the sweet words and sweeter deeds of their mistress and fellow-prisoner the Princess Elizabeth."

In after years Elizabeth herself told Castelnau, the French ambassador, when advertising to this period, "that she was in great danger of losing her life from the displeasure her sister had conceived against her, in consequence of the accusations that were fabricated, on the subject of her correspondence with the king of France; and having no hope of escaping, she desired to make her sister only one request, which was, that she might have her head cut off with a sword, as in France, and not with an axe, after the present fashion adopted in England, and therefore desired that an executioner might be sent for out of France, if it were so determined." What frightful visions, connected with the last act of her unfortunate mother's tragedy, must have haunted the prison musings of the royal captive, who having but recently recovered from a long and severe malady, was probably suffering from physical depression of spirits at this time. The traditions of the Tower of London affirm, that the lodging of the Princess Elizabeth was immediately under the great alarm bell, which in case of any attempt being made for her escape, was to have raised its clamorous tocsin, to summon assistance, and the hue and cry for pursuit.

Elizabeth's table while she was a prisoner in the Tower was supplied at her own cost. Disputes took place daily between the authorities in the tower, and the servants of the princess, who were appointed to purvey for her. These, when they brought her daily diet to the outer gate of the Tower, were required to deliver it, says our chronicler, "to the common rascal soldiers," and they considering it unmeet that it should pass through such hands, requested the vice chamberlain, Sir John Gage, who had personal charge and control over the royal captive, that they might be permitted to deliver it within the Tower themselves. This he refused, on the plea that the Lady Elizabeth was a prisoner, and should be treated as such, and when they remonstrated with him, he threatened that "if they did either frown or shrug at him, he would set them where they should neither see sun nor moon." Either they, or their mistress, had the boldness to appeal to the lords of the council, by whom ten of the princess's own servants were appointed to superintend the purveyances and cooking department, and to serve at her table—namely, two yeomen of her chamber, two of her robes, two of her pantry and ewry, one of her buttery, one of her cellar, another of her larder, and two of her kitchen. At first the chamberlain was much displeased, and continued to annoy them by various means, though he afterwards behaved more courteously, and good cause why, adds the chronicler, "for he had good cheer, and fared of the best, and her grace paid for it."

* * * * *

The powerful interest that was excited for the captive princess at this fearful crisis, may be conjectured by the lively sympathy manifested towards her, by the children of the officers and servants of the royal fortress, who brought her offerings of flowers. One of these tender-hearted little ones was the child of Martin, the keeper of the queen's robes; another was called little Susanna, a babe not above three years old; there was also another infant girl, who having one day found some little keys, carried them to the princess when she was walking in the garden, and innocently told her, "she had brought her the keys now, so she need not always stay there, but might unlock the gates and go abroad."

Elizabeth was all her life remarkable for her love of children, and her natural

affection for them, was doubtless greatly increased, by the artless traits of generous feeling and sympathy, which she experienced in her time of trouble, from her infant partisans in the Tower. How jealous a watch was kept on her and them, may be gathered from the following passage in one of Renaud's letters to the emperor Charles V. "It is asserted that Courtenay has sent his regards to the lady Elizabeth by a child of five years old, who is in the Tower, the son of one of the soldiers there." This passage authenticates the pretty incident, related in the life of Elizabeth, in Fox's Appendix, where we are told, that at the hour she was accustomed to walk in the garden in the Tower, there usually repaired unto her a little boy about four years old, the child of one of the people of the Tower, in whose pretty prattling she took great pleasure. He was accustomed to bring her flowers, and to receive at her hands such things as commonly please children, which bred a great suspicion in the chancellor, that by this child letters were exchanged between the Princess Elizabeth and Courtenay, and so thoroughly was the matter sifted, that the innocent little creature was examined by the lords of the council, and plied with alternate promises of rewards if he would tell the truth and confess who sent him to the lady Elizabeth with letters, and to whom he carried tokens from her, and threats of punishment if he persisted in denying it. Nothing, however, could be extracted from the child, and he was dismissed with threats, and his father, who was severely reprimanded, was enjoined not to suffer his boy to resort any more to her grace, which nevertheless he attempted the next day to do, but finding the door locked, he peeped through a hole, and called to the princess who was walking in the garden, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now."

* * * *

In the midst of these agitations the queen was stricken with a sudden illness, and it must have been at that time that Gardiner, on his own responsibility, sent a privy council warrant to the lieutenant of the Tower for the immediate execution of Elizabeth. He knew the temper of that princess, and probably considered that in the event of the queen's death, he had sinned too deeply against her to be forgiven, and therefore ventured a bold stroke to prevent the possibility of the sword of vengeance passing into her hand, by her succeeding to the royal office. Bridges, the honest lieutenant of the Tower, observing that the queen's signature was not affixed to this illegal instrument, for the destruction of the heiress of the realm, and being sore grieved for the charge it contained, refused to execute it till he had ascertained the queen's pleasure by a direct communication on the subject with her majesty.

The delay caused by this caution preserved Elizabeth from the machinations of her foes. The queen was much displeased when she found such a plot was in agitation, and sent Sir Henry Bedingfeld, a stern Norfolk knight, in whose courage and probity she knew she could confide, with a hundred of her guard, to take the command of the Tower till she could form some plan for the removal of her sister to one of the royal residences further from the metropolis. Notwithstanding all that had been done by friends, foes, and designing foreign potentates, to inflame the queen's mind against Elizabeth, the voice of nature was suffered to plead in behalf of the oppressed captive. Early in May it was noticed that her majesty began, when speaking of Elizabeth, to call her "sister," which she had not done before since her imprisonment, and that she had caused her portrait to be replaced next to her own in her gallery.

The reader will be highly amused with the development of Elizabeth's character from infancy to maturity in the course of this her personal history, and will watch, with no slight interest, the majestic manner in which she emerges from a state of guarded restraint into the high station to which she was called at her sister's death; and will view with curiosity her change from the suspected subject, carefully calculating every step she took and every word she uttered, to the queen regnant, exercising freely all the attributes of imperial command.

The privy council repaired to the new queen at Hatfield, and there she sat in council for the first time with them, November 20th. Sir Thomas Parry, the cofferer of her household, Cave, Rogers, and Sir William Cecil, were sworn in as members.

Her Majesty's address to Cecil, on that occasion, is a noble summary of the duties which he was expected to perform to his queen and country :—

"I give you this charge that you shall be of my privy council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted by any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the state; and that, without respect to my private will, you will give me that council which you think best, and if you shall know any thing necessary to be declared to me of secrecy you shall show it to myself only, and assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein, and therefore herewith I charge you."

Elizabeth left no room for doubt or speculation among the eager competitors for her favour, as to the minister whom she intended to guide the helm of state, for she accepted a note of advice from Sir William Cecil, on the most urgent matters that required her attention, that very day, and appointed him her principal secretary of state. The political tie that was then knit between Cecil and his royal mistress, though occasionally shaken, was only broken by the death of that great statesman, who was able to elevate or bend the powers of his acute intellect to all matters of government, from measures that rendered England the arbitress of Europe, to the petty details of the milliner and tailor, in sumptuary laws.

Elizabeth commenced her progress to her metropolis, November 23, attended by a magnificent retinue of lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and a prodigious concourse of people who poured out of London and its adjacent villages, to behold and welcome her. On the road to Highgate she met a procession of the bishops, who kneeled by the way-side, and offered her their allegiance, which was very graciously accepted. She gave to every one of them her hand to kiss, excepting Bonner, Bishop of London. This exception she made to mark her abhorrence of his cruelty. The lord mayor and aldermen, in their scarlet gowns, likewise met her, and conducted her in great state to the Charter House, then the town house of Lord North. Lord-chancellor Heath and the Earls of Derby and Shrewsbury, received her there. She stayed at the Charter House five days, and sat in council every day.

Deeply had Elizabeth studied her *métier du roi*, before she had an opportunity of rehearsing her part. Fortunately for her, the pride and presumption of youth had been a little tamed by early misfortune, and stimulated by the inexorable necessity of self-defence, she had been forced to look into human character and adapt her manners to her interest. Adversity had taught her the invaluable lesson imbodyed by Wordsworth in these immortal words,

Of friends, however humble, scorn not one.

As she entered the Tower, she majestically addressed those about her. "Some," said she, "have fallen from being princes of this land, to be prisoners in this place; I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be prince of this land." That dejection was a work of God's justice; *this* advancement is a work of his mercy; as they were to yield patience for the one, so I must bear myself to God thankful, and to men merciful for the other." It is said that she immediately went to her former prison apartment, where she fell on her knees, and offered up aloud an extempore prayer, in which she compared herself to Daniel in the lion's den, the words of which are in print, but bear very strongly the tone of Master Fox's composition.

The recognition-procession through the city of London was one of peculiar character, marked not by any striking difference of parade or ceremony, but by the constant drama acted between the new queen and the populace. The manner and precedence of the line of march much resembled that previously described, in the life of her sister, Queen Mary. Elizabeth left the Tower about two in the afternoon, seated, royally attired, in a chariot covered with

crimson velvet, which had a canopy borne over it by knights, one of whom was her illegitimate brother, Sir John Perrot. "The queen," says George Ferrers, who was an officer in the procession, "as she entered the city, was received by the people with prayers, welcomings, cries, and tender words, and all signs, which argue an earnest love of subjects towards their sovereign; and the queen, by holding up her hands and glad countenance to such as stood afar off, and most tender language to those that stood nigh to her grace, showed herself no less thankful to receive the people's good will, than they to offer it. To all that wished her well, she gave thanks. To such as bade 'God save her grace,' she said, in return, 'God save you all!' and added, 'that she thanked them with all her heart.' Wonderfully transported were the people with the loving answers and gestures of their queen; the same she had displayed at her first progress from Hatfield. The city of London might, at that time, have been termed a stage, wherein was shown the spectacle of the noble-hearted queen's demeanour towards her most loving people, and the peoples' exceeding joy at beholding such a sovereign, and hearing so princely a voice. How many nose-gays did her grace receive at poor women's hands! How often stayed she her chariot, when she saw any simple body approach to speak to her! A branch of rosemary given to her Majesty, with a supplication, by a poor woman about Fleet-bridge, was seen in her chariot, when her grace came to Westminster, not without the wondering of such as knew the presenter, and noted the queen's gracious reception and keeping the same." An apt simile to the stage seems irresistibly to have taken possession of the brain of our worthy dramatist, George Ferrers, in the midst of this pretty description of his liege lady's performance. However, her Majesty adapted her part well to her audience—a little coarsely in the matter of gesture, perhaps—as more casting up her eyes to heaven, signing with her hands, and moulding of her features, are described, in the course of the narrative, than are exactly consistent with the good taste of a gentlewoman in these days; nevertheless, her spectators were not very far advanced in civilization, and she dexterously adapted her style of performance to their appreciation.

The pageants began in Fenchurch-street, where a "fair child," in costly apparel, was placed on a stage to welcome her Majesty to the city. The last verse of this greeting shall serve as a specimen of the rest:

Welcome, O queen, as much as heart can think!

Welcome again, as much as tongue can tell!

Welcome to joyous tongues and hearts that will not shrink!

God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well!

At the words of the last line the people gave a great shout, repeating, with one assent, what the child had said. "And the queen's majesty thanked graciously both the city for her reception, and the people for confirming the same."

Among the preparations for the Easter festival, in 1560, Queen Elizabeth kept her Maunday after the old Catholic fashion, in her great hall, in the court at Westminster, by washing the feet of twenty poor women, and then gave gowns to every woman, and one of them had the royal robe in which her majesty officiated on this occasion. The queen drank to every woman, in a new white cup, and then gave her the cup. The same afternoon, in St. James's Park, she gave a public alms of twopence each to upwards of two thousand poor men, women, and children, both whole and lame. The royal gift was in silver coins, and the value was from sixpence to eightpence of the present money. Nothing endeared the sovereign more to the people than the public exercise of these acts of personal charity, which afforded them at once a holiday and a pageant, making glad the hearts of the poor with a gift, to which inestimable value would be attached. Abject, indeed, would be the recipient of the royal bounty, who did not preserve the fair new coin to wear as a precious amulet about the neck, and to transmit, as a lucky heirloom, to a favoured child, in memory of their gracious queen.

Elizabeth's real greatness, was as a peace-sovereign! she was formed and

fitted for domestic government, and her admirable talents for statistics would have established a golden age in England, if she had been contented to employ her energies, wholly as a civilizer. Her foreign wars were a series of expensive blunders, injurious to commerce, little conducive to the military glory of the realm, and attended with a sacrifice of the flower of the English chivalry. If she had not interfered in the quarrels between other sovereigns and their subjects, there would have been no necessity for the imposition of repeated property-taxes on her own, to defray the expensive of the needless wars in which her crooked policy entangled her, and to pay the pensions of the Scotch patriots, who devoured so large a portion of English gold, and beguiled her into the ungracious office of jailor to their queen—an office which entailed upwards of eighteen years of internal discord on her realm, planted the first thorns in her own diadem, and sullied the brightness of her annals with stains of indelible lackness.

There are so many important circumstances connected with the life and reign of Queen Elizabeth, that it is not surprising her name should ever since have been in high favour with the people of England, and her biography have been considered amongst the most attractive in our annals. With the Protestant community she has always been regarded as the sovereign mistress of their affections, to whom they owe the establishing of the reformed religion in this country, on a basis so secure that the buffets of opposing opinions for more than two centuries and a half, have not in the slightest degree disturbed its stability: and coming as her reign does between the miserable rule of Mary, and the discreditable one of James, every Englishman must readily appreciate her vigorous government. Her life, notwithstanding some blots upon it, forms a brilliant page in history, which must ever be a favourite study, from the great names and memorable incidents it embodies. It is, therefore, scarcely possible to meet with a volume that promises more lasting entertainment, or one in which the reader is likely to be so deeply interested than this portion of the *Lives of the Queens of England*.

From the newly-edited despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, who was long the ambassador from France to England, Miss Agnes Strickland draws a vast mass of totally fresh material, and opens many a new scene in the life of the great Elizabeth. Numerous passages occur regarding her demeanour during the marriage treaties, which were constantly occupying the time and attention of her council, and are well worth the reader's attention. Among them is the following:

In the secret minutes of the affairs of the court of England, prepared by the sieur de Vassal, one of Fenelon's spies, for the information of the queen-mother of France, it is stated, that after the announcement had been made to her that the marriage of her two rejected royal suitors, the kings of France and Spain, with the daughters of the emperor, were concluded, Elizabeth became very pensive; and when she retired to her chamber, with her ladies, she complained, "that, while so many honourable marriages were making in Europe, not one of her council had spoken of a match for her, but if the Earl of Sussex had been present, he, at least, might have reminded them of the archduke Charles."

This being repeated, by one of the ladies, to the Earl of Leicester, he was compelled, on the morrow, to endeavour to please her, by taking measures to renew the negotiations with the archduke; the son of Sir Henry Cobham was forthwith despatched, on a secret mission to Spire, for that purpose. In the meantime, she showed more and more inclination to marry, and spoke with so much affection of the archduke, that the earl repented having taken any further steps in the matter.

The juvenile appearance of the functionary whom Elizabeth had selected for this delicate business, excited some surprise both at home and abroad, for it was said that, "if so grave and experienced a statesman as the Earl of Sussex had failed to arrange a matrimonial treaty to her majesty's satisfaction, it was scarcely to be expected that a beardless boy, of no weight, would be able to effect much. The youthful Mercury, however, opened the object of his mission to the emperor with all possible solemnity, by informing him, "that his royal mistress had sent him to continue the same negotiation that had been commenced three years before by the Earl of Sussex; that she had not been able, till the present moment, to render a decisive answer on the proposal of the archduke, by reason of frequent illnesses, the wars in France and Flanders, and other impediments; but this delay, had not, she trusted, put an end to the suit of his imperial majesty's brother, and if he would be pleased to come to England now, he should be very welcome; and, as to the differences in their religion, she hoped that her subjects would consent that he and his attendants should have such full exercise of their own, and that he would be satisfied."

The emperor replied, "that his brother was very sorry that her majesty had been so tardy in notifying her good intention to him, for which he was nevertheless very much obliged, but that the prince, not supposing that her majesty would have delayed her answer for three years, if she had intended to accept him, had turned his thoughts on another match, and was now engaged to a princess, his relation and a Catholic, with whom there could be no disputes on the subject of religion, but that he regretted that he had not been accepted by the queen at the proper time, and hoped that she would henceforward regard him in the light of a brother." His imperial majesty concluded with a few compliments, on his own account to the queen, and dismissed young Cobham with the present of a silver vessel.

This reply was taken in such evil part by Elizabeth, that she exclaimed, in her first indignation, "that the emperor had offered her so great an insult, that if she had been a man instead of a woman, she would have defied him to single combat."

Our authority goes on to report the contents of an intercepted letter, written by one of the lords of the English court to another, in which the following passage occurs:—"The cause of the grief and vexation of our queen, is assuredly the marriage of the Archduke Charles with the daughter of his sister, the Duchess of Bavaria, either because she had fixed her love and fantasy on him, or that she is mortified that her beauty and grandeur have been so lightly regarded by him, or that she has lost this means of amusing her people for the present, and fears that she will now be pressed by her states and her parliament not to defer taking a husband, which is the principal desire of all her realm."

Elizabeth had, however, reached that point, when in common with every childless sovereign, who is on ill terms with the successor to the crown, she felt that her power was checked, and her influence bounded within comparatively narrow limits, by the want of heirs of her own person. This consideration appears, if we may believe her own assertion, to have inclined her to encourage thoughts of marriage, and the offer of the young, handsome Henry of Valois came in the seasonable juncture, when she was burning with indignation at the marriage of the Archduke Charles. "After the said Cobham had returned with the answer of refusal," says the sieur de Vassal, "she began to listen with more affection to the proposal of monsieur."

This prince was the second surviving son of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, and had just completed his eighteenth year. Elizabeth was turned of thirty-seven, and had been, in her infancy, proposed as a wife for his uncle, Charles Duke of Angoulême. The project for her marriage with the Duke of Anjou seems to have been first suggested by the Cardinal Chastillon, who, notwithstanding his high rank in the church of Rome, came to England for the purpose of soliciting the mediation of Elizabeth in a pacific treaty between the king of France and the Huguenots.

It is probable that this liberal-minded ecclesiastic imagined, that the union of the heir of France with the protestant Queen of England, would procure a general toleration for persons of her religion in France, and that her influence and power would be amply exerted, to compose the stormy elements, whose strife was pregnant with every species of crime and misery.

He took the first opportunity of touching on this project during a private conference with Elizabeth at Hampton Court, as soon as the fact of the arch-duke's marriage transpired, and received sufficient encouragement to induce him to open the matter to the queen-mother, who, on the 20th of October, wrote to La Mothe Fenelon, "That the Cardinal de Chastillon had spoken to her son, the Duke of Anjou, of an overture of marriage between him and the Queen of England, and she was earnest with him to give it all the encouragement in his power."

Towards the end of December, La Mothe Fenelon paid a visit to the queen at Hampton Court; he was introduced into her privy chamber by Leicester, "where he found her better dressed than usual, and she appeared eager to talk of the king's (Charles IX.) wedding." La Mothe told her, "that he could wish to congratulate her on her own." On which she reminded him, "that she had formerly assured him that she never meant to marry," but added, "that she regretted that she had not thought in time about her want of posterity, and that if she ever did take a husband, it should be only one of a royal house, of suitable rank to her own."

On this hint, the ambassador could not forbear from recommending the Duke of Anjou to her attention, as the most accomplished prince in the world, and the only person who was worthy the honour of her alliance.

She received this intimation very favourably, and replied, "that monsieur was so highly esteemed for his excellent qualities, that he was worthy of the highest destiny the world could bestow, but that she believed his thoughts were lodged on a fairer object than her, who was already an old woman, and who, unless for the sake of heirs, would be ashamed to speak of a husband; that she had formerly been sought by some who would wish to espouse the kingdom, but not the queen; as, indeed, it generally happened among the great, who married without seeing one another." She observed "that the princes of the house of France had a fair reputation for being good husbands, much honoured by their wives, and not less beloved." She said many more things to the same purpose, but La Mothe, in reporting this conversation, in a private letter to the queen-mother, expresses himself as doubtful whether she will ever carry any marriage into effect, having frequently promised her people to marry, and then, after entertaining a proposal for a long while, found means to break it off. However, he recommends the offer to be made.

The first time Elizabeth gave audience to the French ambassador, after the marriage of Charles IX., she asked him, "how his master found himself as a married man?" and added many questions as to the probability of his being happy with his young queen. La Mothe replied, "that his sovereign was the most contented prince in Christendom, and the greatest pleasure he had was being in her company."

Elizabeth cynically observed, "that the record of the gallantries of his majesty's father and grandfather, Francis I., and Henry II., inclined her to fear that he would follow their example." "And thereupon," pursued the ambassador, sily to his sovereign, "she revealed to me a secret concerning your majesty, which, sire, I confess I had never heard before." So much better was our maiden queen acquainted with the scandals of her royal neighbour of France than his own ambassador, although Monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon was a notorious gossip.

We are indebted to his lively pen, for many rich details of her sayings and doings, relative to the successive matrimonial negotiations between her and Henry Duke of Anjou, and subsequently with his younger brother Francis, alias Hercules, Duke of Alençon, with a variety of anecdotes of this great queen, which are new to all but those who have studied his despatches. In a private

letter, dated January 18th, 1571, he informs the queen-mother, that on the preceding Sunday, he was conducted by the Earl of Leicester into the presence of the Queen of England, when the conversation having been led to the subject of the private overtures for the marriage with the Duke of Anjou, the queen acknowledged "that she objected to nothing but his age." To which it was replied, "that the prince bore himself already like a man." "But," said the queen, "he can never cease to be younger than me."

"So much the better for your majesty," rejoined Leicester, laughing, and Elizabeth took this freedom from her master of the horse in good part. Then the ambassador took the word, and, after adverting to the wedded happiness of his recently-wedded king and queen, said, "that he would advise any princess, who wished to acquire perfect felicity in wedlock, to take a consort from the royal house of France." Elizabeth replied, "that Madame d'Estampes and Madame de Valentinois made her fear, that she would be only honoured by her husband as a queen, and not loved by him as a woman." This interesting conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Cardinal Chastillon, on which Fencelon and Leicester withdrew, and her majesty remained a considerable time in private conference with him.

As soon as the cardinal retired from her presence, Elizabeth summoned her council, and communicated her matrimonial prospects to them in a truly original style. She began by informing them, "that the Cardinal Chastillon had inquired of her three things: 'first, if she were free from all contracts, with power to marry where she pleased? secondly, whether she intended to marry within her own realm, or to espouse a foreigner? and thirdly, in case it was her will to take a foreigner for her consort, if she would accept monsieur, brother to the King of France?' and that she had replied to these questions, 'that she was free to marry, but that she would not marry one of her subjects, and that she would, with all her heart, enter into a marriage with monsieur, on such condition as might be deemed advisable.'" She then went on to say, that the cardinal had presented his credentials from the king, and prayed her, as the affair was of great consequence to the world, that she would communicate with her council on the subject before it went any further. "But this," her majesty said, "she could tell them plainly, she had not thought good, and had replied, 'that she was queen sovereign, and did not depend on those of her council, but rather they on her, as having their lives and their heads in her hand, and that they would, of course, do as she wished;' but inasmuch as he had represented to her the inconveniences which had been considered to result to the late queen, her sister, for having chosen to treat of her marriage with the King of Spain, without consulting her council, she had promised him, that she would propose it to them, and she willed that they should all promptly give her their advice."

The members of the council hung their heads in silence, being scarcely less startled at the gracious terms in which their maiden monarch had thought proper to signify her intentions, with regard to this new suitor, than astonished at the fact, that the affair had proceeded to such lengths; for so secretly had the negotiations been kept, that very few of them had an idea that such a thing was in agitation. At length, after a considerable pause, one of the most courageous ventured to say, that "Monsieur appeared to be very young for her Majesty."

"What then?" exclaimed Elizabeth, fiercely interrupting him, "if the prince be satisfied with me?" and then, apparently desirous of averting the unwelcome discussion of her age, she concluded by saying, "that the cardinal, after showing his credentials, had proposed several articles of an advantageous nature, which she considered well worthy of attention."

The reason of Elizabeth's imperious language to her council on this occasion may be attributed to the displeasure she had cherished against those, who opposed obstacles to her marriage with the archduke, which had ended in his abandoning his suit to her, and wedding the Bavarian princess. Far from concealing her feelings on this subject, she spoke, among her ladies, in a high tone of the ill treatment, she considered that she had experienced from

her cabinet, with regard to the various overtures that had been made by foreign princes for her hand, observing with emphatic bitterness, "that her people had often pressed her to marry, but they, her ministers, always annexed such hard conditions to the treaty, as to keep her from it, and that she should know now who were her good and faithful subjects, and they might note well, that she should hold as disloyal those who attempted to cross her in so honourable a match." When one of her ladies regretted that monsieur were not a few years older, she replied, "He is twenty now, and may be rated at twenty-five, for every thing in his mind and person befits a man of worth;" and when my lord chamberlain proceeded to relate an anecdote of the prince, which some of the ladies of the bedchamber considered rather alarming on the score of morality, her majesty only turned it off with a joke. But however favourably disposed she might be to her new suitor, she could not forget or forgive the slight which she considered she had received from him by whom she had been forsaken.

As much of the personal history of "England's Elizabeth" as could be compressed within the narrow limits of 500 pages is narrated in this volume, but so many new facts and characteristics of this mighty monarch and singular woman have recently been brought to light by the newly-edited memorials and despatches of contemporary ambassadors, that the conclusion of this biography is therefore necessarily delayed till the appearance of the seventh volume.

LETTERS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

Miss Agnes Strickland's new edition of Mary Queen of Scots' letters has been published simultaneously with the foregoing work, and with good reason. The author has, in the biography of Elizabeth, declared her intention of not forsaking the stream of that great queen's biography to diverge into the events of the life of her fascinating rival and prisoner. Miss Agnes Strickland's adherence to this biographical duty, for which we really cannot blame her, has rendered this noble collection of documents almost an indispensable companion to the personal and regnal history of Elizabeth. The plan of the new edition has been the amalgamation of the two volumes first published last autumn by Prince Labanoff, with the third volume of Miss Agnes Strickland's own collections; these are all chronologically arranged together and adapted to the stream of Prince Labanoff's chronology, and added to them are several new letters and important documents, especially a letter to Queen Elizabeth from Mary, written when in deep misery. This letter is now first published from the Bodleian collection, and is accompanied with an engraved facsimile. This edition is now printed in two volumes and matches those of the Lives of the Queens of England. These volumes are far more attractive in embellishments and style of getting up than their predecessors of the former edition, they are ornamented with a most beautiful portrait of Mary, and a vignette of the medal struck on her marriage

* Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, edited with an historical introduction and notes by Agnes Strickland.

with Darnley, in which the outline of her profile proves that the report of her beauty was not exaggerated. There are fac-similes from the important Russian collection with which the Emperor Nicholas favoured Miss Strickland; likewise of the Bodleian autograph before mentioned, and of that letter despatched by the dominant members of Elizabeth's council, which finally expedited the sacrifice of the royal victim. Such are the principal additional features of this new edition of the Letters of Mary Queen of Scots.

MEREDITH.*

It is very possible to write—as it is to love—"too well," and we have always been of opinion that Lady Blessington touches the verge of what should be a woman's achievements in the art novel-writing—any thing better being, from a female pen, "too well." "She hath known more than she should have known," says the royal physician of the unhappy lady who reveals in her sleep what in her waking hours she has the wit to keep to herself, and some of our lady novelists are apt to give us the notion of their books being written under a similar state of hallucination. What they disclose to us is very good to be known, but we cannot help wondering how they came to know it, and still more, how they can venture to avow their knowledge, and we conclude by self congratulations on having no part or lot in such over-informed and over-communicative persons.

Lady Blessington is not one of these. She knows and tells all that it becomes a woman to know and to tell of the human heart; and there she stops—not wandering about at midnight, in a state of literary somnambulism, with a light in her hand, and her hair dishevelled, exposing to all who may cross her path the "damned spots" which, after all, are but, in nine cases out of ten, the creatures of the dreamer's own imagination. Her new novel, entitled "Meredith," takes the form of an autobiography, and we like it the better that it blends more of the romance with the reality of daily life than the truth-loving taste of the writer usually leads her to communicate to her graceful fictions, which are among the pleasantest examples to be met with of that "easy writing" which never degenerates into "hard reading," except to those over-fastidious persons for whom it is in no case intended.

The characters in this novel are drawn with that large knowledge of life, and that social tact in the application of it, which so distinguish their writer among our amateur literati; and one of them in particular—the worn-out and selfish *roué* and epicurean, Lord Lymington—is evidently just so much drawn from actual life as to make us feel it to be true to that life without being subject to the charge of personal portraiture. The last will and testament of this personage, who is Meredith's guardian, and whose death at the opening of the second volume leads to the subsequent development of the story, points at the deceased *célébrité* who will possibly be regarded by most readers as the original of what is nevertheless, and with all its traits of truth, a fancy sketch.

* Meredith. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols.

Another amusing sketch that may be fairly supposed to be drawn from life is Mr. Medlicutt, the Anglo-Sicilian wine-merchant, who forgets every body's name, and holds up his own Marsala as the panacea for all human ills.

Another attractive feature of this novel is the fact of many of its scenes and incidents being laid in those localities abroad, with which Lady Blessington is so familiar, and with which she has so pleasantly familiarized the admirers of her travelling sketches, as the "Idler in Italy," &c. And by connecting these scenes with her fictitious characters, she gives a new interest to them even in the eyes of those who are familiar with them as they actually exist—her incidents being supposed to date in the present day.

Upon the whole, this novel is perhaps the best that Lady Blessington has yet given to us—combining as it does all the best features of her style, in a consistent and well-constructed narrative which accomplishes all that it aims at—namely, to place before its readers a picture of the actual English life of the day in which we live, so grouped and coloured by the hand of fiction as merely to heighten its moral effect without impairing its truthfulness.

WINDSOR CASTLE ILLUSTRATED.*

THIS is a new edition of the romance lately noticed in these pages, and a superb one it is. In a single volume, appropriately bound, we have a series of illustrations far surpassing, both in spirit and numbers, the embellishment of any romance in our literature, not excepting the same author's "Tower of London," of which it is the more brilliant companion. George Cruikshank's etchings are superior as works of art to all his former works, and the vigour and variety of design well deserve this elaborate finish of execution. Many of the subjects afforded him a rare field, and he has dashed into it with something of the daring of Herne. Effectively contrasted with the wild and terrific grandeur of the forest scenes, are the illustrative interiors of the renowned castle, and the courtly groups portrayed in the romance. They are valuable historically, and as pictures will be prizes to all readers. As the best and most finished of his productions in this class of design, they stamp the work with a high illustrative character; but there are additions to these,—a few simple and striking designs, etched in a masterly style by the famous Toney Johannot; and many wood engravings by Mr. Alfred Delamotte. Of designs on steel and wood there are not less than a hundred and twenty, picturing almost every noticeable point of the castle, exhibiting its architecture and antiquities, realizing every idea of its grandeur, portraying the richness of its surrounding forests as well as the magnificence of its structure; and marking, as well in drawing as in map, many curious and interesting changes in the history of the unrivalled edifice. It is easy to see, therefore, that this edition has higher claims than that of a mere picture-book, although in that sense we may predict for it a large and permanent popularity—for it is unrivalled.

* *Windsor Castle Illustrated*. Romance by W. H. Ainsworth. Designs by George Cruikshank, and other eminent artists. 1 vol. 8vo.

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